

# THE LEATHERNECK

July, 1936

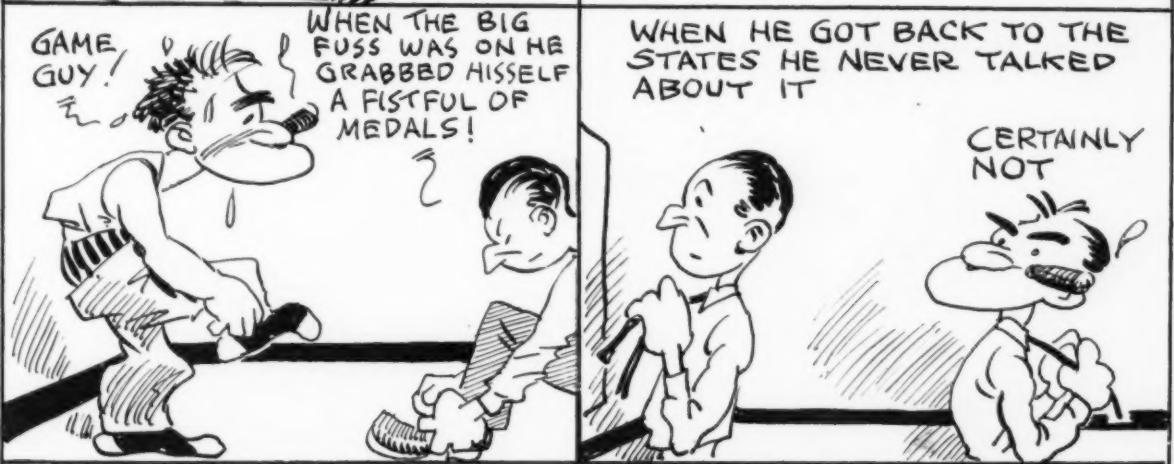
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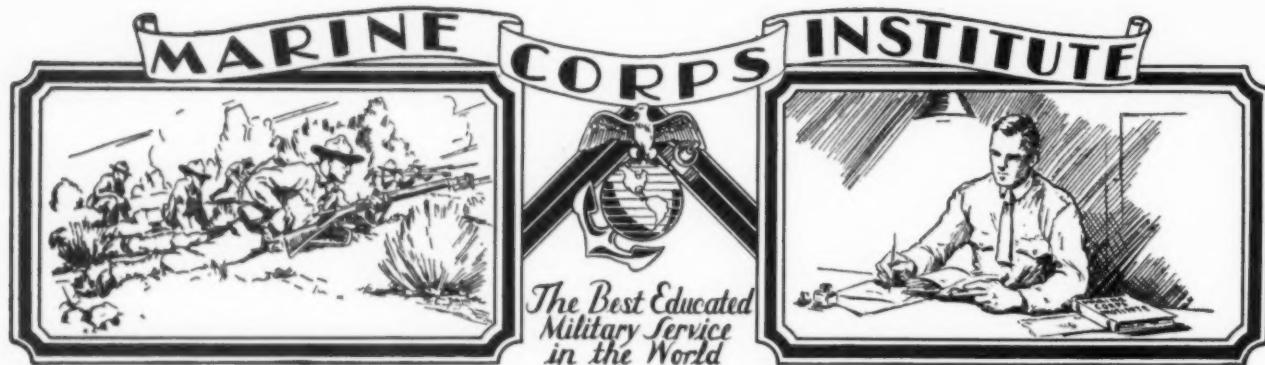


Heigh ho and cheerio!  
We'll get off when the tide gets low.  
What do we care—we're high and dry  
And Chesterfields—They Satisfy.



Chesterfield's Mildness and Better Taste  
give smokers a lot of pleasure





**LOST:**

Too much time in preparing for the future.

**REWARD:**

To the man who finds himself through self-education.

**FOUND:**

An opportunity through enrollment in

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# The LEATHERNECK

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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Norman Hussa, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Technical Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow; Corporal Lewis E. Berry; Corporal John W. Chapman; Private First Class John U. Fohner; Private S. L. Shemwell.

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON	

Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

## Patriotism

OUR forefathers, on the Fourth of July, 1776, gave to the world one of its most significant documents—the Declaration of Independence, signed by the most able and sincere leaders of the Colonies. Men who were imbued with the very essence of patriotism. What is the definition of that word? Webster's says, "Love of country; devotion to the welfare of one's country; the virtues and actions of a patriot; the passion inspiring one to serve one's country." How many of us can sit down, concentrate on those definitions for a moment, and not be found wanting?

In the Service, we have certain customs which have been observed for hundreds of years. The salute. The folding of the colors so that no red shows. The tradition that, upon raising or lowering the colors, no part of the flag will touch the deck. The firing of three volleys over our dead. There are hundreds of these customs. We accept and cherish them as ritual.

Let us feel a stir of pride as the flashing colors go by. Let the hackles rise at the back of the neck on sound of a military band, and the tread of many feet in unison. That is fine. It is as it should be. But let us also show our national *feeling* by allowing to seep through the purples of our *consciousness* a greater appreciation for the

handiwork of our own people. Is there any reason why products, philosophies, and codes of ethics emanating from across the waters should be any better than those of this country? Look in every field of endeavor and you will find that we produce as good or better than other countries. Is it really necessary to go far afield for boots, clothes, perfumes, toys, crockery, and other commodities? Is it necessary to look to others for counsel in diplomacy? To patronize the ships of foreign nations? Think of our artists, writers, painters, engineers, architects, physicians, lawyers, soldiers. The world cannot deny their merit. Compare our theatre, cinema, motor cars, trains, airplanes, homes. They speak for themselves. Again, Webster's: "Patriotism—devotion to the welfare of one's country." One's country and one's people are synonymous. Fight for your own. Be proud of your own. Through your patronage, *feed* your own. Then, when the colors pass by to the accompaniment of shrill bugles and crashing drums, and you salute them, you are saluting your own people as well. You are a patriot.

## "I'll Make It Yet"

**P**OOR and battered, a young chap found his way one day into the Helping Hand Institute in Kansas City. They called him "Jim." He was minus an arm, and his jaw was shot to pieces.

Jim had been working on an oil pipe line in Oklahoma when some bandits rode up as they were making their get-away from a bank robbery, and ordered him to open the gate. Jim did not move with the celerity to please them, so they shot him in the jaw and the right arm. Infection had set in, necessitating amputation. All his savings were exhausted and he came to the Helping Hand for shelter. The arm was further amputated, and a part of the jawbone was removed. After each operation Jim turned up grinning and muttering determinedly:

"I'll make it yet!"

After a period of convalescence, some one staked Jim to a ten-dollar bill. He said he would buy old iron from farmers and sell it to junk men.

A year later Jim came hobbling back to the Helping Hand on one leg. He had made good in his business, saved up enough money to buy a horse and a wagon, when one day a truck ran into his conveyance, threw him out, and crushed his leg so that he had to lose it. However, the grim old grin was still on his face, as, standing on his one good leg, he reached out his one good hand and exclaimed:

"I'll make it yet!"

Once more a period of convalescence, and Jim drove up to the door one day with a ramshackle old wagon and a lattice-work horse that had been given him at the horse market. He asked for the loan of five dollars, saying he was starting out again to resume his junk business. He would sleep in his wagon. With great difficulty he clambered into his conveyance, jerked his head over his shoulder with his old-time parting slogan:

"I'll make it yet!"

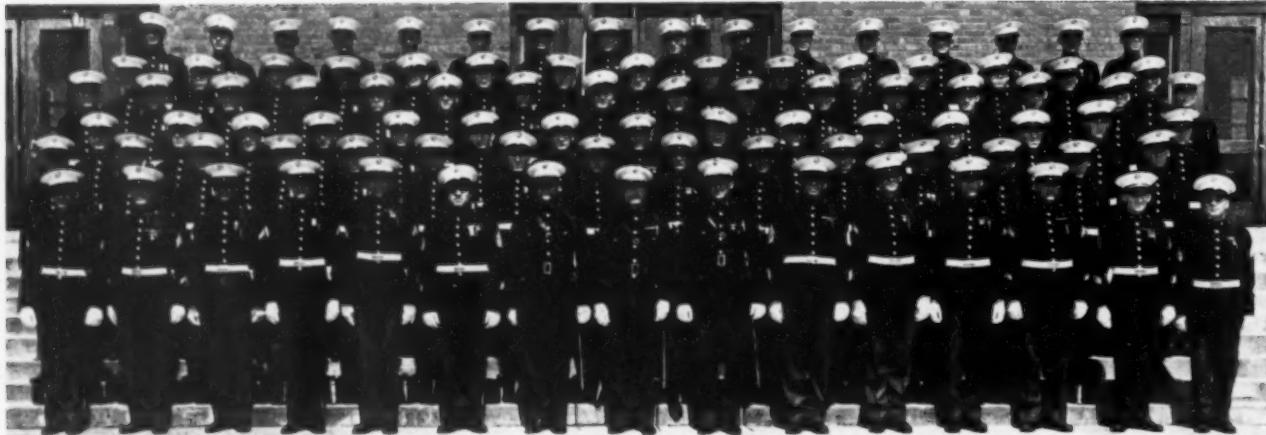
What is that mysterious thing inside of man which makes him able to bear the whips and storms of time, and all the thousands of natural and unnatural shocks that flesh is heir to? Perhaps nobody knows what it is, but some people have it. They are unconquerable!

The best work of this world has been done against what seemed to be insurmountable obstacles. They are a challenge; they make one cry out with all the heart and soul:

"I'll make it yet!"—BURRIS JENKINS, *Walla Walla*.

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## QUANTICO PERSONNEL



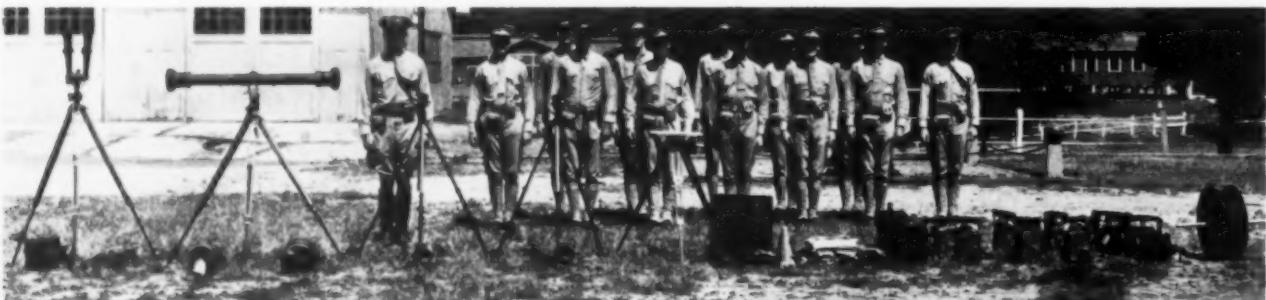
"B" COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Reading left to right: 1st Row: Cpl. Blankenship, Sgt. Beckworth, Cpls. Penee, Ontjes, English, 1st-Sgt. Inferrera, 2nd-Lt. Sneeringer, Capt. Hughes, 2nd-Lt. McLeod, Gy-Sgt. Daulton, Cpls. Millard, Stewart, Goller, Sgts. Vaughn, Kelly. 2nd Row: Pts. McCall, Brown, Pierce, Van Winkle, Hammonds, Strickland, Depizol, Caldwell, Autrey, Visco, Gillem, Gonsowsky, Melvin, Nash, Garratt. 3rd Row: Pts. Still, Grealy, Pfc. Jenkins, Pts. Wells, McCoy, Smith, Gould, Pfc. Beall, Pts. Mellon, Roos, Tpr. Brown, Pts. Penzes, Davenport, Moring, Ksen. 4th Row: Pts. Walters, Bouknight, Gleason, Knott, Neumann, Toscano, Russell, Darsey, Gann, Petrey, Kynser, Cambre, Whisman, Carpenter, Gauthier, Kroll. 5th Row: Pts. Taulbee, Drummond, Norris, Stubbs, Banuskevich, Despeaux, McCauley, Greene, Frize, Cromer, Kukulski, Baker, Dmr. Hughes, Pts. Blanton, Mizelle. 6th Row: Pts. Schwister, Subach, Albert, Klingenberg, Cole, Townsend, Rutherford, Bell, Quigley, Mackanin, Barger, Pfc. Magoun, Pts. Allen, Wusler, Anderson, Dinsmore.



BATTERY "A," FIRST BATTALION, TENTH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FMF., MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

1st Row, sitting (left to right): Blount, Harrison, Korongy, Miskimins, Nussbaum, Ivy, Smith, L. W., Nastochowski, Fender, Parsels, Haverlock, Anderson, Jackson (with mascot—Lobo), Ceruti, Cothaus. Center: Lewis, Arnow, Smith, C. W., Bell, R. H., Long, Castle, Dykes, Lattimer, Abernathy, Sample, Weitekamp, Amacker, Bennett, Walker, Cockshaw. Rear Row: Lt. Chapman, Imel, Barnes, Dempsey, Bogler, Santora, Monteith, French, George, Coats, Robbins, Maddox, Behrendt, D'Arcangelo, White, O'Connor, Crowell, Bell, M. C., Mosley, Barrett, Kieran, Burke.



BATTERY DETAIL AND EQUIPMENT BATTERY "B"

Reading left to right: 2nd Lieut. John S. Oldfield. Front rank—Sgt. E. H. Borgeson, Pvt. B. J. Whitelock, Pfc. F. B. Jones, Jr., Pts. C. L. Green, T. G. Flynn, H. O. Dennis, and Cpl. F. W. Kudrick. Rear rank—Pts. W. P. McMullen, W. T. Beatty, A. S. Warden, Pfc. C. "W" Keath, and Pvt. E. J. Meier, Jr.

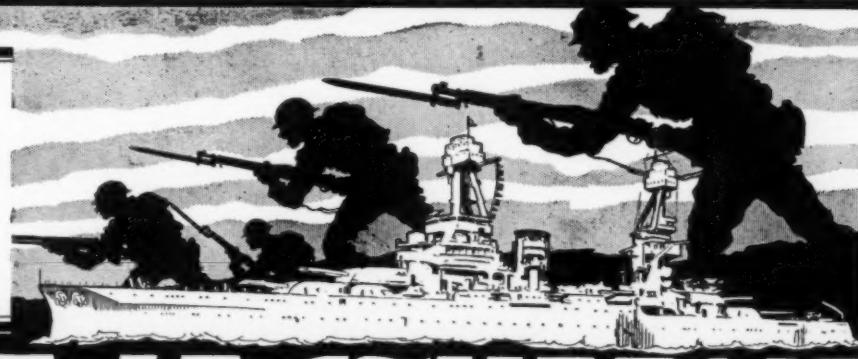
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# THE LEATHERNECK

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## A PAIR OF SHOES

By HAL NORMAN

**D**RAPER came aboard at Chungking. Obviously not a missionary, thought I—rather a leaning toward oil or tobacco. The latter proved correct. We made our way to the ship's saloon, and were soon exchanging pleasantries over our whisky sodas.

You have seen Draper wherever men douse their whiskey with soda, and affect loose-fitting odd jackets, grey flannel trousers, tab collars and brown buckskin oxfords. And he possessed the tall, slim body and fine features that generally accompany those sartorial adjuncts. After having spent five years in the Orient, he was going Home on leave, and had just come away from the remote outposts to which BAT send their people on inspection trips.

As we called for the third round of drinks, the bos'n's whistle pealed shrilly and bow and stern lines were let go. The two propellers and three rudders gripped the muddy bosom of the Yangtze and whirled the ship 'round like a terrier chasing his tail. The "Chi Lai" stood for a moment preening herself, then charged down the river into the glory of the morning.

Inevitable that the potent product of the Highlands break down the usual reserve of the Briton—and Draper's pleasant voice began to unfold a series of dazzling vignettes of the Orient. Riding camel-back in Mongolia; glorious winter sunsets in Manchuria, the colours of which are intensified by millions of minute flying snow particles; the Lolo country

of Yunnan, which few white men have seen—and in which few are welcome! Hiking eighty li a day in Shensi Province; dashing down wild, obscure tributaries of the Yangtze and Hwang-ho. How I envied the man! The China that is available to me is bounded by the banks of the Yangtze, and on the coast extends from Hangchow to Chinwangtao.

Towards sundown, the "Chi Lai" slipped gently and expertly into her anchorage opposite the River Office at Wanhsien. But my thoughts were a bit farther downriver — seventy-eight miles to be exact. I thought of the great mountains opposite Wushan. At sunset they are huge, inert, shaggy-coated monsters, sprayed with molten gold and Burghundy wine. Lord, but I want to see what's on the other side. But tomorrow morning we up anchor and dash along at fifteen knots, never stopping until we reach Ichang. After a short

stay in port, it's on to Shanghai with its paved streets, electric lights, night clubs, traffic noises . . . but I want to see the real China . . . Draper's smooth tones oozed back into my consciousness: "Think of it man! London! The Thames! Trafalgar Square! Bond Street!" All this with great enthusiasm. He sat for a moment, looking into his glass with half-veiled eyes. Then, with great fervor, "You know, I've always wanted a pair of hand-made shoes. And by God, now I'm going to get them."

I ordered another whisky soda.



In the Gorges

# THE INDELIBLE LINE

By FRANK HUNTER

**E**IRST impressions are usually the keenest. That flash of instantaneous appraisal, probably an inheritance from our forebears whose lives frequently depended upon their rapid judgment, seldom fails. Slattery was the one exception I have met. At first I took him for a normal man driven mad with pain. Then I catalogued him as a madman made normal by environment. He still defies all classification.

Perhaps had I met him under other circumstances my judgment would have proven less fallible. For interminable hours I had been jostled about in a small ambulance. The chauffeur seemed to derive insane pleasure in driving at terrific speed and careening from one shell hole to another. The armistice, I was dimly aware and but slightly interested, had been signed at eleven o'clock; just one hour after I had formed the center of impact for a perfectly adjusted and beautifully timed burst of shrapnel.

The driver halted his machine before a field dressing station. After a long, weary wait, Slattery, raving and delirious, was thrust in by my side. He raged and swore at the stretcher bearers. He assailed the driver with frightful invectives. Alternately he demanded and pleaded for someone to fetch Doctor von Sirus. He didn't want these butchers to attend him; he wanted Doctor von Sirus, companion, but it was unavoidable, to be a raving lunatic for a com-

I was not exactly pleased with the prospect of having what seemed

To detail the tortures of that trip would be as uninteresting as it is unnecessary. The shrill, incessant screams of Slattery tore apart what little fortitude I possessed and left me moaning with every jolt of the plunging machine. When at last we halted in front of the gray, stern hospital, I was babbling as incoherently as the other. He was still pleading for Doctor von Sirus.

During the subsequent days of our convalescence we became better acquainted. He was an officer in the Royal Artillery, attached to the American forces as an instructor. I formed a sincere liking for him; an affection which I believe was returned.

I would wheel my chair to his bedside and sit for hours. We exchanged vows of eternal friendship. We planned visits. The broad Atlantic would be no barrier. It would be transversed frequently for a pilgrimage to the shrine of friendship. It now seems rather sentimental and ridiculous. I have never heard from him since we parted at the hospital. There is something pathetic in a friendship like that. One moment it flares with intense heat; the next it is cold as a burnt-out match.

To the other officers in the ward he was distant and reserved; but to me he unburdened his heart and hopes.

"This is my sister," he said one day as he proffered me a small faded portrait of a flaxen-haired child. "She was

married shortly after this was taken, married to a man named Hamilton. Clever chap, too. He had complete charge of reclaiming certain parts of Africa. She went to live with him there."

Before the war Slattery had been some sort of stock broker—a prosaic occupation, to be sure. He hoped to return to it soon. I believe he considered it more exciting than holding a front line trench against an assault.

One evening, early in the year, we wheeled our chairs out to the glass-enclosed veranda. We spoke of a patient who had died that morning. A strange complication had arisen from a minor wound.

"Poor chap," said Slattery absently, "Doctor von Sirus could have saved him."

"There goes that name again," I said. "In the ambulance you drove me nearly frantic screaming for him. Who is he?"

The moon poured through the windows, bathing Slattery in its cold light. He grew pale as he replied and his whole frame quivered.

"Frankly, I don't know. He was either the noblest altruist or the most abstract egoist that ever existed—the greatest tragedy ever played by man. One who laughed at barriers

others feared, who feared barriers at which others jested. An Eurasian physician who juggled the secrets of life and death like a mountebank tosses his spheres. An inscrutable paradox that changed death into life, others feared, who feared barriers at which others jested. An Eurasian physician who juggled the secrets of life and death like a mountebank tosses his spheres. An inscrutable paradox that changed death into life,

and life into death. That was Doctor von Sirus. I met him in Africa."

Slattery, weak and exhausted, slipped back into his chair. My curiosity was aroused, but I patiently waited for the return of his composure.

"Shortly before the war," he began so suddenly that I was startled, "I suffered a reversal on the exchange. My health was more affected than my finances. A sea voyage was ordered. Thus it was only natural that I decided to visit my sister and her husband.

"At length I reached the little African village, where he met me with a rig and drove me to their bungalow about a league away.

"Lucille was not on the veranda to greet us when we arrived. Bert expressed his surprise, but I hid my disappointment as best I could. But when we entered the house we found the reason very apparent. She was lying on the couch, tossing and moaning as if in great pain.

"A few moments previous to our arrival she had imagined she heard us driving along the road. She stepped from the porch and trod upon a venomous reptile. It had sunk its fangs into her ankle.

"Bert hastily dispatched a native to the settlement for the doctor. We did what little we could to ease her suffering, but we were too nervous to accomplish much. The



Vainly she struggled to escape his commanding stare.

hands of the clock moved with agonizing slowness. I had begun to despair of the doctor's coming when there sounded a faint knocking upon the door.

"I started violently. My blood turned cold as ice. It pounded and tingled through my veins. I was frightened; frightened by something remote and intangible."

**S**LATTERY turned his head away. I could discern the finely chiseled contours of his profile cut clean against the flood of moonlight. His lower lip trembled uncontrollably. He gripped the wheels of his chair as if he were contemplating sudden flight.

"What then?" I asked.

"There was a second knock, solemn and profound," he replied mechanically. "It seemed more like the rapping one is liable to hear at some absurd seance. Bert, too, was affected by the sinister sound. He was sitting rigid, with an expression of horror on his face.

"The door swung open and a pair of gleaming eyes floated slowly into the room. Don't laugh," he pleaded, "that's all I was conscious of. They seemed independent of everything else. Narrow, almond eyes, glittering with a green fire; a hideous light that was not reflected, but generated in those burning eyes. They stabbed through the shadows to me and I felt them penetrating my brain. It was impossible for me to avert my gaze. I was fascinated like a bird by a snake.

"I often wonder if I was released by my own tremendous effort, or otherwise, for suddenly I saw myself examining the small figure that was gliding toward Bert.

"He was a little man, wearing a ludicrous frock coat and striped trousers of a heavy worsted material. I doubt if a white man garbed as he could long withstand that climate. His claw-like hands were removing the helmet from his head. The malignant and repulsive features were revealed like a screen being raised slowly

from some terrible object; each succeeding detail more awful than the others. Every line, from the high, sloping forehead to the thin, tight-pressed lips was Oriental. There was not the faintest trace of expression on his face. He was speaking slowly, without hesitation.

"Good evening, Gentlemen—I am Doctor von Sirus. Docton Peltier was unable to come. He requested me to act as his substitute. I trust the delay has caused the patient no suffering."

"Like some sinister snake he glided across the room to Lucille. Sliding his long, yellow fingers slowly down her arm he gripped her wrist. Even in her delirium she shuddered and sought to escape.

"When one suffers from the bite of a reptile," he said, so slowly that I wanted to scream, 'one should lie quietly, and if possible sleep—as Shakespeare says, sleep mends the raveled sleeve of care.' He closed the case of his watch. 'Madame's sleeve is badly tattered. She will require a soporific.'

"From the other side of the room I hear Bert cry out: 'You're not going to give her any dope!'

"Von Sirus turned slowly about.

"Meester Hamilton, I am a physician, not a merchant of narcotics. That is a dangerous expedient. Somnolence induced by such a method is not genuine sleep. The treatments of Doctor von Sirus are never injurious."

"He bent low over Lucille and riveted his eyes to hers. Vainly she struggled to escape his commanding stare. He murmured low, unintelligible words, in a soothing undertone. She gradually became more quiet, then with a deep sigh she began to breathe naturally.

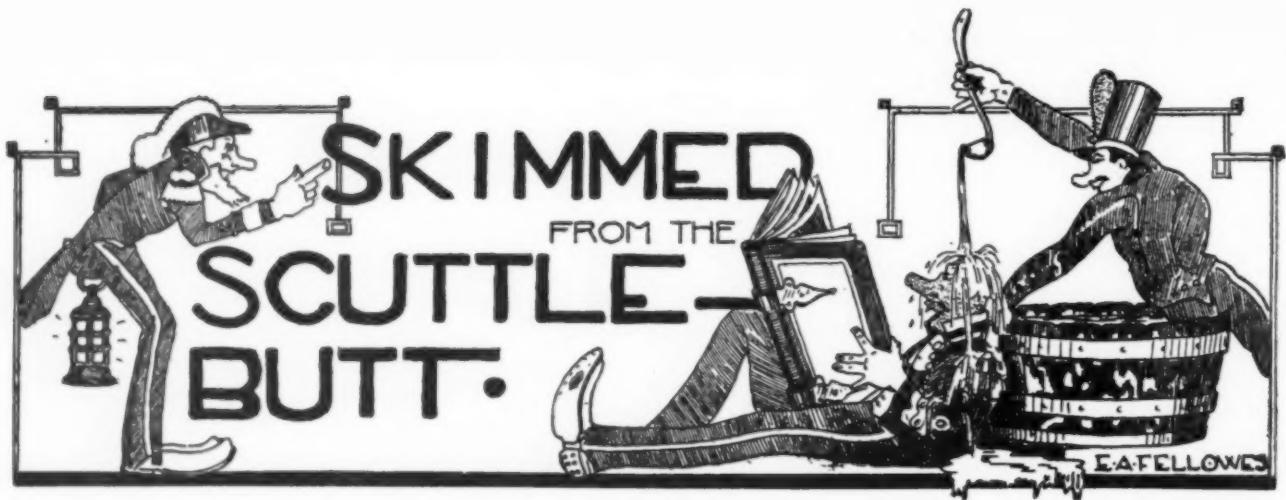
"It is well," he said softly. "I will now proceed to cauterize the wound."

"For the first time since I beheld the physician I was able to utter a sound.

"What have you done?" (Continued on page 60)



He got plugged right through the heart.



### A BALANCED CHOIR

A U. S. Cavalry trooper arrived before the heavenly gates and found that things aloft were as fine as he had been led to believe. One of the angels asked if there was anything in particular he wanted.

"Yep, I always did like choir music," said the trooper. "Get me ten thousand soprano singers!"

"An unusual request," commented the angels, "but you shall have them—anything else?"

"Ten thousand alto singers and ten thousand tenors," ordered the trooper, "and that'll be all."

"Well—er—how about the bassos, my friend?" inquired the angel.

"I'll sing bass."

—6th District Gazette, C.C.C.

Myra Kingsley, the astrologer, who has just returned from a trip South, sends us a transcript of a sign which originally adorned a Kentucky farmer's acres:

#### NOTIS

Trespassers will be persecuted to the full extent of two mongrel dogs which aint never been too sociable with strangers and one double br'l shotgun which aint loaded with sofa pillows. DAM if I aint gittin' tired of this hell raisin' round my place.

A local sporting-goods shop now has the original, she says, in their gun-room.

—Lucius Beebe, *New York Herald Tribune*.

Into the night court the other evening, they marched a man who had all the earmarks of a professional tough guy. This chap was as desperate-looking as any gorilla you've ever seen.

The magistrate looked down at the surly prisoner.

"Well," asked His Honor, "guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner scowled.

"Figure it out yerself," he snarled. "That's what yer gettin' paid for!"

—Mark Hellinger in *The N. Y. American*.

Wife: "Don't drive so fast. My chin is nearly frozen off."

Hubby: "Whadda you care?—you've got another."—*Tennessee Tar*.

Navy Wife: "My husband is the only man that ever kissed me."

Ditto: "My dear, are you bragging or complaining?"—*Tennessee Tar*.

### TACTFUL

First Clerk: "Have you and your boss ever had any differences of opinion?"

Second Ditto: "Yes, but he doesn't know it!"—*Central of Georgia Magazine*.



Marine—Talk about fun! We had a hog calling contest on the ship coming home.

Sweetie—Who won?

Marine—Some fellow who was seasick.

Wife: "I went to cooking school before I got married."

Chief: "What did you do there, play bridge?"

"Papa, what is a traitor in politics?"

"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one."

"Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to your's?"

"A convert, my boy."—*Tennessee Tar*.

### RECOGNITION

Some twenty or thirty midshipmen were spending an afternoon, when some bad hombre came thundering in shooting his pistol right and left and said to the Midgies, "Every one of you dirty skunks get out of here." Everybody scampered out as fast as he could except for one little plebe. The bad man turned to him with his pistol still smoking and said, "Well," The Plebe said, "There sure were a lot of 'em."—*USNA Log*.

Suffering Sergeant: I'd do anything to stop this blamed toothache.

Sympathetic Private: Try chewing the end of your rifle. If your tooth still aches—reach down and pull the trigger!

—*Foreign Service, V. F. W.*

First Wall Street Financier—Can I trouble you for two dollars?

Second Wall Street Financier—Say, give me two dollars and you can trouble me for the rest of the afternoon!

Hall: "Pardon me, sir, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. I have called this morning to ask if there is any insanity in your family?"

Her Paw: "There must be."—*Tennessee Tar*.

Gob: "Say, mister, what time is it?"

Native: "About Tuesday, I'd say."

Gob: "No, what hour? I have to catch a train."

Native: "Tuesday's close enough. There ain't any train until Saturday, anyhow."

—*U. S. Coast Guard*.

"Did you kill all the germs in the baby's milk?"

"My, yes; I ran it through the meat chopper twice."—*The Log*.

"Are you the celebrated lion tamer?"

"No, I only comb the lions and clean their teeth."—*Moustique (Charleroi)*.

"You sold me a car two weeks ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."

—*The London (Ont.) Advertiser*.

## SOMEBODY SAID "FIRE"

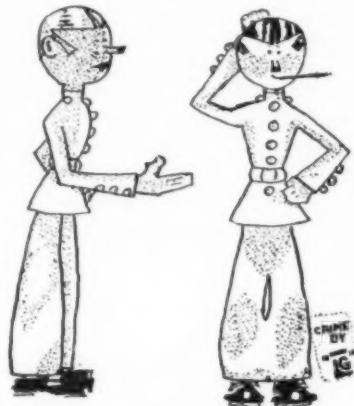
"Whatever happened to that guy who was always getting lost when the fighting started?"

"He got killed one day when he was standing in front of a stone wall."

"What happened?"

"A firing squad obeyed orders!"

Foreign Service, V. F. W.



First Marine: "How did you enjoy the banquet ashore last night?"

Second Ditto: "All right, except was my face red when I dropped a fork during the entertainment!"

First Marine: "What's the odds? Everyone drops a fork now and then."

Second Ditto: "Yeh, but I dropped this out from under my blouse."

Justice of Peace: "So you young folks really want to get married?"

Marsh (looking nervously out of door): "Yes, sure as shooting."

Fair Saleslady: "Could I interest you in a Studebaker?"

Marine: "Lady, you could interest me if you were in a second-hand flivver."

—Southeasterner.

Yeoman: "You sure were tight last night."

Seaman: "Oh yeah, tell me something I don't know."

Yeoman: "Sure, you were married."

—Sub Base Ballast.

A lady who had employed a Chinaman as cook asked him his name.

"Me name San Toy Lee," he said.

"Ah, your name is too long," the lady replied. "I will call you John."

"All right," responded John. "What's your name?"

"Mrs. Charlotte Anne Hemingway," she told him.

"Your name too long," remarked John. "I call you Cholly."

—The Mutual Magazine.

Mr. Charles Phillips in his "Paderewski" tells a story of Lord Balfour. In 1917, Balfour was in Washington, and one evening at dinner he handed back the menu card to the Negro waiter and, placing a generous tip by his plate, said, "Just bring me a good meal." A very good meal was served, and the same thing happened several times.

On the last occasion the tip was trebled. "Thank you, sah," said the Negro, "an' if you done got any othah frien's w'at cain't read, you jes send 'em to me, sah."

—Embassy Guard News.

## AUTHORITY

The junior partner had been on a visit to a distant branch office, and was giving his father a full account.

"The manager there," he said, "is apt to take too much on himself. I gave him plainly to understand he must get authority from here instead of acting too much on his own."

"Yes," said the senior, dryly. "So I gather. Here's a telegram from him."

The telegram ran: "Bad gas escape in the office. Please wire instructions."

—Kablegram.

Plapus—"What have we for dinner?"

Fareio—"Lots of things."

Plapus—"What are they?"

Fareio—"Beans."

—Hamlin Special, C.C.C. Co. 1252.

Wise Guy—"What is the most deadly fluid?"

Chemical Student—"Potassium Cyanide, because you're dead as soon as it touches you."

Wise Guy—"Wrong; embalming fluid; you're dead before it touches you."

Yellow Jacket.



"Has your wife kept her charming figure?"

"Kept it? She's doubled it."

He—"Did you hear about Pete? He drank some sulphuric acid by mistake."

She—"Hurt him?"

He—"No, he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief every time he blew his nose."

—Utah Humbug.

Our weekly nut story has to do with the screwball who was sitting in his cell, playing solitaire. Another nut was watching. Finally the kibitzer spoke up.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "I just caught you cheating yourself!"

The first nut placed a finger to his lips.

"Shh," he whispered. "Don't tell anybody—but, for years, I've been cheating myself at solitaire."

"You don't say," said his amazed pal. "Don't you ever catch yourself cheating?"

The first nut shook his head.

"Naw," he returned proudly, "I'm too clever!"—Mark Hellinger in The New York American.

Boy—Mom, what is a groom?

Mother—Well, when there's a wedding—

Father (interrupting)—Aw, tell him the truth. A groom, son, is a man who takes care of dumb animals.—The Bugle Call.

## PROSE AND POETRY

Before a class of ambitious hopefuls stood the teacher, attempting to elucidate the mysteries of prose and poetry.

"If you were to say," explained the teacher, "There was an old woman who lived behind a hill, and if she hasn't moved she lives there *still*," that is poetry. But if you were to say, "There was an old woman who lived behind a hill, and if she hasn't moved she lives there *yet*," that is prose. Now, class, give some examples of prose and poetry."

After a minute, a bright-eyed and impatient youngster in the back row jumped to his feet.

"All right, Tommy, give me an example."

Tommy scrutinized his paper sharply, and read: "There was an old woman who lived by a well; one day she stepped in and now she's in—say, teacher, what do you want, prose or poetry?"

—Kablegram.

First Marine: "Hey, Oscar, are you wearing your blues tonight?"

Second Marine: "Yes, I'm afraid I am."

First Marine: "Fine. Then you won't mind lending me your civvies."

Marine: "Say, Top, I wanna put in for a special order discharge. I can get a job puttin' on floor shows."

First Sergeant: "What's that? An entertainer?"

Marine: "No, demonstrating vacuum cleaners."

M. C. I.: "You don't know where Ahern is, do you?"

Barracks: "You mean the big, fat sergeant? He's gone to get measured for a suit of greens."

M. C. I.: "Measured! You mean surveyed."

Corporal: "So, you're on your second cruise, eh?"

Private: "Nope. Just a short-timer on my first. What made you think so?"

Corporal: "I don't see how a shirt could get that dirty in four short years."

Soldier: "What are those things?"

Fisherman: "Seines."

Soldier: "What?"

Fisherman: "Nets to you!"

Inspecting Off.: "This rifle is dirty! Look at it!"

Boot: "That's all right, sir; I'll take your word for it."



"What makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?"

"The woman."



## GUNFIGHTER

PAINTED POST LAW. By Tom Gunn (Messner). \$2.00.

Steele, the hero of "The Sheriff of Painted Post," rides again with his pal, Shorty. In the earlier book, Steele didn't quite establish complete law and order in Painted Post. There was plenty of action left over for the present volume.

A Wells-Fargo stage is held up, the express messenger killed, and \$50,000 in gold ingots stolen. "From all the earmarks of it, I'd say Sudden Stokes pulled that Wells-Fargo robbery," Shorty opined.

Double-Whiskey Hannegan rode into Painted Post with a bullet in his shoulder. "Rode smack intuh a pack o' riders," the wounded puncher explained. There had been shooting, and Hannegan was sure he had hit one of the band.

Steele and Shorty ride for Los Paso and trouble. They stop at Griggs' range, where they are not welcome. Steele notices the odor of iodoform, "a mild anesthetic, not unheard-of in the emergency treatment of gunshot wounds."

As Steele fights his way into the house, he hears men fleeing and Shorty takes after them. Inside, the sheriff finds a wounded man, whom Griggs had been treating. He questions the pair, and the wounded man confesses his part in the crime. But before he could implicate others Griggs shot him squarely between the eyes.

There is a race for the hidden loot. Griggs and a confederate uncover it and hide it elsewhere. Then Griggs kills his friend and buries his body.

After a fight Steele captures Griggs and the bandit is sentenced to ten years for complicity in the robbery. The murder not yet uncovered, and the killing of the wounded outlaw condemned, Griggs receives a sentence for only the robbery.

Then trouble starts for Steele and Painted Post. Griggs, behind the bars at Yuma, sends every released convict out to his old ranch, where they band together to range and pillage the countryside. They make a raid on Painted Post for guns and ammunition; but an advance warning and a trick by Shorty defeats the outlaws.

Plenty of blood is spilled in fast action before the gang is broken up and the survivors brought to justice.

## YANKS IN FRANCE

AMERICAN SOLDIERS ALSO FOUGHT. By General R. L. Bullard and Earl Reeves (Longmans, Green). \$1.00.

American participation in the debacle of sanity, generally termed the War to End War, was comparatively brief. Our apprenticeship in the profession of arms had scarcely begun before it was finished. But the price was high, and not unattended by bloodshed. In this country, at least, there seems to be a well founded opinion that when that machine gun outfit from the Third Division stopped the Germans at Chateau Thierry, it was the turning point of the war. Broad, the opinion seems to be that the Allies would have gotten along just as well without our help.

It is contesting this point, and in defense of our own armed forces, that General Bullard has recorded facts in the present volume. It is done well, and obviously for the consumption of such readers as are not particularly interested in the stolid reports of G.I.Q. His style is terse, and it moves along. Speaking of Chateau Thierry, he writes:

"There were now eleven divisions of American combat troops in France. About 308,000 men. Some 300,000 of them had been shooting because 8,000 Marines had won the war—a bit of soldierly jealousy, but entirely human."

"There were no Marines along the Marne, or at Chateau Thierry, or at Vaux, or before historic Hill 204. Out of the two divisions of American troops (54,000 men) at the apex of the Chateau Thierry salient, only two regiments were Marines."

Thereupon the general tells the often repeated story of the censorship and the correspondents whose stories gave the Marines a reputation of omnipresence.

The general becomes a little kinder toward the leathernecks, though, when he states "The Marines didn't 'win the war' here. But they saved the Allies from defeat. Had they arrived a few hours later I think that would have been the beginning of the end."

"Marines," he says, "generally were like the ice-man described as 'religious' by the little girl, because, when a cake of ice dropped on his foot 'he talked about God and Jesus a long while'."

## THE LOOKOUT

Any book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE—and we especially recommend the following



SOUTHERN CROSSING. By Philip Rigg (Dutton). Log of the cruise of a fifty-four-foot ketch. Six months of battling the open sea in the passage from Greece to Florida. \$2.50.

COWBOY LINGO. By Ramon F. Adams (Houghton, Mifflin). Customs, characteristics and colorful language of the cow puncher. Anecdotes of interest. \$2.50.

ROOTS OF AMERICA. By Charles Morrow Wilson (Funk & Wagnalls). Rural and urban America discuss political and economical conditions of the country. \$3.00.

DEATH IS A LITTLE MAN. By Minnie Hite Moody (Messner). The negro novel that has all book-readers and critics discussing its merits. \$2.00.

THE INFANTRY BATTALION IN WAR. By Lt.-Col. Walter R. Wheeler (Infantry Journal). Employment of the infantry battalion in all its phases. Of professional interest to all service men. \$3.00.

THE RIDDLE OF THE EIGHTH GUEST. By Benson Wheeler & Claire Lee Purdy (Speller). Murders and assaults on a lonely voodoo-ridden island off South Carolina. \$2.00.

CRIME'S NEMESIS. By Luke S. May (Macmillan). Text-book solutions of various crimes, proving that the perfect crime has not yet been perpetrated, and doubting that it ever will. \$2.00.

CAMEL TREK. By Rex Regan (Speller). A caravan of camels and mules cross the American desert, encountering hostile Indians, starvation and other adventures. \$2.50.

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE. By Major General James G. Harbord (Little-Brown). The story of the A.E.F. Should be of especial interest to all Marines, for the army general goes into great detail in relating the story of the Marines in France. \$5.00.

THE ATLANTIC CITY MURDER MYSTERY. By Norman Goldsmith (Macaulay). The mysterious death of a wealthy realtor proves difficult to solve. \$2.00.

THE ROAD TO GLORY. By F. Britten Austin (Stokes). A glamorous novel of Napoleon during the early part of his career. \$2.50.

PHILO VANCE MURDER CASES. By S. S. Van Dine (Scribners). Three full length murder mysteries, a biography and an autobiography of the author, a sketch of Philo Vance and other features at a bargain price. \$2.50.

LOOSE AMONG THE DEVILS. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart). An adventure-travel book of the better sort. Reporter Sinclair visits Devil's Island, Voodoo Haiti, and Black Africa, experiencing no few remarkable adventures, which he recounts in a pleasing and interesting manner. \$2.50.

## THE LEATHERNECK

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## GYNGLES of GYRENE

Author Unknown

A Company Clerk was at his work on the Orderly Tent one day.  
A new commander was due to arrive; he had no time to play.  
He could not shirk, this diligent clerk, for he wanted to have things done.  
The relieving captain, he had heard, was a hard-boiled son-of-a-gun.  
So he sorted in stacks upon the racks his bundles of memorandums  
And other piles of document files that come from the big Panjandrums.

There were general orders and circular letters that dealt of things extraneous  
Upon his bunk was a bale of junk that was very miscellaneous.  
Upon the floor and blocking the door the month's reports were scattered.  
And the sweating lout was beginning to doubt that anything really mattered.  
In an O.D. shirt, that toiling squirt slumped down in his typing chair  
While his blunted fingers hammered the keys. My God, how that bird could swear!

Have you ever spent, in an orderly tent, a blazing afternoon.  
Thumbing thru CCC letters until you were ready to swoon?  
Have you ever read with a throbbing head memorandums that conflicted  
Until your mind began to unwind and your insides were constricted?  
Such was the plight of that luckless wight, but he raised his head in hope

As his new commander strode into the tent inhaling a rancid rope.

He looked a man in the prime of life, with a pair of knobby fists  
That dangled well below his knees from thick and bony wrists  
A powerful figure of brawn and brain, and full of pride and might  
He tossed his hat on the Sergeant's bunk and gave his stogie a light.  
"Make out for me a report," said he,  
"On a transfer of supplies."  
The pride that goeth before a fall was visible in his eyes.

"If it's all the same to you," he sneered,  
"I'd like it made correctly.  
I'm going out for a bottle of stout, and I'll be back directly.  
The form for making that report is somewhere in your files.  
If it isn't done by half past one, I'll chase you a million miles!"  
With this parting shout, he swaggered out and into the open air  
While the suffering clerk turned back to his work in an agony of despair.

Poor lad, he knew when he was thru. His faculties were spent.  
He heard the call (as haven't we all) and over the hill he went.  
Back came McWhann and over his pan, when he saw the blank report  
There came a look that would kill a cook, and he gave a fearful snort.  
He knew he was stuck and out of luck for it had to be in on time,  
And this big Turk regarded work as nothing short of crime.

"But then," he thought, as he started in  
"It might be kinda fun.  
I haven't done a useful thing since eighteen ninety-one.  
I'll just look thru the orders here to be sure and get it right.  
Here's memorandum twenty-two; it gives the dope, I think,  
'Rescinded by letter forty-six!' Well, strike me bloody pink!"

He looked for letter forty-six and found it after a while,  
But it referred him to something else in a correspondence file.  
So in that file he fished a while, and finally came across  
An office memo that looked to him like a lot of applesauce.  
This memo read, so it is said, "For transfer of supplies,"  
The relieving officer will make, despite his hideous cries,  
A full report of equipment short to the Quartermaster Corps,  
For further details see AR three hundred fifty-four.

Now this McWhann was a violent man, as perhaps you may have guessed.  
And about this time he was ripe for crime. He clawed his hairy chest.  
His eyes they burned as the pages turned; his face was pale and drawn  
And a jagged rent in the side of the tent showed where the typewriter had gone.  
This sort of thing may go on for weeks.  
It's up to a man to stop  
And work a while on another job or else he'll blow his top.  
But Captain McWhann, that prideful man did not know when to quit.

His tortured soul strove toward its goal with fortitude and grit.

He wasn't done at half past one; he wasn't done at four.  
He wasn't done when the rising moon shone in at the open door.  
In the morning light we saw his plight; we didn't know what to say,  
But some of the guys of course got wise and had him taken away.  
To a little room at Stelicoom, where he runs thru files of papers.  
With many a groan and a jittery moan, he cuts the queerest capers.  
He never speaks for weeks and weeks, and he hasn't shaved for years.  
His eyes are queer and often appear about to brim with tears.

And now we come to the tragic part—the shooting I haven't mentioned—  
Which isn't as bad as you might expect.  
In fact it's well-intentioned.  
Each night in the room at Stelicoom the lights go out, and a shot is fired into Captain McWhann, but it strikes no vital spot.  
The lights go out, and a shot is fired, but it does no mortal harm.  
It's just the Doctor giving Mac his nighty shot in the arm,  
The old boy's keen for his morphine; without it he'd run riot.  
And the inmates' sleep is calm and deep while Mac is fairly quiet.

—*Happy Days (CCC)*

## THE FAMILY TREE

By C. R. S.

Deliver me from the man that boasts  
Of his family's pedigree;  
Who points with pride at the largest leaf  
On his ancestral tree,  
And shakes the finger of superior birth  
At clods like you and me.

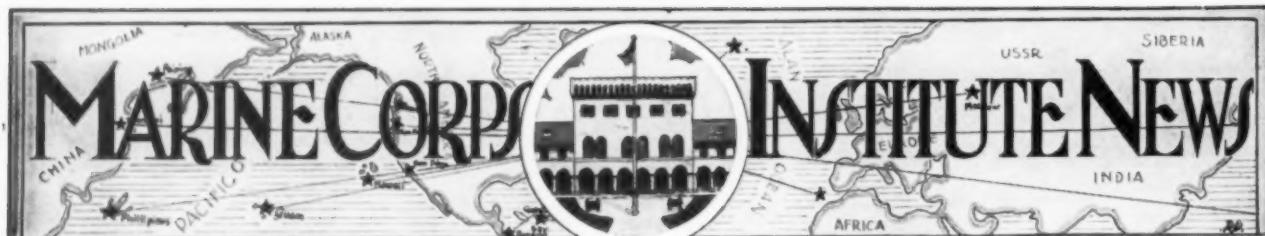
Now whether we once roamed Eden's Bower  
In the loins of Adam and Eve,  
Or whether we swung from limb to limb  
With a mat of hair for a sleeve,  
We're all the product of common clay  
Or at least, so I believe.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,  
Your vaunted family line  
Is strung on a string with waxen ends  
Or even a longer twine  
That ended in a hangman's noose  
For some plebeian crime.

## I HATE TO BE A KICKER—BUT:

Author Unknown

I hate to be a kicker, I always long for peace,  
But the wheel that does the squeaking is the one that gets the grease;  
You tell 'em, kid—you're peaceful, and you're not too hard to please,  
But the dog that's always scratching is the one that has the fleas;  
"I hate to be a kicker," means nothing in a show;  
The kicker in the chorus is the one that gets the dough;  
The art of soft soap spreading is a thing that palls and stales,  
But the guy that wields the hammer is the one who drives the nails;  
Let us not put any notions that are harmful in your head,  
But the baby that keeps yelling is the baby that gets fed.



## MR. WEEKS IS INTRODUCED TO THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

**W**RALPH E. WEEKS, President of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, visited the Marine Corps Institute on May 13, 1936. In introducing Mr. Weeks to the assembled staff of the Institute, the following remarks were made by Lieutenant Colonel Shepherd:

In 1920, Maj. Gen. J. A. Lejeune was made Commandant of the Marine Corps. From many years of distinguished service in the Marine Corps and as Commanding General of the famous 2nd Division in France, this officer had learned that a man whose mind was alert and who had completed a high school education made a far better soldier than the uneducated old timer who spent his nights in a bar-room and many of his days in the brig. During the war the Marine Corps was fortunate in having in its ranks many of the finest young men in the country. On these Marines we built up a reputation of being the best military organization in the country. To keep up this high standard and to appeal to the better class of young men, General Lejeune felt that it was necessary for the Marine Corps to offer some facilities for education in order that the young man who gave up his college or part of his high school education to serve the colors might improve himself mentally. By availing themselves of a vocational guidance and training program, the enlisted men of the Marine Corps would not only make better soldiers but would also be better citizens on their return to civilian life.

With this end in view, General Lejeune, General Butler and Colonel Hardee, Commanding Officer of these Barracks, made a study of the situation which brought out the fact that the correspondence method of instruction was best suited to our needs. A visit was made by these officers to Scranton, Pa., for the purpose of inspecting the International Correspondence Schools and of conferring with the board of directors and faculty of that Institution relative to establishing their system of education in the Marine Corps. It was here that General Lejeune first met our distinguished guest of today, Mr. Ralph E. Weeks, President of the International Correspondence Schools. Mr. Weeks immediately became interested in the proposed plan not only from the edu-

cational possibilities that it offered but for patriotic reasons as well. The details for the introduction into the Marine Corps of education by the correspondence method using the same textbooks and system of instruction as that taught by the I. C. S. was worked out, and the Marine Corps Institute established. From this time on Mr. Weeks has lent his full cooperation and has been our staunch friend and strong supporter. It is a pleasure for me to inform him that the activities of his foster child have grown and improved until they now have become an integral part of every Marine's life. Since its organization sixteen years ago, 56,585 Marines have been enrolled in I. C. S. courses. This is about 80

per cent of the new enlistments in the Marine Corps over that period. Of this number, 7,188 have graduated and our staff have corrected 641,451 papers. And this gentleman who is about to address you is the man whose continued cooperation and steadfast support has made possible the results that we have obtained. I should think that Mr. Weeks would be one of the proudest men in America today to feel that he had helped in the self education and advancement of the thousands of citizens of the United States who have graduated from his school. I can assure him that we in the Marine Corps are proud to be affiliated with the International Correspondence Schools and shall always be grateful for the educational benefits gained from the Institution of which he is the head. Men, it is a pleasure for me to introduce to you Mr. Ralph E. Weeks, President of the International Correspondence Schools of America.

## PERSONAL MESSAGE



D. E. Carpenter, B.S., Dean of the Faculty, International Correspondence Schools

Three score years and ten, says the good book, is a goal toward which human beings may strive. To a youth of 25 or 30 who is vigorous and healthy, 40 or 50 years ahead seems long. There is ample time for him, and he may be tempted to enjoy today without thinking much about tomorrow, because he has, or thinks he has, plenty of tomorrows.

But each day is one less in his allotted span. Tomorrow often comes before one is ready for it. As time passes the days and the years grow shorter, until even the years slip by with amazing speed. The thoughtful youth prepares today for the problems of tomorrow. He is not content to remain always in his present status, and he observes that the prizes of today

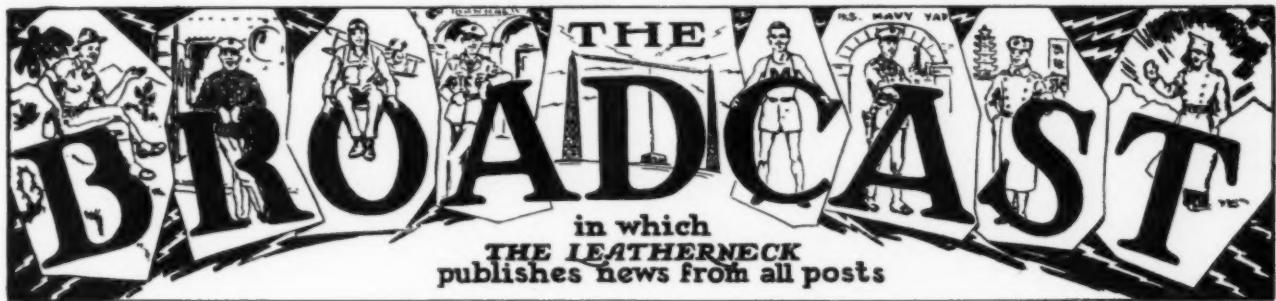
## THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

As a result of the serious coal mining accidents which occurred in Pennsylvania more than fifty years ago the State Legislature passed laws which made it necessary for coal miners to pass state examinations in order to qualify for positions of importance in coal mining operations. This included such positions as Fire Boss and Mine Superintendent. No provision was made to give these coal miners the necessary training for passing these examinations until the Shenandoah Herald, a newspaper in the coal mining regions, published a "question-and-answer" column. The publisher of this newspaper became so interested in the response of these coal miners to the information which this newspaper column contained that he went to Scranton and obtained the assistance of several other men who helped him organize the International Correspondence Schools in October, 1891. This was the first school of its kind and the first course offered was Coal Mining. Within three months' time more than one thousand men enrolled in this course and soon afterward other related courses were added, such as Mechanical Engineering and Electrical Engineering.

The number of courses gradually increased until one school after another was added and at the present time there is a total of twenty-five schools making up the (Continued on page 60)

are taken by those who prepared themselves yesterday. He knows very well that similar conditions will prevail tomorrow and that his work of today will determine his status tomorrow.

Men of the U. S. Marine Corps, you have an opportunity that some of you are overlooking because it doesn't cost you anything—an opportunity to learn how to do something that will be of real value to you some day. Uncle Sam makes available to you an opportunity to prepare yourself for a vocation in civil life after you leave his service, but he leaves you to decide whether you will make use of that opportunity. He says in effect: "Here's your chance to get an education at my expense. What will you do about it?"



## WEST COAST NEWS

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY FLEET MARINE FORCE

HE Enlisted Men's Dance has come and gone. It was a grand affair and it is with a sigh of regret that your scribe dries his tears and moans the fact that the call of duty was stronger than that of hot music—on that of all nights I had the watch. Mission Beach Ballroom was the scene of these big doings. It is estimated that between 2,000 and 3,000 people were present and each and every one of them had nothing but praise for the entire party. Refreshments were served and a professional floor show brought in. Members of the Base Band composed the orchestra and due credit must be given the wonderful work of these boys. Though we were not present, the comments heard from others who were, prompt us to thank and present an orchid to Maj. C. I. Murray the Supervisory Officer and the Base Dance Committee.

"Spring has gone and summer is here, so we'll all quaff another can of beer," so said Ben "Old Maestro" Bernie as he

appeared at the Exposition a short time ago with all his lads. Ben paid us a visit here at the Base though his presence was unknown to many—but he did enjoy that sunset parade. And while he was at the Exposition most of the command took advantage of the most generous offer of the Management to admit all personnel in uniform free of charge.

All hands are atwitter over the forthcoming organization of the Force. The present Force Headquarters Company, with the exception of a few enlisted men, will become Headquarters Company of the 2d Marine Brigade. The question in the minds of all concerned is whether they go or whether they stay. Pardon us while we chuckle, but when a thought like this occurs it's just too good to hold for another paragraph. We heard this morning that when "Swede" Nelson left the Base with that now famous outboard motor, "Red" Franks took those field glasses along to look for fish—we heard, this'll kill you, that he did get fish, yes indeed, seven of them, at ten per cent interest.

Congratulations to you, "Mac" McWilliams, on your promotion to platoon ser-

geant. We were gonna say something else until you came along heavily laden with cigars, and good cigars at that. And as for you, newly-made Trumpet Corporal Garvey, when do we see the mellow ropes coming from your direction, or must we expose you.

And were we abashed after showing our LEATHERNECK for May to all (both of them) our friends—I mean the Marine Oddities Page wherein is depicted "Bob" Burns of radio fame playing on his equally famous "bazooka." Said LEATHERNECK announces he invented it while a member of the Marine Corps in France during the World War—I again repeat, I showed it to everybody—until along comes "Willie" Kappel, erstwhile draftsman and ex-sand sniper from the dunes of New Jersey, with a clipping from a Los Angeles paper which proudly exhibited Mr. Burns tooting away on said bazooka at the tender age of ten years. Can you good people imagine Gy-Sgt. Robin Burns in a trench with a bazooka in one hand, an all-day sucker in the other, and the truant officer in the next trench waiting to nab him for skipping school????

So now we have a helper with us on the column. Yes, sir. None other than the gentleman (pardon us while we snicker) we so rudely panned last month for his pitching with the Base Team. "BoJo" Bailey is the name. Since the baseball season died a premature death he has been engaged in the night league of San Diego. To date only one error has he made—yes, it's a blonde.

Since the Fleet left most of the company disappears with the first cracked note of liberty call. The only bad feature is that we can't get any dope on them other than the size of their hats. But when this gets to press the Fleet will be back in San Diego and maybe then we can resume our games of pinochle, etc.

And lest we forget, "Tommy" Dougan informed us that the dog with a pedigree from "heah to theah" is no more. However, he can be seen romping (?) with the half-brother of that noble animal.

Daniels may be seen nightly trudging his weary way to the portions of this building where the bright-work is the dullest—but after twenty hours of shining it should look pretty good, Dan. And next time don't forget to test out the alarm clock.

Before we go we'd like to mention you, "Pete," but we still remember that little incident on Parris Island so just make out like nothing was said. In the past three months we've received seven threatening letters and one bomb in the mail—and all this for our efforts to put this company on the map. However, with the aid of a suit of armor and a bullet-proof vest we'll be back next month stronger than ever.



PIE EATING CONTEST

Event in Field Meet, MCB, San Diego. Won by Pvt. Lombardi, Base Service Company



AUTOMATIC RIFLE RACE

Event in Field Meet, MCB, San Diego. Won by Pvt. Gore, 2nd Battalion, 6th Marines, FMF

### FIRST BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

By The Stooge

Now my good readers, I have one-half of the Mercy Hospital mystery solved. It seems that one of our better known plank owners has become so well acquainted in this beautiful metropolis (all you Ex-San Diego men can grimace), that he is getting serious about settling down after spending nearly all of his time in the states, and dear readers, this go-getter has charge of all our cute little musies. Who is it? Your guess is as good as mine—and I'm not guessing. So much for that great mystery, the Battalion always has more interesting news than sundry organizations around here, to wit:

In a recent edition of this column your columnist predicted that First Sergeant Grieco of Company "B" was casting longing looks towards China, and now we find that he has already received his orders. Good luck, Nick, and many happy days at your new station. Captain Hayes of Company "B" has taken over additional duties as Battalion Executive Officer concurring with the transfer of Maj. F. D. Strong to Base Troops as Base Adjutant. We extend our heartiest wishes for a pleasant sojourn as Base Adjutant.

There have been numerous promotions in the First Battalion since last issue. The lucky men are: Privates First Class Little,

Senawald, Meek and Stulb to Corporal, Privates Wilkins, Williams, O'Brien, Foree, Lemoine, LaMothe and Glass to Privates First Class. And later came the promotion of "Shorty" Pumaala of the Battalion Quartermaster to Corporal. Good luck, boys, and when you wet them down, don't wash them away.

Cpl. Aubra Locke is going back to his first love. It seems that the little girl back in Ponca City got tired of waiting and married the Sheriff's son and now Aub is going back to China. We'll miss your diminutive form about the Base but we will try to bear up under it. "Rosie" Kenton says that when you leave he has no idea where the coffee money will come from.

The new star rating is out and the First drew three of them. Sergeants Hansen, Duveene and Roberge being the recipients of those new ratings.

Company "D" has just finished anti-aircraft practice firing and the results were gratifying. It was a fine send off for Captain Meigs, who is now on his way to Yorktown, Virginia.

The Fleet Marine Force and Base Troops ran a dance at the Mission Beach Ballroom and it was a huge success. A floor show, refreshments and fine music. The only drawback was the fact that it broke up at midnight and everyone was just getting into the swing. Here's hoping

for bigger and better dances in the near future.

Now that the Fleet is home, the click of aeyy duey dice and the familiar phrase "fifteen two" will once again be heard around the Barracks.

My Stooges have come through admirably this month but they are a little bashful or should I say cautious, about collecting the kind of news that makes news.

Cpl. Joe A. Griffin has decided to go back to North Carolina and settle down as he has that far-away look in his eyes every time some one mentions the *Chamont*, for that is the ship that takes him back to corn bread, buttermilk and something else—do you want me to play big brother to a certain someone again, Joe, how about it buddy?

I'm afraid I'll have to look for a successor on this column in another month or so, because I hear good old Boston calling and it sure has been a long time.

To all you ex-San Diego Marines: The Keyhole is on the spot out here and they have to bootleg it.

Stay aboard until next month and I'll try to give you all the dope that circulates around.

### SECOND BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

By G. H. Balzer

Well, things have been happening at the Second Battalion this past month. A slip of paper from the Regiment and the entire office force goes into a huddle. Out of the smoke and fire comes the biggest promotion list yet! Congratulations to those brand new non-coms—Headquarters Company rated two, "Bob" McIntosh and Floyd Thomason (of the "WeeVee" Thomasons, suh!) Jesse J. Eskew of Company "E"; Decker of Company "F"; Smith of "H" Company and Pratt of Company "G." Single stripes were quite numerous too, Berg, Reed, Minney, Murphy, Geisendagger, Walsh, McMillian, and Flahie were the ones selected. Gunnery Sergeant Hopp made the grade to Master Gunnery Sergeant; Sergeant Rolfe to Platoon Sergeant and Drum Corporal Hoy to Drum Sergeant. Nice work guys, but don't forget the cigars.

The people of Point Loma must have thought a small war had suddenly broken out in their midst when the lads of Company "H" went over the course in a little antiaircraft firing recently. And if you think those boys aren't up on the "dope" on machine guns, fly over some day and insult them. You'll be a long time dead, pardner.

Even the "home guards" turned out recently for the biggest Marine Dance held in some time. Everything was done in the most approved fashion. The Committee is to be congratulated on its taste in all things, and the most important thing to my mind was the forethought of not attempting to hold the dance at the Base



8th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. L. C. Payton, Cpl. R. L. Tyson, Cpl. P. S. Krisch, Cpl. D. Wasserman



7th Platoon, San Diego.

Instructed by Sgt. A. J. Sealey, Cpl. W. A. Galbreath, Cpl. E. P. Julius

due to crowded conditions and small dancing space that the floor of the Auditorium offers. The dance went over with a bang. The music was excellent and refreshments, well, they were all that the name implies. I am positive that the Marines of this Battalion appreciate the efforts made to entertain them and will offer wholehearted support to any such undertaking in the future. The fine spirit of comradeship was also very apparent, as ever holding to "Semper Fidelis." Gosh! I can't forget about the floor show, it would not be fair as it was the highlight of the evening. Tho young, the entertainers showed remarkable skill and the whole show was a complete success. Shucks, now I know I'm gonna ship over.

On 1 June the entire Battalion moved to the Rifle Range at La Jolla for three weeks' instruction on all small arms and both hand and rifle grenades. As always, special attention will be given the .30. The percentage of qualification was very high last year and the boys in the "money" were plentiful. Let's all work harder and see if we can't break all existing records for any single outfit. It seems a simple task for such an illustrious outfit. Those extra "pesos" make a difference on pay day, too.

On May 30th a well known face around Battalion Headquarters departed. Russel Tarver, these many months a pillar for the three Sergeants Major that he has served for, leaves for the Clerical School in Philadelphia. We wish him the best that life has to offer and may his new undertaking be a grand success.

Memorial Day showed for the first time to the people of San Diego, especially those who haven't taken the time to come here to the Base, the Sixth Regiment in all its martial glory. Perhaps those members of the Sixth who gave all in the World War will strut in silent cadence to the Band, and they will not be alone, for this parade is in memory of those who added so much honor and glory to our regiment.

We'll be seeing you next month.

#### GREETINGS FROM BATTERY "E"

2nd Battalion, 10th Marines

The battery has to its credit a busy

and profitable month of athletics which includes the winning of the Naval District Volley Ball Championship. The credit goes to Barton, Ferrell, Franklin, Hill, Blacketer, Neil and others of equal importance. In the Field Meet held recently at the Base, Spurr and Neher easily won the three-legged race; Kennedy and Decker took the tent pitching contest with time to spare and the pack howitzer crew assembled the gun in 53 seconds to take over Battery "D" by 8½ seconds. We don't wish to boast, but it was again a case of the triumph of brains over brawn. To cap the climax was the great victory of "Shanghai" Stewart, who, with a tremendous burst of speed, pushed his partner Hill over the line first for a brilliant win in the wheelbarrow race. Four first places, with a creditable showing in all events left the cannoneers feeling that the Meet had been a success in all sense of the word.

Of course, our life isn't all a bed of roses. We get the daily workout on the 75's with a goodly portion of MCO 41 thrown in to keep all hands firm and capable to meet the situations as they arise. Sergeant Kirby took over the detail with a bang, and with his soothing voice

and engaging personality he has really been producing wonders.

"Wop" Mercurio bought a car, but little is known of it as it hasn't been out of the repair shop long enough to undergo a close scrutiny.

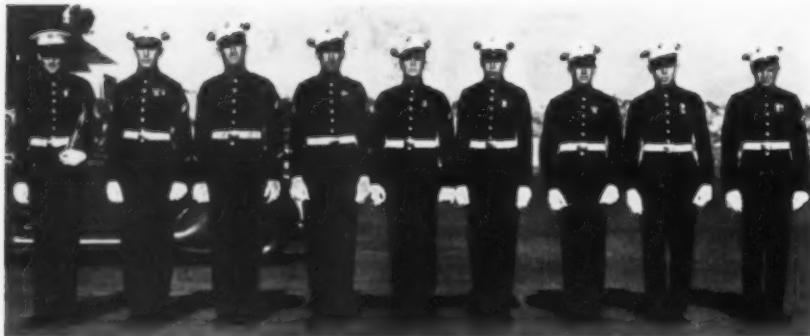
Sergeants "Jelly" Ferrel and "Snake" LeNoir gave us a wonderful exhibition of baseball technique in our first game of the inter-battalion series—incidentally said game was lost to the tune of 15-9. "Snake" gave himself a surprise by actually hitting the ball and getting on first, but "Jelly" wouldn't hit the apple so the pitcher got disgusted and walked him each time to bat.

Sergeant Major "Tommy" Luck joined the battalion, relieving First Sergeant Lloyd Bogart our acting Sergeant Major, who, upon receiving his orders to proceed to Samoa for duty, left the last of May. We all wish the First Sergeant and his wife a bon voyage.

Our two professional pencil sharpeners in the shapes of Private First Class Ranney and Pvt. L. C. Smith (no dear readers, not the typewriter Smith) have decided to go to the Orient, so Corporal Baker is striving mightily to equal the perfection attained by his predecessors.



Memorial Day Parade, San Diego, California, 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines



**VOLLEY BALL TEAM, SECOND BATTALION, 10TH MARINES**

F.M.F., San Diego. Winners of the 11th Naval District Volley Ball Championship  
Left to right: 1st Sgt. Lee Moberly, Cpl. H. F. Barton, Cpl. Jean H. Neil, Sgt. H. M. Ferrell, Pfc. J. P. Franklin, Pvt. J. H. Blacketer, Pvt. L. C. Smith, Pvt. R. W. Griffin, Pvt. M. D. Hill

### STRAY SHOTS FROM BATTERY "D"

#### 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines

During the past thirty days there have been several changes in the battery. All changes for the best of course and if you knew our Battery Commander and Battery Officers you would know they never miss any chances.

Albert Wunderly, better known in the Battery as "Buddha," was promoted to Sergeant. We understand he is using his increase in pay to help bring about prosperity to the Hof Brau. Hugo Traverse was promoted to Drum Corporal. Says he doesn't mind giving the old drum a few extra beats now and then—but we must admit he is a number one drummer.

Gunnery Sergeant Ryckman will soon be our battery Master Gunnery Sergeant. We have it straight from the Marine Corps Bulletin that he is on the list. Prosperity must have come from around the corner. Privates Curler and Jess have been given priority discharges to accept good salaried positions on the outside. And several more are applying for same.

We were very sorry to lose our Battalion Commander, Major J. I. Nettekoven. He is now the Base Commissary Officer.

In last issue we told you that we intended to have the best volley ball team on the coast. We were correct. They won the Naval District Championship by a very large margin. The trophy is now in the possession of this battalion.

An onlooker would think Battery "D" was going to war the way we are having gun drill and holding school. But practice makes perfect and we think we are just about that.

We did our stuff with the rest of the parades on Memorial Day. With this outfit in formation and in perfect line and interval, it is a sight that is not soon forgotten. We invite you to come and give us the once-over any day.

### BATTERY H. BASE DEFENSE ARTILLERY

By Standish Green

Miracles DO happen. Many many moons ago somebody looked into a crystal and foretold another move for Battery H, 10th Marines. Then a year ago this May we changed our name to form the new Base Defense Artillery. The Battery stayed where it was, there being no Battery H of the 10th Marines under the new deal, and the budget was balanced. But little Audrey just laughed and laughed, 'cause

she knew a leopard couldn't change his spots. This Spring this same somebody was pushing a stick around in a pot, when up popped the letter 'H.' To make a long story short, the Quartermaster issued us the new seabags—the ones with the zippers in the bottom, so that you can always get that clean pair of socks that invariably submerge when the bag is moved—MCO 41 gave way to suitcase drill, we stood our last Sunday watch (at Quantico) and away we went to San Diego. Not on scooters, either, as was predicted last month, but on a train, leaving on the 6th of June.

But it wasn't just as easy as that. We had the range to fire, and are right proud to say that all of last year's non-qualified men lost that status this time. And speaking of promotions, we now have Platoon Sergeant Charles Klein, Sergeants Ruona and Rice, and Privates First Class Cummings, Loring, McMillan, and Simosko.

Had an epidemic of "furloughitis." The initial symptoms are, no doubt, quite familiar. The patient upon arising in the morning shaves, when there is no need of it at all, as he has had a shave but two mornings ago. He then presses his trousers and shines his shoes, placing his feet on the bunk of the man across the aisle. Later he may be found just outside of the battery office, giving a most realistic imitation of a signalman. This is generally interpreted to mean, "Is the Battery

Commander in?" The Top's eye, however, has become attracted by all this, and he calls the patient in. "Thirty days," cries Doakes. They compromise on ten. A hurried trip to the tailor and he is gone. Little or nothing is heard from him until nine days have passed, at which time a telegram arrives, "Sister undergoing operation. Request five days."—He returns, and except for circles under the eyes, a new picture on top of his wall locker, a peculiar flatness of the old pocketbook, and a desire to remain motionless in a horizontal position for several days, he is practically a well man.

Guess that will have to do for the time, as I have to go down to the office to see about a . . . .

### RECRUIT DEPOT—MARINE CORPS BASE San Diego, California

By J. A. Walters

Stand by for a little chat with the Recruiting Depot "snoop."

The Depot has lost one of the Corps' grandest Skippers—a Marine through-and-through, and beloved by all who have served under him. Capt. James P. Schwerin was detached here from his duties as Executive Officer of the Depot and Commanding Officer of the Detachment the First of May, to assume new duties as OIC of the Central Recruiting Station at Kansas City. The officers and men of this command wish him an enjoyable trip, and "smooth sailing" when he takes up his new duties.

Marines who have strayed from the folds of the Base here at Diego are due for many surprises when they return. The parade ground has been widened more than twice its original width; there is a new brig, new sheds, and many other new structures nearing completion.

The personnel of the Depot is due for a shuffle soon. Sgt. Maj. Charles Davis is getting paid off soon. He plans to utilize his three-month furlough in visiting the National Parks of the West, to later cross the continent and visit with old shipmates in the East. Cpl. Reuben L. Tyson will be paid off, and plans to spend his furlough in returning to his home in Arkansas for a family reunion. Sgt. Charles James Rose's recruiting warrant was made regular by Hq. MC.

First Lt. Wallace M. Greene, Jr., has reported at this Depot for duty. His assignment is to direct the teaching of



Fire on Pier 6, of the Oakland-San Francisco Bay Bridge

chemical warfare, a new course introduced in the schedule of recruit training. Another new-comer to the Depot is 2nd Lt. Albert F. Metze whose assignment is OIC of Drills and Instruction.

The writer's room is next to a recruit squad room. The other morning just after reveille, while this good Marine was cursing the day all "musics" were born, and relishing in those sacred moments one lies in bed making up his mind whether or not breakfast is worth the effort, the shuffle of feet on the arcade outside his window arrested his attention. He heard one "boot" say, "What does he mean, 'grab a swab'?"

"He must mean these things," the second "boot" answered, when they came along side the swab rack, and they picked up a couple of the deck wash rags—guess it's instinct.

Capt. Arthur D. Challacombe has been appointed Executive Officer in addition to his other duties as Mess Officer and Property Officer. Sgt. Maj. James R. Scott stood his last parade in the Marine Corps Friday, 1 May, when the band played "Auld Lang Syne" for him.

### BLAH-BLAH'S FROM GOAT ISLAND

Marine Detachment, U. S. Receiving Ship, San Francisco, California

By Bob Walters

Corporal Lawless returned to our midst, after making the trip to the east coast, and re-enlisting over there.

Sergeant Karpinski, had a pleasant surprise the other day, CO took his sergeant stripes away and replaced same with platoon sergeant's, so Karp passed the cigars and seems very happy over the change. Good luck, Karp, hope you get many more of them, we like cigars.

Private First Class Ekberg returned from the Hospital at Mare Island, in much better condition. How's to see your operation, Ekberg?

Private First Class Brown, returned from furlough looking fit as a fiddle and seems anxious to get started back to duty, in fact it is rumored that he will make the next one to China.

Firing of the Range will begin about 1 June and continue until all who should, have fired, the place being at Mare Island, due to the dredging off shore of the Island, we had to discontinue our range, so have to use other people's to get our qualifications in. Hope that the fellows make a good showing and give Mare Island, something to shoot at.

The cement is all laid on the Bridge between the Island and Oakland, and work is about to start on the San Francisco to Island Side. Work is also progressing rapidly on the fill in for the World's Fair.

The signal tower has been taken over by the Navy and the men from there have been distributed around the various posts on the island, it is hoped that the Navy will keep the tower as it is rather a nuisance to us.

Pvts. "Whitty Smitty" Smith and Edward Jr. Maul have joined the Choir at the Chapel on the Island and deserve lots of credit, takes nerve to sing in a choir, especially on a military reservation. Good work, fellows, outshining the ladies at any cost.

The movies have been very good and are getting better, even some that have been made since 1930 have been shown lately. If it keeps up, maybe we will see some that haven't played at various stations that we have been on.

Private First Class Luiz and Private Maul are leaving our happy home, on pri-



Memorial Day Parade, San Diego, California, 6th Marines, FMF

orities, having received approvals on their requests.

Private Atkins also is hoping for a Special Order.

The Marines of the station were challenged to a soft ball game by the Navy, and accepted, winning the game, much to the Navy's sorrow, by a good margin, of

14-4. Showing up the Navy in a big way, as usual.

Private Miller, on hearing that a China detail was being made up, has started singing the blues already, although no sure dope is out as to who is going.

Private Ellery, feels that after spending

(Continued on page 59)



### RECEIVING SHIP Navy Yard, New York

By Jim

It has been quite a lapse of time since this detachment has been heard from, but things are still under control.

In the past year the writer has seen quite a number of new faces in the personnel, most of the new fellows coming from the Special Service Squadron seem to prefer the big city after their tour of duty in Tropical Waters.

A large number of them have become New York Gigolos. Privates First Class Alston and Peterman can be found enjoying themselves on the lower East Side. Private Leonard, recently joined from the Barracks Detachment, spends most of his time on River Side Drive. Private First Class Guice and Private Viator are the Mayor and City Council of Sands St. Private Spurrier, who has recently been promoted to private first class, now spends his time in Jamaica, L. I.

With a few men due back from the Rifle Range, we'll put finis to this and ask you to stand by the Prison Detachment at the Receiving Ship.

### WAR COLLEGE BREVITIES

By W. F. Scott

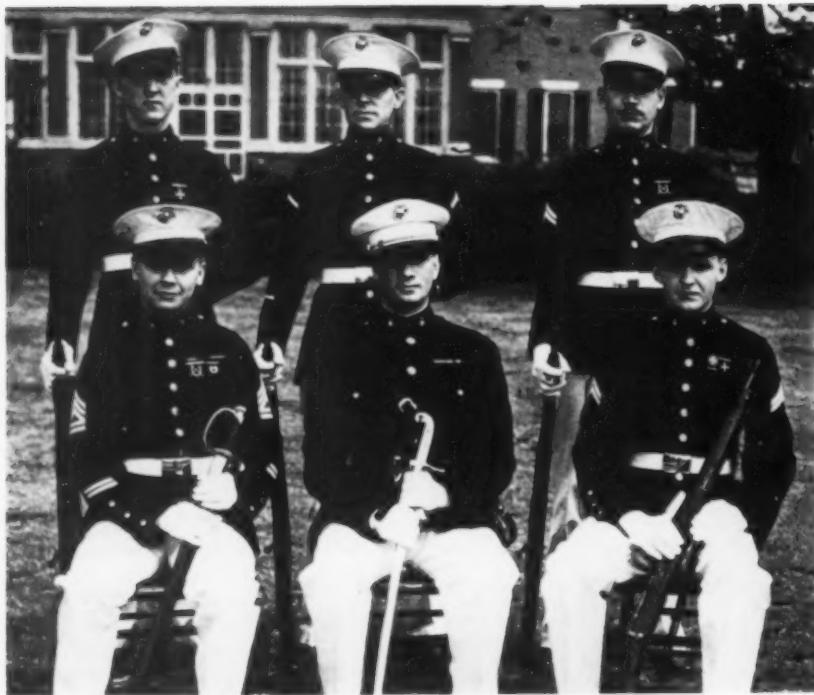
May 22 was graduation day at the College, and a busy day it was for all hands. After eleven months of answering buzzers, carrying pencils, pads, blotters, etc., we all feel glad in a small way to get a rest. That is what we are doing this month; resting. But it's only for a month, because in July, we start all over again. Therefore we are making the best of it now. Every chance we get, down to the

beaches we go, sometimes you can find nearly the entire outfit down there. Not because they like it, but it seems the only place you can go without paying admission.

I just happened to think of something that might interest a few former members of this outfit, that were here during the class of '36. Col. F. A. Howard, USMC, took it upon himself to write up a letter of commendation, concerning the efficiency the Marine Guard here put out during the last class. Colonel Howard was a member of the senior class last year, and you men who left then, are concerned in this letter. As it was through your efforts and co-operation, along with the men that still remain, that we received this splendid letter of commendation.

While speaking of men who left recently, it surely would interest you to know how we made out during the A & I inspection. To make it brief, we made an excellent showing as we have always done in the past. But, you all know how little drilling we have time for. . . Well the A & I requested that we strut our stuff, and show him what we could produce. We did and were highly complimented. Which just shows to go you that where there's a will, there's always a way. And this outfit has lots of will. Since the College has closed down, we have been able to get in some drilling every morning, and right now we are going into our extended order in a big way. So, by the time the College opens in July, I am quite sure we will have skipped nothing. Being as how we do orderly duty eleven months out of the year, we seem to take to drilling, like ducks to water.

A little gossip to end this article, wouldn't



STAFF OF THE LEATHERNECK MAGAZINE

Sitting, left to right: Tech-Sgt. Frank H. Rentfrow, Managing Editor; Lt. Norman Hussa, Editor and Publisher; Cpl. Lewis E. Berry, Associate Editor  
 Back row: Pvt. S. L. Shemwell; Pfc. John Fohner, Advertising Manager; Cpl. John Chapman, Circulation Manager

go so bad, eh what? Last month I said if Jake got his transfer, he would strut his stuff in that silk hat of his; somewhere else. Well that's just what he's doing. And in his place we received Pvt. Doolittle, a funny little name, but he's shown that he does more than his name implies. A couple other people I know around here should have been born with a name like that. It would fit them perfectly. FLASH; I got a red hot tip this month (it wasn't told to me, I only heard): When RUDOLPH joined this outfit, some four years ago, he made a liberty in Newport one night, and found himself thirsty. He strolled into Nick's beer joint to quench his thirst and mingle with the OLD SALTS. But, before he was in there five minutes, the proprietor strolled over to him and said, "I'm sorry son, we don't allow minors in here." I wonder if he's going to deny it? How many of you know, that our friend EGG HEAD, gets real Virginia hams sent to his girl friend's home, in Fall River? I guess his folks way down there don't think he gets enough to eat up here. BANJO EYES went and got himself a puddle jumper. (Without a whisk broom paint job.) We all know they saw you coming, Banjo. And Midge (Jimmy Norfolk) about a week after he got his new puddle jumper, went and cracked up. Any body can do that, Midge HOOPLE (Ewing) must have been seeing gangster pictures lately, because he has taken to wearing a cap on liberty, with his civics. LOWERY just stole one of BANJO's eggs off the desk. I wonder what he's going to say when he gets up? The eggs are as big as his eyes. No kidding. PARKER is kind of scared to take in the sights around Fall River way, being as how HE SAID, the cops chased

him over fences and what not. I'm running short of space, so will have to close. Maybe I should have closed earlier. Well, GOOD MORNING ? ? ? So, until the next, so long.

#### MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By John W. Chapman

The advent of Summer and the A&I. Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life! We still live, we still breathe—we have taken the hurdle in good form.

Speaking of form reminds me of Private Flanik's cycle obsession. Seems as though I hear tell said Flanik paid out a goodly number of semelons for two of those bicycles. The little lady who admires him for his white flannels was exceedingly pleased with the gift. "Love runs in a cycle" it is said. "Love," reiterates the guidon bearer, "runs on, in spite of the cycle!"

This brings to mind the picture of Staff Sergeant McElroy seated comfortably in the recess of his storeroom digesting the contents of a book entitled *Suckers All*. Evidently "Mac" is trying to get a line on himself.

A certain restaurant down the street has been the recipient of much Marine trade lately. The fare is fair but the waitress is fairer, and after all she could serve you a bowl of spinach and you would rave about the fine dessert . . . so I've been told!

One of the fellows in the Agriculture school is bent on entering an animal in the Virginia State Livestock Exhibition. From the way he has been eyeing Harold Tipton the last few days I think he has just about decided on his animal. "Tip" is in his championship form at present—tips the scales at a clean 190 pounds, and has been sheared by the local barber so that he really is at his best. I once owned

a prize calf down Kentucky way, but in comparison, I'll give "Stuff" a few pounds on my animal. Of course, my calf couldn't punch a typewriter but neither can "Tip" run on all fours—at least I've never seen him.

The soft ball league is under way with the post divided into teams as follows: 1st and 2nd platoons of the MCI, Barracks Detachment, Quartermaster and Musics. The tournament promises to be a hard fought affair, what with everyone spouting confidence.

Tennis is getting a big play at our post—with with all this beautiful weather and girls over at the courts attired in shorts. I wouldn't be interested, but evidently some of these Marines are.

"Mick" Kearns, from the Sergeant Major's office, just dropped a signed "72" in my lap so—I'll be seeing you next month.

#### BARRACKS DETACHMENT BREVITIES

Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

By C. A. Gearhart

Since I've been "put on the spot" and asked to write this article, I'll try to give all LEATHERNECK readers a smattering of the happenings within the Barracks Detachment, Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye Streets, S. E., Washington, D. C.

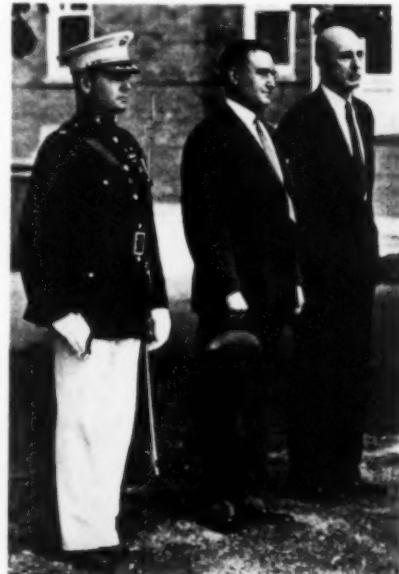
Capt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., was detached to Marine Barracks, Quantico, on 29 May. We not only regret the loss of a good Company Commander but the loss of an expert rifle and pistol shot as well.

First Lt. Ernest W. Fry, Jr., has taken command of the Detachment and has won the respect and admiration of the entire command.

Second Lt. James L. Beam joined our Detachment from Marine Barracks, Quantico. We hope he will have a pleasant tour of duty here.

The Adjutant and Inspector was so kind as to pay us a visit on the 22nd of May, and gave us the works, so to speak. The Command had a fine time but said that if they see the A&I a year hence, it will be too soon.

Corporals Fabian and Brooks were pro-



Lt.-Col. L. C. Shepherd; Mr. Ralph E. Weeks, President of the I.C.S., and Mr. Ralph L. Newing, of the I.C.S., Reviewing Marines of the Marine Corps Institute

moted to sergeants. Private First Class Kemp and Private Greenly were promoted to corporals. Congratulations fellows! I advocate more corporal warrants.

Privates Harville and Pool joined from San Diego. Pool is filling the big vacancy in Sergeant Major Abbott's office as runner. Harville has fallen right smack into the mess hall.

Woe is "Bungalow Joe," the proprietor of that Marine rendezvous just off 8th and Eye. He is contemplating going out of business (selling beer) since Cpl. Lawton "H" Smith and Frederick Sanders were transferred to the Asiatics.

Privates Maljevac and McGovern convinced the Colonel that they were snappy Marines and were transferred to the Texas Centennial Detachment. Lucky dogs!

Pfc. Chris Mackay, that mountainous piece of humanity and ex-sergeant major's runner, was transferred to New York. Somebody inserted an anonymous note in his staff returns which read, "Hello, New York. I don't know if you like fruit or not but there's a lemon on the way up." Well, "Mac," I hope you get on the New York Police Force; maybe they like fruit.

Cpl. Warren V. Harris, originally ordered to China, was transferred to Cuba; another good corporal lost by us.

Sergeant Powell, Corporal Taylor, and Privates Reagan and Warfield were transferred to Annapolis.

Our softball league got under way with Quartermaster Sergeant Chandler's proteges defeating the Second Platoon of the MCI by a score of 7 to 1. Wait till the Bks. Det. gets hold of that Q.M. gang!

All of you LEATHERNECK readers get hold of the next issue and we'll try to give you some more dope on the Bks. Det. Marines at 8th and Eye.

P. S.—A certain Sergeant Major at this post has promised to give each of his clerks \$5.00 when he gets his bonus. I want you all to hold him to that promise. Thank you.

## MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, Charleston, S. C.

By Jackson

Old timers will be sorry to learn that Sgt. Maj. John P. Hickey has retired after serving thirty years.

Hickey was born in a quaint old-world village in Ballybray, Ireland. He came to the United States as a young man and soon after learning the benefits of the Marine Corps he enlisted, and a short while afterwards was on his way to the Asiatics where he served two years at Peiping. Returning from China he enjoyed a stay of eighteen months in the States and again found himself at sea and heading for Nicaragua.

When the American Forces left for France, Hickey was among one of the earlier groups to arrive in the trouble zone. He participated in most of the major operations, and was wounded on June

19, 1918. After his return to duty he was with the Army of Occupation at the Rhine and during the occupation of Coblenz, Germany.

After his return from the World War and after a short breathing spell, Hickey again found himself headed for the broad Pacific and a tour of duty in the Philippines. This time for six months, after which he joined a draft going to Haiti for replacements.

The year 1925 found Hickey on his way to Cuba where he remained for half a cruise.

After another short stay in the States he returned to Haiti.

In May, 1929, he made his last trip to a foreign station when he left for Nicaragua for a second time. Returning to the States he was soon transferred to Charles-



Sergeant-Major Hickey

ton, S. C., where he has remained until he finished the remainder of his service.

On May 30, Hickey was honored with a parade and review at this post, and many of his friends, both civilian and military, were on hand.

A dance was held in his honor at the Marine Barracks, where everyone enjoyed himself and joined with the command in wishing Hickey the best of luck. He has left us in body, but his spirit and courage will be a reminder to all who remain. Hickey and all the rest of the "Old Timers" are the backbone of the Marine Corps and keep the history and well-being of the Corps at the highest pitch.

## MARINE BARRACKS, NORFOLK NAVY YARD

Portsmouth, Virginia

By Dunning

June—the month of Roses, Brides and Babies. . . Born to Sgt. Jesse L. Kidd and wife (mostly wife) a husky baby girl. Jesse had placed an order for a boy, but somehow or other in the heavy traffic of the month the Stork got a bit mixed up on his deliveries. . . . Congratu-

lations to the proud Papa. It certainly was tough on him. He says "I'll never go through it again." While we're on the subject, our Maternity Matron reports that Ye Scribe and bride are due for another "Setback" along about mid-June, after which it's to be open season on the Stork until Daddy makes Colonel.

And now for Marine Maneuvers around the Post. During the week of May 15th the *Oklahoma* Detachment moved in on us to remain until their ship returns from the Middies' Cruise in September. We are also preparing to receive boarders from the USS *Whitney*, "Arky" and *Wyoming*. About three hundred Gobs in all, which will give our Mess Sergeant an excuse to ask the Jeep, "Who's going to eat today?"

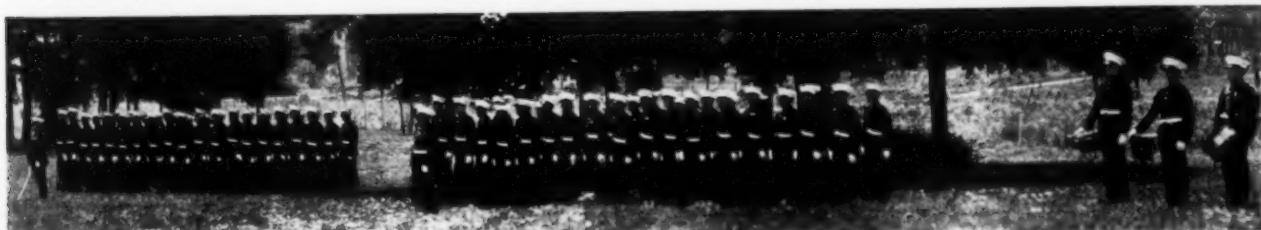
Lt. Colonel A. De Carre was officially relieved as Post Executive Officer as of May 16th, and has been transferred to Washington, D. C., for duty. Major James Bain succeeds him to the Post. Colonel De Carre's all too short tour of duty began scarcely a year ago and he will be missed by many. Although we missed "Winchelling" his baby daughter, we are duly apologetic, and having seen her, readily share his enthusiasm. Best of luck and smooth sailing on your new post.

The distillers of Brigadier and Frontier will be shocked to learn that one of their best customers has retired to the Sleepy Stills of Tennessee there to cuddle the little brown jug of Mountain Dew and think over the many happy moments spent in the service. We refer to Pvt. Claude A. Ricketts who was discharged for his own convenience on May 21st.

The Range detail returning May 9th distinguished itself by qualifying three Experts, Corporals Catt, Nix, and Robinson, three Sharpshooters, Sergeant Bianci, Corporals Rowan and Locke, and three Marksmen, one man failing to qualify. Some shooting! Corporal Locke has since been transferred to the Naval Hospital in Portsmouth for duty.

An epidemic of sore feet has manifested itself around the barracks. Along about six-twenty in the morning many of its victims leave the ranks and limp painfully to the curb. Of course it's merely a coincidence that along about this time we are required to double-trot around the barracks. Bill Jennings, our Shakespearean trouper, and his pal Paddy Howard act as pacers albeit shouting loudly that it's "Unconstitutional!" while the rest of the company silently hum their new torch song—"Give a man a horse he can ride."

Plans for the Enlisted Men's golf tournament have been completed, qualifying scores have been turned in and handicaps arranged. . . . the suspense is awful, the excitement terrible! "Clam McCarthy," ace sports reporter, will be on hand to give the electrifying details to the public. Meanwhile the future Bobby Jones' are



Marine Detachment, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.



MARINE CADETS IN FLIGHT CLASS 88—C.U.S. MARINE CORPS RESERVE  
U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida

Sitting, left to right: G. Boyington, H. F. Baker, R. L. Johnson; standing: S. S. Marshall, D. E. Canavan, R. E. Galer, C. Walker, J. L. Mueller, N. J. Anderson, F. R. Emerson

eating their spinach regularly and waiting for the opening drive. Standby for further announcements in the next issue.

Decoration Day was rather quiet this year, only two detachments from the Barracks taking part in the Annual Parade to the Naval Hospital. The holiday dinner was reserved until the following day when all hands repaired to the mess hall, including yours truly, and scoffed long and lustily. Let's give the mess sergeant a big hand. Don't be a bunch of knockers.

Apropos of nothing, Corporal "Straight Duty" Kelliher continually bemoans the fact that he can't get a special duty job. . . . Says this old war-torn veteran, . . . "It took me fourteen years to make Corporal and I'm still too dumb to hold down a soft job." The weeping lock-er is open evenings now, pal(?)

It is a real pleasure to report that our former buddy Pfc. "Tiger" Rich has inherited a pair of Corporal's chevrons. Tiger should be in Texas by this time strutting his stuff before an admiring populace. Sergeant Bucci, along with the "Tiger" says he came in this outfit to go to sea and they threw a lariat at him and told him to go rope a horse. It just goes to throw ya.

Well, enough of this stuff is enough (hearty applause), so we'll relax and give you time enough to get a bet in on Joe Louis. Be seeing you.

#### PENSACOLA "SAND CRABS"

By Slim Sutton

The intermural athletic competition is drawing near an end with the Marines practically on top. The final decision has not as yet been made but it looks as though we will get that cup yet. There's one more soft ball game to be played then we'll know who's who.

Among the large number of men who received medals at the last Personnel inspection for various athletic competition, was our basketball team, who won the Station Championship. All the boys were glad to receive them, however, some of them would have much preferred staying in their bunks

a fair accusation so we'll disregard it until further evidence is brought forth. Others say "Minnie" the cat, has been seen slapping them out for pastime. By the way! Has anybody SEEN Minnie? Corporal Dumais may have a swell time explaining what he was doing with that .22 the other day. Of course everyone knows that Corporal Gore was only taking her for a RIDE when he was seen driving away with her.

Private First Class Runkle and Private Thompson are advised to follow in the footsteps of Private First Class Gamble before fully deciding to say good-bye to the Marine Corps. It is believed that Gamble had a nice long talk with some of the boys who recently joined from DHS New Orleans by reenlistment. They are: Pts. Robert H. Ketchena, Byron Latimer, Douglas D. Lofton, and Samuel McC. Selden.

Corporal Holley, Private First Class Faris and Privates Baer, Cochran, Gerstein, and Howerton joined from MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va. Private Self from MB, Parris Island, Peterson, Clarence E., and Peterson, Irving L., from MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

Pvt. Paul E. Anderson, Jr., was transferred to Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with aviation. Greasy returns, Paul.

Pvts. William F. Goodwin, Eugene R. Harrington and Roy T. Mize decided to see the world (through a port hole). They were transferred to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for instruction at Sea School, for general assignment to Sea Duty.

Cpl. Junior B. Broadus went to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., for further transfer to the Asiatic Station. Sergeant Stainbrook and Corporal Pierce after much lamentation went to Quantico to join the troops being transferred early in June by rail to the West Coast, for further transfer to Asiatic Station.

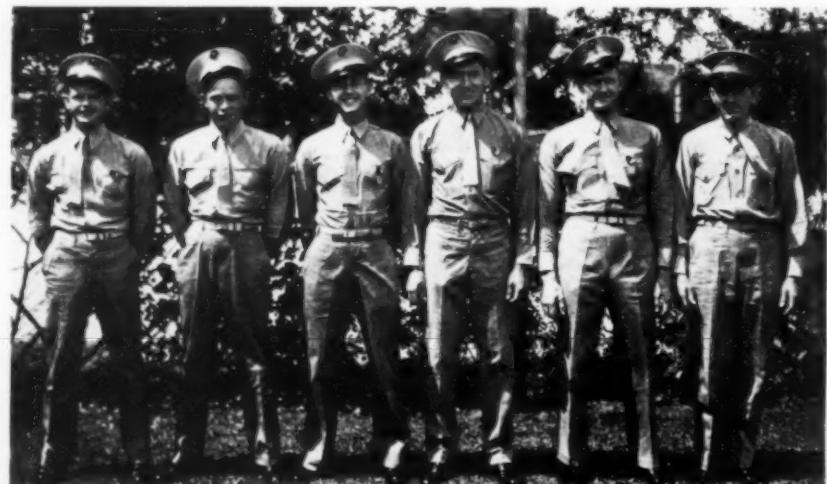
With our rifle qualification period nearing a close we are happy to report eleven experts, twenty sharpshooters and twenty-three marksmen to date.

As a reward for his long and faithful service and loyalty to the Corps, Sgt. Frank Neider was promoted to the rank of Platoon Sergeant, effective 13 May. Neider says the BEERS will follow.

#### BROADCAST FOR THE AUGUST LEATHERNECK SHOULD REACH THE EDITORS BEFORE JULY 8

showing under the able supervision of Private First Class James F. Nash. The big meet will take place at Bayview Park in the City of Pensacola on 6 June. Pvt. Samuel McC. Selden joined us from DHS New Orleans just in time to begin training.

All the gold fish in our pond have slowly but surely disappeared. Some say they were used for BAIT by some of the more scientific fishermen, however, that's hardly



U. S. Navy Photo

Basketball team, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla. Winners of the Station Intermural League Championship. Left to right: Pvt. Robert J. Howard, Pvt. Cecil H. Kingry, Pvt. Frederick N. Bracken, Pfc. Charles P. Anastasio, Jr., (Team Capt.) Pfc. James T. Gamble, Jr., and Pvt. Ernest C. LeBlanc, Jr.

## NAVAL MINE DEPOT

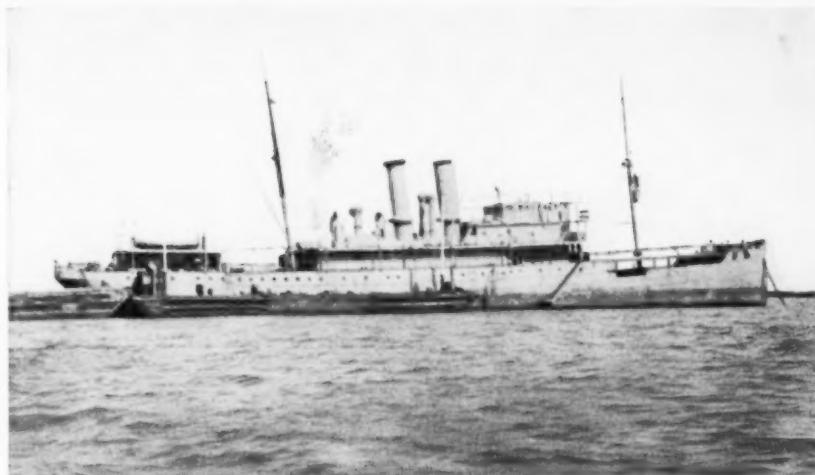
Yorktown, Va.

By James A. Foy

Here is the Ex-Marine Transport *Kittery*, now engaged in war on the Oyster Borer, under the Bureau of Fisheries. It is lying on the James River not far from Yorktown. It might be of interest to those who have cursed their lot, while it pitched and rolled in a rough sea, to know that its present crew feel the same way.

Last winter all hands were marooned in the ice pack off Tangier Island in Chesapeake Bay, according to P. Gorman who is aboard to help see that Oysters are kept in season. The opinion of the crew about being stranded on the *Kittery* should not be printed when it was explained to him that THE LEATHERNECK is frequently sent home and therefore to a certain extent a family publication.

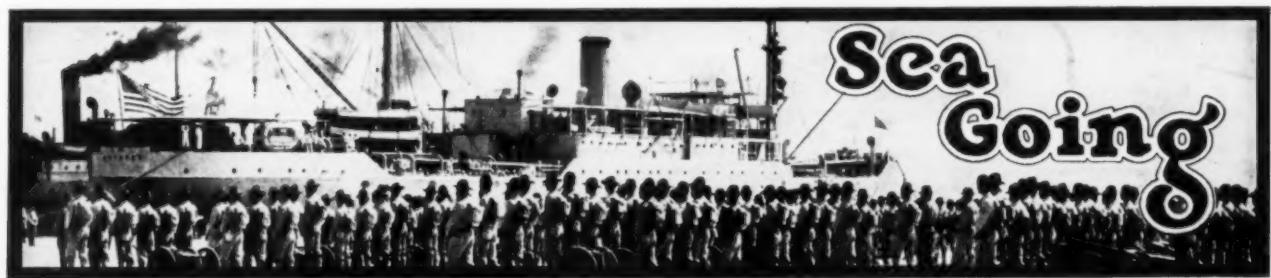
Major Tildsley who was commanding officer here left Yorktown for Macon, Ga., to take charge of recruiting. The Major plans to stay there a while and at the same time get those who are already there



Ye Olde *Kittery*, Photographed May 20, 1936

to leave by enlisting them in the Marine Corps. We feel that any loss of native

sons will be more than made up by their getting the Major for a resident.



## SARATOGA SCANDAL

When Leventhal was transferred from the ship everyone thought that all our descendants of Shem had decamped in a body. However, some of our shipmates have developed strange and unexpected traits of character under the stress of the change to tropical climes. It appears that none other than our little Angelo Cirinelli will be blossoming out with a clothing store before long—at least it has been reported that he is able to drive an exceptionally hard bargain with some of these Panamanian shopkeepers. (And he's had everyone thinking for ever so long, that he was a native of sunny Italy.)

Bordelon was doomed to sore disappointment at the outset, though it is doubtful whether he has even yet realized that such was the case. Still, one should never miss a chance for a good snapshot, and what could be more satisfying than to go back home to the folks in Louisiana and show them a picture of the "Panamanian Admiral," taken as he walked up the gangway of the *Saratoga*. Though he didn't put in appearance you at least show that you are in earnest about your chosen hobby, Sammy, when you spend a whole day, camera in hand, waiting for him to come aboard.

Soon after "Our Little Boy" (Wilson) came aboard it was learned that he was a person of very diversified interests. Up until the time we left California they all appeared to be centered around mechanics. The spell of the tropics has descended heavily upon him and he is now ardently pursuing the finer things of life, as witnessed by the pictures brought back from the wilds of Coconut Grove.

Romick and Bridges must have found

different brands of pineapples and coconuts than anyone else—they were quite powerful, to say the least.

Schmitt is going to throw his little music-box over the side—nowhere has he been able to find a recording of "Trees" and, being a nature-loving person, life doesn't seem worthwhile any longer.

Sergeant Nunn steps out into the spotlight as chief actor in a "stingiest man in the world" story. During the interval between hands of a recent bridge game someone asked him what the time was. Nunn began to take out his watch, stopped, and said: "You'll have to pay me to tell you what time it is—if you think I'm going to wear out my pocket and watch, telling you the time, for nothing, you're crazy!"

A couple of months longer and Corporal Short will become a permanent fixture on board, providing we stay in the tropics.

We all stand up in wonder and awe when Belueavith pounds his mighty chest and roars: "I tells youse guys that I am Tough, really TOUGH!"

## MARYLAND MURMURS

By I. R. Nertz

Well, here is another chronicle from the merry Marines of the "merry" *Maryland*, which at present is reposing in drydock No. 2, Puget Sound Navy Yard.

To the casual eye of one not familiar with the ins and outs of the "Naveee" it would be hard to discern whether those horrible, scare-crowish looking things skulking about are man or beast, but we who are in the know give them but passing notice. "Hush, Honey Chile," those are just Marines come up from scraping barnacles off the ship's bottom. Soon, however, the tuneful (?) music of the

chipping hammers and the baleful glow of the welding arc will have left the "Mary" for another year, and the old routine shall come into its own.

Now that the dust has settled and figures are all added up, we find that the "MARY" Marines have among them sixteen experts, eighteen sharpshooters, and twenty-six marksmen as a result of their sojourn at Camp Wesley Harris. This high average, we feel, is due largely to the coaching and invaluable help given us by 1st Lt. Paul Drake, who spared neither time nor effort to aid us in the fine art of holding and squeezing. As proof that he knows whereof he speaks, Lieutenant Drake is the holder of a Distinguished Rifleman Medal. It was with true sorrow that we bade farewell to this officer as he left us to take up his new duties as an aide to the Major General Commandant.

To 1st Lt. Wayne H. Adams, Lieutenant Drake's successor, we wish a pleasant tour of duty on the "Big Mary."

Sergeant "Tony" Railing won for himself two nice shiny medals at the Kitsap Rifle & Revolver Club's match—keep up the good work, Tony! Gunnery Sergeant Olmsted took second place medal just to prove to the younger generation that he can still shoot.

And now for some low-down on a few of the "Poison-aliities" in the guard:—Who is the fashion plate with the snappy hat and sky blue suit approaching along the beautiful streets of the fair city of Bremerton?—Tis none other than Timmerman, D.D., ashore—a perfect vision of sartorial splendor; aboard—a messcook.

Overheard at anchor in San Pedro: "Just as soon as we get in the yard I'm gonna start staying aboard and save some



THIS IS SEA-GOING

Quincy Marines on the SS *Fairfax*. Captain McQueen and Lieutenant Fields at the Head of Ladder

money"—Overheard at Bremerton (same person): "Just as soon as we get back down to Pedro I'm gonna start staying aboard and save some money"—Must be one of those vicious circles, I guess. Oh yes, just a word about "Clippy" Jacobs, our able bodied Volga Boatman, who rowed a boat all around Hood Canal while the "Gunny" fished, starting whale-boat training already, huh, Jake? Congratulations are in order to Corporal Hunt, who has successfully passed all exams so far on his way to becoming a member of the Los Angeles Police Force.

In the same vein, congrats to Private (now private first class) Capelik, who was high gun for this year's record firing with a score of 324. We also extend the palm to the corporal who recently became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

So—until next time the "Mary" Marines sign off.

#### ASTORIA ASSERVATIONS

By George R. McIntire

Well, here we are in good old Balboa after a trying two weeks at sea. You know these maneuvers kinda get on a fellow's nerves after a time.

Now to get down to business. I see our new police sergeant, Claud Lumley, and his side kick, the new corporal, H. P. Jones, went ashore the other day and kinda salted down their new stripes. Sergeant Alvested and his ole pal, Corporal Lemmon, are the next to go over. Maybe they are waiting until we get to Callao, Peru, to do their salting, and boy those two can really salt when they get started.

When the old gang had their sea duty done the majority of them took their transfers and went to various west coast stations, already we miss them but we do wish them lots of luck wherever they are. In the place of these good men we got a lot of two-year salts from the F. M. F. They tell us of hikes and of how they slept in their clothes with packs and leggings on for two days or more, and so it goes on for days. We all know that is the good old Marine Corps, but sea-goin' has it's points.

I mentioned before that this good ship is going to Callao, Peru, where we will stay for a four day unofficial visit. But to get to Callao one must cross the Equator, and when one crosses the equator for the first time he really feels it for weeks and weeks afterward. That's one of the good points of sea-goin' because these F. M. F.

Boys are a lot of "pollywogs" and we really intend to lay it on them. Also we have a gunnery sergeant, Pembroke, who has the hash up to his elbow and he's still a lowly pollywog. It seems that everyone is laying for the poor old gunny. I suppose they'll all live through it.

Well, ah recon as t' how that's jist about all fer now fellas so'll sign off 'till next time.

#### ARIZONA SHELLBACKS

By C. E. Moore

Many Nautical miles have slipped under the keel of the At'Em since we last had the opportunity of tuning in on the Broadcast. When the *Arizona* steamed out of Los Angeles harbor in company with the rest of the fleet many of us new men experienced quite a thrill at the thought of visiting a strange country and of the maneuvers and mimic battles to come. Little did we realize what was in store for us in the way of condition watches and such.

Hardly had we left port than the condition watches started, and they were on continually till the noon before we anchored off Balboa, C. Z. As for the "problem" itself we can say practically nothing as we knew nothing of what was going on, although now and then an officer with a grin from ear to ear would say that certain ships had been "sunk." Therefore the trip down was of very little interest to the men as a whole.

Practically all of the men in the detachment went ashore either on our first or second stop in Panama and visited most of the places of interest. Many of us bought souvenirs for the folks at home, and by the looks of some of the lockers it's a wonder some of the boys don't go into the importing business.

A few days ago one of the boys was seen showing a "silk" kimono to a sailor and saying something like this, "I am telling it to you honestly, dis is one of de finest pieces of silk goods that you can get, and because I like you (he had never spoken to him before) I will let you have it for five bucks." It cost him a dollar! As some sage once said, "As we are so we shall be," 'er sumpin'.

On May 20 the Marine Guard of the *Arizona* were all made members of the Royal Order of Shellbacks by order of His

Royal Highness, King Neptunus Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main, etc., etc. Gunner Sergeant Blalock and Sergeant Hatchorn were the only Shellbacks in the detachment and they worked day and night to make sure that we were well received by the Royal Court. And when we say royally received we don't mean half way either! From the bruises and lame backs it was quite easy to see that the initiation was very, very efficient and thorough, and we don't mean maybe!

After another short stay at Balboa we were again on our way north and this time without the condition watches. On the way north, however, we had several rather spectacular destroyer "attacks" both at night and in the day time. We arrived in San Pedro on the morning of June 6, and practically all of the men that are not on watch are ashore getting caught up on their "home work." And as the day is beautiful and a glass of "brew" is beckoning to us from some unknown tavern it is only right and fitting that we should take our leave until next month, when we hope to again be present at THE BROADCAST.

#### AGONY NOTES

Perhaps some of our readers have heard of the good ship *Argonne*, Flag of the Base Force, but for the benefit of those who have not, a short description: sister ship of the *Chaumont*. However like most sisters they differ in many things. The *Argonne* has a home port and spends most of her time there. Marines and Sailors serving aboard her are termed "Breakwater Cadets" by the Fleet in general. Of course we don't like being in port every night????? but we do manage to get along.

Our Marine Detachment has a complement of forty-one men under the command of 1st Lt. Max W. Schaeffer. Mr. Schaeffer is ably assisted by 1st Sgt. Lloyd Marshall, who in addition to his duties as "Top" is the Detachment's instructor in cribbage and "Acy Deucey." Of course the fact that Sergeant Sosie comes up "Smelling like a Rose" detracts a little from his prestige. Other "notables" include Corporals Housefield and Dalton, who, during our stay in the Canal Zone, were greatly interested in "exhibiciones." Private First Class Emge and Drummer Perkins became interested in the Foursquare Gospel while in Panama . . . (?) . . . Rudy Vallee may not be a member of the Detachment but we do have a crooner . . . Page Private Dodge. Our Game Warden, Private Ingraham, Bullock, an observer in Coconut Grove. Private Koch, the Marine Corps' gift to the young ladies of Los Angeles. Private First Class Cates who is planning a "House by the Side of the Road." And last but not least Corporal Aldridge our latest Benedict.

So until next month . . .

#### THE QUINCY LANCERS

By Don Karlos

At last we have reached our long sought home port, Boston, and for the past ten days we have been reposing in the hospitable abode of our partners-in-arms of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard. Upon our arrival here we found them in the midst of preparations for the A & I, and with a spirit of good fellowship we pitched in and helped them get the grounds and buildings in proper condition. To say the least they were more than glad to have

(Continued on page 56)



## THE FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

### Brigade Headquarters

We have had several changes in the officer personnel of this organization in the past few weeks. One officer to whom we bid farewell is Captain James B. Hardie. Captain Hardie had been with the organization for sometime. Upon his return from Haiti he assumed the position of Force Adjutant. He held that position until the Headquarters of the Force was transferred to the West Coast, whereupon he was made Adjutant of the First Marine Brigade, and Commanding Officer of Brigade Headquarters Company. Captain Hardie is now on his way to the West Coast where he goes into the Recruiting Office at Portland, Oregon. We wish the Captain much success at his new station of duty.

Relieving Captain Hardie was Captain G. T. Cummings. Captain Cummings comes to us from the MD, USS *Oklahoma*. We all extend a hearty welcome to our new Company Commander and Brigade Adjutant.

Assuming the position of a long empty seat, we welcome Colonel Ostermann, our new Brigade Executive Officer. Colonel Ostermann comes to us from the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Major W. E. Riley was moved from B-2 to B-1. Major Livingston comes to us from the Marine Corps Schools to relieve Major Riley. To Major Livingston we also extend a hearty welcome.

Moving along to the enlisted personnel, let us first mention our new stenographer in the Sergeant Major's office. Platoon Sergeant A. W. Kessler comes to us from Marine Corps Headquarters. Kessler is now stenographer for the Brigade Commander.

The other personalities of the Sergeant Major's office have been here for quite awhile. They all have some characteristic worthy of mention. Sergeant Major Pince has his office running as smoothly as ever. He seems to have a power to get the most obtainable out of his men.

The Personnel Section is now under the thumb of Corporal Simpson. He has two good men as his assistants at this time. They are Private First Class Ammons and Private Moore. Ammons is a new addition to this section and we are looking for big things from him.

Corporal Estes is master of the file system. Just ask "Freddy" who was the Guard of Honor at King Tut's funeral and if it is in the files he will find it. In fact he gets his work done quick enough

to have time left for the crossword puzzle in his home town paper.

Corporal Jadrosich and Private First Class Boyd just call themselves clerks and let it go at that. We congratulate Jadrosich on getting his regular warrant for Corporal. It doesn't change the rate of pay, but everyone knows the horrors of a special warrant.

We have quite an interesting character on the outgoing mail desk. Honestly it is a miracle how Private "Louie the Stenog" Zidek can handle his work and still find time to correspond with twelve or thirteen high school girls back in Sussex County, New Jersey. Zidek would have the boys think him tough, but he spends more money on stamps than the old salts do on beer. He is rather proud of his harem up there in New Jersey. When he starts talking about them it reminds us of the famous Jersey mosquitoes—a big pain

in the neck. Can you imagine a Marine telling his "girls" that he can't decide whether he should wear his blue or white-blue-whites to fire the range. He did get lucky and make sharpshooter this year after being unqualified last time. Not so bad, Zidek, that extra three dollars will buy quite a few stamps per month. But remember you might fool the girls, but don't forget the troops are still here.

First Sergeant Hardy, Corporal Dreyer, and the one and only Jack Gould make up the personnel of the Company Office. Gould hasn't changed any—just the same old line.

Thanks to Second Lieutenant George A. Roll, the Brigade Headquarters Company has made a good showing on the range this year. Lieutenant Roll took his work to heart, and had a way of making the fellows gain confidence in themselves. He seemed interested in each individual on the firing line. The company is running high in the percentage of qualifications for this year. The few men who have yet to fire the range will miss the guidance of Lieutenant Roll as he is now at the Sperry Gyroscope School at Brooklyn, N. Y.



The rifle team from the F.M.F. who carried away the Elliott trophy at Quantico, Va., May, 1936. Left to right: Sergeant Philpott, Sergeant Mudd, Sergeant Harker, Corporal Stallknecht, Corporal Easley. Rear: Lieutenant McDougal, team captain.



"A" COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Reading left to right: 1st Row: 2d-Lt. E. F. Syms, 1st-Lt. E. N. Murray, Captain W. P. Kelly, 2d-Lt. B. E. Dunkle. 2nd Row: Pvt. Baker, Sgt. Owens, Pvt. Lillquist, Cpl. Stephens, Dmr-Cpl. Kulbacki, Cpls. Fowler, Ange, Sgt. Babcock, Cpls. Simpson, Kolar, Smith, Davis, Sgt. Webber, Gy-Sgt. Braden, 1st-Sgt. Carlson, Sgt. Fox. 3rd Row: Pvts. Sutherland, Simmons, Sparks, Rolka, Farrel, Dmr. Kirk, Pfc. Richardons, Pvts. Morgan, Wisely, Getwan, Seagle, Artymowicz, Zorn, Tolbert, Snyder, Pfc. Dukes. 4th Row: Pvts. Huckaby, Ciancanelli, Seckinger, Martin, Miller, Adams, C. E. Thompson, Medin, Ginn, Pfc. Sokoloski, Pvts. Haggerty, Konrad, Keyes, Pfc. Cornett, Pvt. Hasson. 5th Row: Pvts. Demarck, Syfrett, Pfc. Andrews, Abbott, Pvts. Clement, Weatherly, Stechow, Pope, Doolittle, Krasauskis, Rusnak, Kroesin, E. H. Thompson, Hendry, Pfc. Harriman, Pvt. Curtis. 6th Row: Pvts. Curcio, Rounsville, Bartlett, Morse, Hayes, Axton, Brock, Pfc. Gohm, Dmr. Hoffman, Pfc. Wesley, Pvts. McDaniel, Brinkley, C. E. Thompson, Miller, Oliver. 7th Row: Pvts. Blake, Moore, Ardoine, Timmons, Long, Pierce, Smith, Rodgers, Galkowski, Thomas, Gilbreth, Martin, Kaluza, Craft.

#### Elliott Trophy Match

The personnel of the First Marine Brigade take pride in announcing that the Elliott Trophy Match was won by the members of the team from the First Marine Brigade. We also take pleasure in congratulating the members of the team on their excellent shooting. Such events as this are just other outstanding examples of the high state of training and proficiency of the personnel of the Brigade in which we are all so proud to serve.

The following scores were obtained by the three teams with the highest score:  
 1st Marine Brigade, FMF ..... 1067  
 Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. ..... 1052  
 Parris Island ..... 1048

The Brigade Team was composed of the following named officer and men:

Score
2nd Lieut. David S. McDougal (Team Captain) ..... 271
Platoon Sgt. Claud A. Mudd (2d Bn. 5th Marines) ..... 278
Sgt. George T. Philpott (2d Bn. 5th Marines) ..... 264
Cpl. Louis E. Easley (1st Bn. 5th Marines) ..... 254
Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker (Coach) (1st Bn. 5th Marines). ..... 254

The above-named enlisted men have been ordered to the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment for special temporary duty. In addition we find the names of Sergeant Schoolcraft, Corporal Leppig, and Corporal Stalknecht on the same duty.

We feel sure that all these men will bring high honors to the Brigade by the time they are through at Camp Perry.

#### FIRST BATTALION NEWS

The commissioned personnel of the Battalion has changed considerably the past month. Lieutenant Colonel Walter G. Sheard, who has been our Commanding Officer since 1 October, 1935, has left us and is now the Executive Officer of the

Fifth Marines. Major Robert L. Montague is now Commanding Officer of the First Battalion, having replaced Lieutenant Colonel Sheard on 4 May.

Capt. William P. Kelly is now the Executive Officer of the Battalion, having replaced Major Montague upon the latter's assuming command.

1st Lt. Fred D. Beans, formerly our Adjutant, is now in command of "A" Company of this Battalion. 2nd Lt. James M. Masters, Jr., has replaced Lieutenant Beans as Adjutant.

Lieutenant Colonel Sheard assumed command of his Battalion on 1 October, 1935, and was our commanding officer during the period of intensive training which preceded the past maneuver and during our participation in Fleet Landing Exercise Number Two. It has been a pleasure to serve under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Sheard and we wish him every success in his new duties.

Major Montague joined us just after the completion of the last maneuver, having formerly been with Headquarters, First Marine Brigade. We are sure this tour of duty with us will be a pleasant one.

#### FIRST BATTALION

##### H. Q. Company

Imagine my dismay this p.m., upon arriving from the range, to be informed by "Honest Ernest" that THE LEATHERNECK News had as yet not been prepared, and would I please get busy or else. That else had a rather direful portent, so here I am vainly waiting for an inspiration.

Three more members of the H. Q. Co. have again been lifted above the rank and file. Higgins and Grant are now one stripes in the Naval Service (Pfc's) and Corporal Fluhray is corporal no more, but now sports a jaunty pair of sergeant's chevrons. Our heartiest congratulations to them. There is one little item in one of

my past articles which I would like to bring up again. It seems that the old custom of chevron dampening has almost become a relic of the dim past. Of course I hate to have to be continually bringing this up, but one does get dry these hot days. I mentioned something about a mere nickel glass of beer to Fluhray and he muttered something about who ever got even a Bull Durham when I made anything, and for the moment I was nonplussed. I just pretended not to hear, but I do think that was just about the unkindest cut of all.

Private First Class Grant is now the company clerk, having replaced Brouillet while the latter is in the hospital. He complains of the ignorance of his typewriter, assuring us that it can hardly spell three letter words, but that it is slowly learning. I have much the same trouble with mine.

I have been on the range for the past three weeks, and the boots are beginning to think I'm coaching there or something. The first rifle I had used to have a quaint little custom of flying to pieces on every third shot at rapid fire. This is most disconcerting, and one loses so much time stopping in the midst of a string of rapid to gather floorplates, springs, etc., from the grass for a swift reassembly.

Sergeant Brais was greatly amused one day last week when I returned from the barber shop with hair less than an inch long. Imagine my delight today when I noticed that he had one of the same style exactly. He says he went to sleep in the chair and the barber, having nothing else to do for the nonce, just kept on clipping. He seemed to resent my amusement. I guess he just ain't got no sense of humor.

Private First Class Smith, just before the last dance at the hostess house, warned all of our juveniles that he would tolerate no more of them greeting him on the floor with a gay "Hello Pop." This happened at a previous dance, and was the cause of much comment.

## "A" COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

"A" Company sails steadily along under the same ideas that made it a leader back in the early days of the newly formed SEVENTH REGIMENT. Cpl. Vernon J. Wyrick, the last of the fellows who helped form the company in the trying days of the fall of 1933, is being paid off on the 28th of May and says that he is going to ship over and remain with us.

First Lt. Fred D. Beans has again become commander of "A" Company, replacing Capt. William P. Kelly who has become battalion executive officer.

Andrews, Gohm and Richardson are now privates first class and seem to think the ladder of promotion is not nearly so high as it once was. At least, they have advanced a rung.

We have finished the regular rifle qualification period for the year with forty-five per cent of the company shooting in the money. Gunnery Sergeant Braden seems to have set a mark for most of us to shoot at with a BAR. At least, 661 isn't to be made every day in the week.

We have been unfortunate in that Privates Bradley and Woods have been transferred to Brigade Headquarters, but they seem to believe the duty better there. Private Doolittle has been transferred to the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, Rhode Island, for duty at the Naval War College, and Drummer Hoffman to the Sea School at Norfolk. We wish them every success at their new stations.

Sgt. James H. Webber becomes the first man in "A" Company to reach that new rank of platoon sergeant. He still says that he can't get in uniform for the stripes just aren't being manufactured.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Gunny Braden upon his notification that he will be promoted to the rank of Marine Gunner in the near future.

When the baseball season first started, "B" Company could be found any afternoon except when there was a Post game, playing softball on the old parade ground. Second Lieutenant McLeod officiating and supervising the inter-platoon competition. Then of course we have our handball and volley ball enthusiasts.

But now you will find "B" Company straining and groaning in unaccustomed shooting positions on the 'snapping in' line at the rifle range. Whether it be shooting the ".22s" or pistols there is but one concentrated thought in all our minds, "beat 'A' Company," who came through with such a high average of qualifications. Good work "A" Company but "B" Company hopes to do better than you. In the "butts" you will also find us, usually in the mornings, pasting up old shot holes and putting spotters in the new. We aim to please—is our motto—and we hope our new skipper, Capt. William R. Hughes, will be as pleased with us as we are with him, when we finish shooting the range.

We close with a "Hello" to all ex "B" Company men in ports of distant call.

## "C" COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

"C" Company was strengthened during the last month by the addition of ten promising recruits from Parris Island, S. C., which brings the company up to our full peace time strength. Our new company officer, Second Lieutenant Stannah was detached to "D" Company and our skipper, Captain Wellman is being detached the last of the month when he will leave for Toledo, Ohio. Our associations with these two officers were pleasant indeed,

and although we are very sorry to see them go, we wish them the best of luck and hope they like their new duties.

Due to the rifle matches now being held at Quantico, the company was forced to postpone the annual record firing for a month, but we hope that in our next report we will be able to list a long string of experts and sharpshooters.

Our new top, First Sergeant Stroud is a champion cribbage player, and during time out from daily routine, takes on all comers, but is as yet undefeated. We think he carries a horseshoe in his pocket, or maybe its a rabbit's foot. We wonder what former "C" Company bunkmates will laugh up their sleeves when they hear that our well known junior corporal, who calls himself a company clerk, has had to fall out for two parades in a row. We wonder who the corporal is who makes bets, and pays in alibis when he loses? What corporal is always beating our gunnery sergeant at aeyy deucey? Sergeant Kendall has gone to sick quarters to have his tonsils removed to enable him to think faster; he says he'll be aeyy deucey champ if he has to buy special made dice to do it.

What flaming haired sergeant is always begging a certain private first class to sing, when he can't hear Kate Smith? What sergeant captivated all the beautiful girls at the last enlisted men's dance? Of course we know the sergeant who sewed the fancy blue buttons on his shooting blouse. And last but not least we know what sergeant from the company is going to win the Eastern Division Rifle Matches, or come mighty close to it. Then there's the company mechanie, who threatens to go out and get cockeyed (two beers and a coca cola), if he doesn't hear from "Johnnie's" girl friend in the next three months.

Lest we forget, during the last month, quite a few promotions were made in the company. Private First Class Gardner (company clerk), was promoted to the

rank of corporal, and the following eight privates received their private first class chevrons: Jarosz, Mitchell, Macaulay, Ney, Walton, Shope, McCoy, and Cronan. Congratulations to all these men and we hope they rise right on to greater heights, just as rapidly. That's all for today, more news next month.

## "D" COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

Lt. James M. Masters, Jr., returned from leave at Anderson, S. C., on April 16th, and, on May 5th, was detached to Headquarters Company, for duty as Battalion Adjutant of the First Battalion. Lt. Robert E. Stannah joined us on May 6th from "C" Company, and Lt. Bruno A. Hochmuth left the same day to join the Texas Centennial Exposition Detachment. Mar-Gun. Walter Henderson has also received his orders detaching him on or about June 15th to Indian Head, Maryland.

Lawrence Betts and Rudolph L. Lehardy have both been promoted to the rank of corporal, and Pvts. Raleigh B. Perry, Gordon W. Rowand, Clarence J. Stines, Vernie E. Tate and Louis C. Viehl have been promoted to the rank of privates first class.

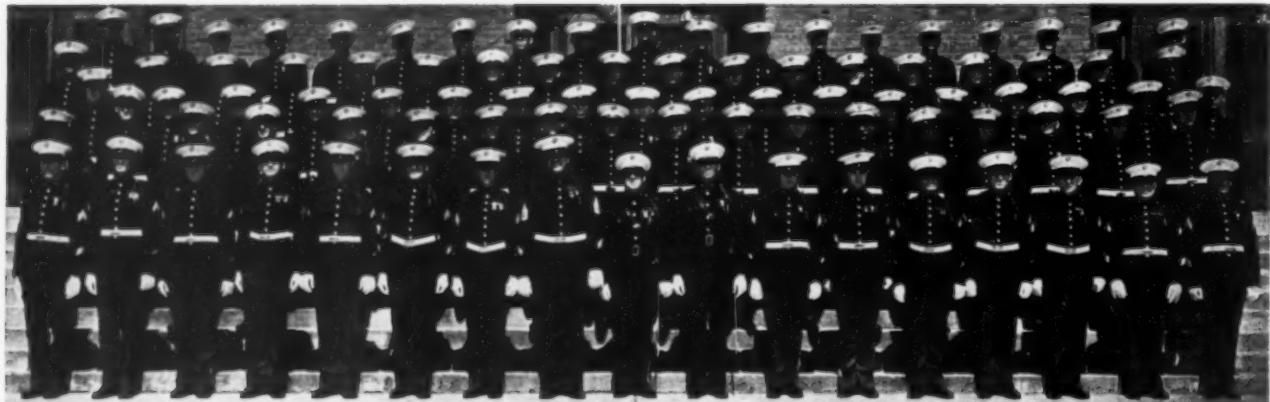
Cpl. Claude M. Pennington and Pfc. William F. Darwin and George Ferrell were recently transferred to the Texas Centennial Exposition Detachment. Cpl. Joe Harris transferred to the First Battalion, Base Defense Artillery, as soon as he heard they were scheduled shortly to leave for the West Coast. Two young birds with flying ambitions, Pvts. Theodore F. Coots and Charles C. Smith, have been transferred to Aircraft One at this post.

Somehow, the rumor that noncoms were needed in China leaked out, and, as a consequence, Sgt. William H. D. Hedgecock and Cpl. William A. Dudley and Roy P. Triplett submitted their requests for transfer, and are hoping to be China



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 1ST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Reading left to right: 1st Row: Lt. (jg) (MC) USN., Thomas L. Allman, Major Robert L. Montague, Lt-Col. Walter G. Sheard, Captain Charles F. Cresswell, 1st-Lt. Fred D. Beans. 2nd Row: Cpl. William M. Jones, Cpl. Harry R. Fluharty, Sgt. Walter C. Smith, 1st-Sgt. Ernest W. Beck, QM-Sgt. Robert C. Hoffman, Sgt-Maj. Cecil M. Dietz, St-Sgt. John D. Mooney, Mess-Sgt. Edward Bernaski, Sgt. Natale G. Brais, Cpl. John C. Wells. 3rd Row: Cpl. Thomas W. Hyland, Mess-Cpl. Charles M. Balmas, Pvt. Jino J. D'Alessandre, Pvt. Robert C. Patterson, Pvt. Robert W. Gates, Pvt. Jules J. Beyselance, Pvt. Harry H. Yarnell, Pvt. Calvin A. Setliff, Pvt. Donald R. Grant. 4th Row: Pfc. Philip H. Ream, Pvt. Ray Eidukas, Pfc. Fred E. Little, Pvt. William G. Weed, Pvt. John M. Szymanski, Pvt. Bertram W. Higgins, Pvt. Phillip D. Hulse, Pfc. William A. Lowry, Pvt. Garvey P. Davis, Cpl. Robert "A" McKee. 5th Row: Pvt. Thomas W. Purvis, Pvt. Frank B. Cowan, Pvt. Vernon O. Horn, Pfc. Jaroslav Marek, Pfc. Robert A. Smith, Pvt. Peter P. Bonashefski, Pvt. Alfred T. Coon, Pvt. Warren J. LeCompt, Pvt. Lee F. Monahan. 6th Row: Pvt. Fred W. Hurt, Pvt. Allan M. Otis.



"C" COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Reading left to right: 1st Row: Sgt. Reeves, Cpls. Fountain, Waldon, Phillips, Farmer, Sgt. Beardin, Johnston, Gy-Sgt. Jagosz, Captain Wellman, 1st Lieut. de Zayas, Sgt. Ruhl, Cpls. Gardner, Henderson, Couch, Watson, Miotke, Sgt. Kendall. 2nd Row: Pfc. Pennington, Pts. Nevins, Skipper, Roscoe, Williams, Gooch, Bloomquist, Wasdin, Waerig, Ferra, Koisa, Sandifer, Lozito, Palahnuk, Dillon, Waters, Hec, Nolan. 3rd Row: Pvt. Rudgiewicz, Pfc. Cronan, Pts. Caldwell, Nelson, Conlea, McDaniels, Dodd, Shuman, Morris, Suptelny, Beane, Pfc. Jarosz, Pts. Laney, Walters, Koch, Mercer, Picard, Ferguson. 4th Row: Pts. Werneth, Arnold, Shope, Alley, Pfc. Odom, Pts. Barb, Stephenson, Wagner, Travis, Saylor, Auerswald, Tumlin, Pfc. Macaulay, Pts. Nicholson, Russell, Powell, Williams, Blunt. 5th Row: Tpr. Icl. Van Ginkel, Pts. Schloegel, Doss, Styers, Lamparelli, Kowalski, Jandura, Bass, Matheny, Kosinski, Pfc. Mitchell, Pts. Hannon, Yarborough, Black, Grant, Dmr. Shreve, Pfc. Ney, Pts. Roark, Vaughn.

bound aboard the USS *Henderson*, which is scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on May 25th.

Cpl. Paul J. Mills decided that after eight years in the Marine Corps he would like to find out what civilian life is like, so, on May 10th, he left us and said he might be found at Wilson, Pennsylvania, when needed.

Now for the additions. First, Gy-Sgt. Walter Holzworth, formerly of the USS *Arizona*, and later of Portsmouth, Virginia, joined us from the Post Service Battalion. Pvt. Guy W. Ellenberger joined from the First Signal Company, and Pts. Frank J. Dujmie, John A. Hopper and Charles W. Laekey joined the company from Parris Island.

During the recent range practice, in which ninety-one officers and men fired for record, 13 qualified as Experts, 28 as Sharpshooters, and 44 as Marksmen. Three of these men, namely Sgts. Kenneth E. Harker and John A. Lippold, as well as Cpl. Louis E. Easley, were picked to represent the First Battalion, Fifth Marines, for the Triangular Rifle Match at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, on May 16th.

## SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES

The Second Battalion has gone to shooting. This organization placed four men on the First Marine Brigade Rifle Team which competed against the U. S. Naval Academy and M. B. NYd., Philadelphia, Pa., in a triangular match at Annapolis. The Brigade team won easily and Corporal Gruner tied Lieutenant Frazer, of Philadelphia, for high individual, but the Lieutenant "out niggled" him at 600 yards for the title. Lieutenant Dorsey, Corporal Einstein, Corporal Stalkecht and Private First Class Humphrey all were medal winners in the Eastern Division Rifle Competition. Sergeant Philpott and Platoon Sergeant Mudd both distinguished, were also in the "money."

In the Marine Corps Match, Dorsey, Stalkecht, Mudd and Philpott all repeated. Sergeant Schoolcraft, shooting for score only, turned in the fifth high

score. It's remarkable how that man can shoot when they don't count. Then came the Elliott Trophy Match. The Second Battalion placed two men on the FMF (Quantico) Team, which won with 1,067, fifteen points better than the second place, M. B., Quantico, Va., team. A nasty fishtail wind at 1,000 yards cut the scores down considerably. Sergeant Philpott and Platoon Sergeant Mudd, who had individual high for the match, were the men who placed on the team.

Qualification shooting continues with Company "G" in the throes of having every man turn in 275 or better, but at present Headquarters Company of this battalion is leading the brigade with the highest for any organization. Qualification practice with the bayonet is our newest problem. The new course, run in the regulation manner, is no child's play. Only three men have failed to qualify to date, which is indicative of much hard work and good instruction.

We have five new officers, all from the Marine Corps School. Capt. Philip L. Thwing, to Company "E;" 1st Lt. Con D. Silard, to Company "F;" 1st Lt. Jaime Sebater, to Company "G;" and

Capt. James M. McHugh to Company "H." Major Donald Curtis is our new Executive Officer. Captain DeHaven has gone to temporary duty with the Rifle Team and Captain Kenyon will soon be detached to the Basic School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Among the missing by reason of transfer from now on will be First Sergeant Mosier, Corporal Clothier, Corporal Miller and Privates Spivey, Rankin, Waters, Wear, Hutchins and Morrill. More promotions this month made the old world a bit brighter for Mudd and Sorensen, who were promoted to Platoon Sergeant. Also for DeSadler, who went to sergeant, Clothier to corporal, and Watts, Bodnar, Castle, Price, Cleghorne, Adams, Delaune, Walker, Basden, Eubanks and Reading, all to privates first class.

The battalion ball team has been reorganized and we are looking forward to easy pickings from now on unless these other outfits can put up a better game than they have recently. More anon about this club. As this leaves the mill, fourteen NCO's have been detailed to train Reserves at Sea Girt this month. Lots of luck, boys.

## "THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS, THEY SLAP THEIR LEATHER BRITCHES"

### HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Elmer

The days fly by swiftly, for some; for others they're at a dead standstill; but this doesn't hinder the general feeling of exuberance which seems to exist in everyone since the cold grim visage of winter has withdrawn and in its stead the smiling cherubic face of summer spreads its beams of sunshine and fresh air throughout these hills of Quantico.

Chameleon-like, our little but famous Headquarters and Service Battery has changed somewhat since the last forecast. Lieutenant Crist has left us and is now enjoying a short leave before reporting in

at Marine Corps Headquarters for examination and the exigencies of duty. Lieutenant Victory has taken his place, and we wish both success in their new jobs. Mr. Benz is soon to be on his way to China via the USS *Henderson*. Velly good luck, Mr. Benz.

Sergeant Madison, recently graduated from the Ordnance School at Metuchen, N. J., has joined us for duty and soon the big guns should begin to sparkle under a master hand.

Private Benner, the bean-pole boy from some place way out west has, by some mysterious means, effected his discharge and is now out there in the cold cruel world sans insignia. Poor boy. Wonder how long he will stand it. Pri-

vate Barnes, from "Bawston," I believe, now holds down the all-round Quartermaster job that Private Grafton formerly held. Grafton became tired of Quantico and is going West with the Texas Centennial Commission, do "squads right" all day and squire the Texas women around at night. Better watch your step podner; they have shot-guns in them parts, too. His brother, Thomas F., still helps to alleviate the occasional boredom that blankets us with his vitriolic but amusing sarcasm. His sarcasm is only skin deep, however, as he really is a pleasant chap when he is asleep. He insists that he is another thirty-year man, and only has twenty-six more to do in order to retire on thirty.

Jeffrey is becoming mirror-conscious; stands in front of his mirror for hours after recall perfecting his tonsorial get-up. Current suspicions may be unfounded but we'd almost swear that we smell "Odeur de Fleurs," or whatever you call the stuff that these exotic movie stars anoint themselves with, each time we pass his locker. The man is in love.

Corporal Jones, who recently joined us from "A" Battery, is now, under the able direction of our affable mess sergeant, Joe Newland, seeing that the boys leave the mess hall with indescribable looks of contentment etched on their faces. Corporal Jones goes in for these light "fandangos" around these parts, and should, by this time have become quite an expert at tripping through the intricate steps of this dance, commonly known as the barn or square.

Private First Class Dillard, only recently recovered from a severe heart affliction, is already combing his hair a different way for some doe-eyed thing up around Winchester.

Misiak, the bugling NCO, has gone in for frills and fancy clothes. He has acquired a flock of fancy suits and tinted underwear and instead of greeting one with the old familiar "How're ya' doin'" now says in a stilted artificial tone, "Chawmed, I'm suah." We predict a brief ending for Misiak—a squad has been detailed to finish him off in true style the first time he is so careless as to venture forth unaccompanied.

Sullivan, the dit-dit man, remains adamantly noncommittal as regards his mysterious forays into feminine heart territory. Heitman, one of Sullivan's co-workers, is way down in Louisiana listening, probably, to those husky-voiced southern women croon the famous haunting river songs that are so noted. Our tow-headed music, Rough, is on his way to the West Coast and new adventure. If you should happen to write him at his new home, don't mention motorcycles unless you care to receive a good "reading off."

Until further developments and more exciting happenings, bon voyage.

#### "A" BATTERY, 10TH MARINES

By "Nussy"

Hello, shipmates! Again we write a few lines of the past month's activities to assure you that we are still on deck and functioning smoothly.

The battery has been engaged in firing 37mm guns for the Marine Corps School's student officers of the Base Defense Class. This firing was very satisfactory and aided greatly in instructing the new men in the battery the fundamentals of artillery functions.

Everyone is "snapping in" now in order

to be in perfect shape for the rifle range where we will fire for qualification next week. Many of our experts say that they have been snapping in all possible, but we shall see.

Many old friends will be interested to know of the recent transfers. Lucian Bryant has just left for Charleston, W. Va., and Frank Boes, the Cinder Kid, is well on his way to the Asiatics. Cpl. S. B. Kissane, one of our stellar athletes, will be in Charleston, S. C., by the time you are reading this.

New men are arriving at intervals and we welcome them to our midst and to all those who are transferred we say "Good Luck, and I hope we'll be seeing you again."

Some of our members have been acting rather odd lately. How about it Coats? It must be love from the happy and contented look on your otherwise gloomy countenance. Then, there is Tony "The Great," who counts the days until he gets to—where is it, Tony? Washington? And Corporal Barnes, where did the red clay come from on your ear wheels? There's only one place around with mud of that type that we know of. How many times did you sew on those shooting pads, Cockshaw? And how many shots did you fire on the four hundred yard line with your sling on the wrong arm, Britton? Then, there is Ivy, the butcher boy, moaning because he is wont to leave his meal ticket in the galley (after three months consecutively) to fire the range. Well enough of that!

Congratulations are in order to Corporal Maddox, who has just been promoted to sergeant, and to Corporal Dempsey, who has fired the high score of 336 for record qualification with the rifle this year. Dempsey also has been trying

hard to get his second silver divisional medal.

Since H hour on articles is drawing rapidly nearer, we will sign off and be seeing you next time; until then, we say "adios" and hang out with Battery A, the cannoneers with the hairiest ears.

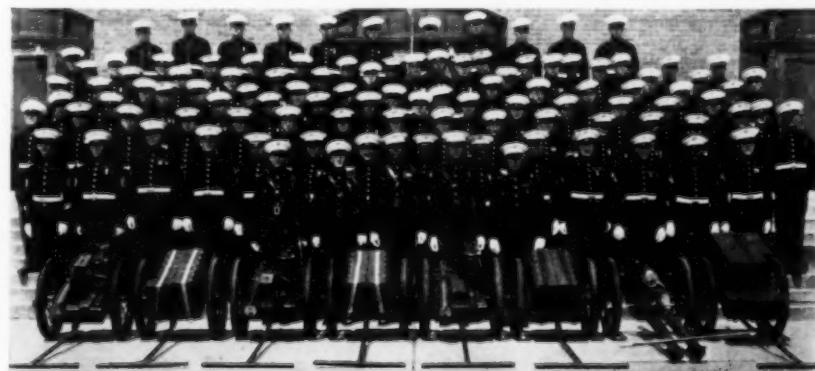
#### BATTERY "B," 10TH MARINES

Battery "B" carries on. 1st Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw, Marine Corps, was temporarily detached to the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. 1st Lt. John B. Hendry, is about to accomplish orders for the same destination. 1st Lt. Randall M. Victory was detached to Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, First Battalion, as Operations and Training Officer. It speaks well for the battery to have these excellent officers assigned to the duties mentioned. The battery will feel their absence and look forward to their return with pleasure.

Gy-Sgt. Robert Stutz returned from nine months instruction in fire control instruments at the Ordnance Field Artillery School, Raritan Arsenal, New Jersey. A diploma is certain proof of a study well accomplished, with merit. We are as proud of this fact as is Gunnery Sergeant Stutz.

The battery completed, with the exception of a few stragglers, the annual rifle qualification for the individual members. Our percentage to date is 91, and we hope to bring up this percentage when the "stragglers" fire. While not firing the rifle qualification course, the battery indulged in some very intensive service practice and Marine Corps Order No. 41, and numerous other instructions that make up a busy day.

I am not mentioning any names, but



COMPANY "D", 1ST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Reading left to right: 1st Row: 2nd-Lt. G. E. Hendricks, J. M. Masters, Jr., 1st-Lt. R. W. Beadle, 2nd-Lt. B. A. Hochmuth, and Mar-Gun. W. M. Henderson. 2nd Row: 1st-Sgt. D. S. Catchim, Gy-Sgt. C. F. Cain, Sgts. J. A. Lippold, J. W. Hull, W. S. Smith, G. R. Carlson, J. Hoffner, W. H. D. Hedgecock, W. J. Stone, Cpl. R. Lehardy, J. Harris, P. J. Mills, P. Long, and F. L. Turner. 3rd Row: H. M. Middlebrook, G. Staley, W. J. Kalavsky, A. F. Luther, G. S. Landman, J. E. Harrell, Jr., M. B. Joiner, P. C. Fowler, W. T. Higgins, F. W. Schloegel, R. B. Perry, M. H. Muncy, S. W. Kramnyczny, R. H. Parks, N. J. Hyde, and J. J. McGrath. 4th Row: J. E. Murril, J. Sedor, E. W. Ratliff, M. W. Sallick, J. W. Lanzen, R. Tallman, E. F. Cauble, J. S. Boris, Jr., L. C. Viehl, C. G. Cunningham, Jr., W. M. Michalski, L. D. Arthur, Jr., W. P. Graham, J. S. Chrulski, and J. B. Begalla. 5th Row: R. J. McDaniel, T. J. Wright, E. H. Fiske, W. B. Hahn, W. S. Chichester, J. F. Skorich, M. M. O'Neil, F. X. Hartman, L. R. Dominici, W. R. Slaton, M. Swantek, W. R. Black, W. B. Bourne, M. Grantham, and E. R. Moss. 6th Row: P. D. Winfield, W. A. Saucier, J. Lanier, H. S. Tichy, "Q" "T" Adams, A. B. Norris, R. B. Burch, V. E. Tate, N. Braitmeyer, J. F. Bresnahan, B. T. Waters, P. L. Jones, J. J. McIntyre, and B. L. Dale. 7th Row: C. J. Sykes, A. Spooner, L. W. Sweet, L. Betts, D. E. Moore, L. Williams, R. S. Haines, W. C. Rivers, T. H. Lee, W. W. Kerr, E. J. Connelly, Jr., H. E. Swafford, B. E. Ransom, E. E. Szwaba, and St. C. Tant. Back Row: R. F. McAteer, O. L. Grenier, G. W. Rowand, S. S. Segrist, C. C. Smith, L. E. Waters, P. J. Mastrillo, W. E. Kolb, A. C. Hilbig, C. R. Milligan, and A. A. Wilson.

I have seen some anticipation beaming faces in the battalion that bespeak of the bonus payoff coming next month. To a few of them it will mean more than any of us could foretell, to others, it means just another spree. To me it will mean a down payment on a home. Many wise men urge this safe and sound course, and I hope that all the men will heed. Just ask the next fellow what he did with the seven hundred odd he borrowed some time back—will he have anything to show for it? No, and he will say, "I wish I had not touched it." That in itself is a good lesson.

#### BATTERY G, 1ST BATTALION

Staring at a blank sheet of paper each month does give one the "jitters," particularly when the scribe is just a journalist boor. A trained reporter might find similar difficulty in recording the news, because it is almost an ideal battery—no scandal, divorce, vice or vice-versa; in fact, going over the hill doesn't exist. Outside of two cases of over-leave, caused directly by Washington authorities who fail to appreciate a Marine's idea of a good time, occasionally; there "aint" no Winchell Dope.

The chief concern of the battery at the present time is rifle qualification. Lieutenant Taxis, who joined the battery just prior to maneuvers, with the assistance of the better shots, has tackled the job of making riflemen out of damn good artillerymen. Under the preliminary supervision the results have been commendable. Up to date, over half of the battery have fired with a ninety-three per cent qualification, and a large portion of the qualified will receive the additional three or five-dollar bonus at the next pay call.

There was no convention, no meeting of the chamber of commerce, no pole or questionnaire; we just normally adopted daylight saving to the extent of thirty minutes. There was no confusion or question on the morning of May 20, 1936, when the bugle prevented and ceased that good half hour of sleep. Contrary to health authorities that the most beneficial sleeping hours are before midnight, a census of Marine opinion would support those revelry hours. The only disturbing factor about the change is that a certain recoil is lacking with recall still at four in the afternoon.

In considering material for this issue the idea occurred to me that a new feature might be worth a try. Briefly the plan is nothing more than selecting monthly an interesting individual from the Battery whose characteristics, personality and abilities are worth mentioning. Of course, it must be on a limited scale because my biographical training is more so—Just an idea, with hopes for the best.

Dorn E. Arnold (Deacon), sergeant in charge of Headquarters Section—often referred to as the meteorological section or sub-division of the Fire Control Section, saw first active service in Russia, 1918. Reads "Esquire" regularly, nevertheless, has a wit more witty. A wizard in the field of small arms and a master in the art of conversation. Made distinguished rifleman this month, but insists it was an off year. Hasn't, as yet, been fortunate in the Leap Year, but willing. At the present he spends his week-ends fishing, but with San Diego, Mission Beach, Long Beach and Los Angeles in the offing the latter part of this summer, I would not be a bit surprised if the "Deacon" forsook his fishing for hunting. (What?)

In bringing up the sport item there is more hesitancy. Somewhat as the defeat handed the post team by Guilford College when the game was stopped in the lucky seventh, and the 20 to 0 score was not flashed at the movies. However, the Artillery team is doing famously, with four victories and two defeats, which may yet be avenged.

Sgt. Gerald D. Mirick was discharged on the 23rd of May, and added four more for good measure, which totals up to four years. Meyers, John O., private, took off to the FMF Band after successfully playing the scale on the tuba. Pvt. J. F. Moravec has finally gotten the chance to use his L.C. wings which he has been flapping since he first arrived from boot camp. Privates Swanson and Turner finally are on their way to swing on the anchor chain at San Diego. Swanson was so excited he missed the money record day after shooting a possible off-hand, preliminary day.

## BROWN-FIELD BULLETINS

**L**T HAS often been said that the Marines are equal to any emergency. And the following little story justly proves that contention.

Lieutenant H. S. Behr, U. S. Army, Air Corps Reserve, landed on Brown Field in his Curtiss Wright Sedan with three other occupants enroute to Atlanta



Candid Camera Catches Marine Working at Brown Field

for his active duty tour. He requisitioned supplies, eating material, especially for the three month's old baby who was nestling in its mother's arms and crying for fodder. What to do? The Marines on duty were experienced in handling older passengers, but a baby—the first baby of this kind to land on this field was unusual. However, nothing daunted, the field watch led this little troupe to the restaurant in the Recreation Hall where they obtained sandwiches for themselves and borrowed a sauce pan and a spoon, and heated a

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#### CLERICAL SCHOOL ALUMNI NOTES

Just a few highlights with reference to the boys on the Post who attended the last class of the Clerical School. As a whole, the boys are doing right well.

"Jerry" Clements seems to be the only one who still has a true case of love in Philadelphia. The boys who know the girl don't blame Jerry at all. He is now a hard working clerk in the Tenth Marines. He is the same good-hearted Jerry even if he did make Pfc.

Maxwell (Slug) Cutchins seems to have been the first to have good luck. Slug is now with the BDA. It is a rumor that he caught the point to a joke the other day upon being told only once.

Alabama is at the Marine Corps Schools. His efforts to get a transfer to the West Coast were unsuccessful. Wonder how many broken hearts were left when he was transferred out of Philly?

Pop Hardy has at last reached a place where he can throw all the books he wishes. He is now librarian at the Marine Corps Schools. Incidentally, Pop is also a Pfc.

No doubt all the fellows are waiting for news of Gould. Everyone remembers the boy with his "You wait until tomorrow, then I am going to be snappy. And boy when I am snappy . . ." (so far into the night). After a two months' tour of duty at the Naval Hospital in Washington, Gould is back with us. The First Sergeant of Brigade Headquarters Company is now getting the headaches contingent to his presence. He got it into his head that now would be a propitious occasion to obtain a discharge, but evidently the MGC thought the time wasn't in accordance with the exigencies of the service, and Gould was turned down without compunction.

"Goodtime" Charlie Ammons is another proud owner of a new pair of streamlined chevrons. That girl "Red" back in West Virginia is still waiting—impatiently for him. Charlie has been on every desk in the Sergeant Major's office except the one held down by the S.M. Just give him about twenty more years and he hopes to get around to such a sanctuary.

"Peaches" Browning is still on the Post. Boy! I bet Lewis was relieved when Browning was transferred. It only meant about one mail bag less each day for Lewis to have to deliver. What a mustache won't do!

Harry "Now John" Wear has joined the ranks at Aviation. It is understood that he, Philo and Domineck have the situation out there well in hand. It is reported that the C. O. out there was a little puzzled when Mucciaroni reported in. The C. O. thought he knew all the abbreviations pertaining to Aircraft One, but "much air one" was a new one on him.

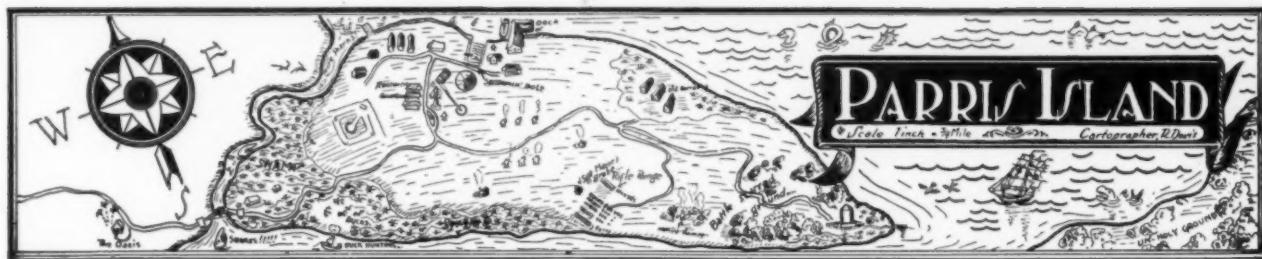
Smith got transferred from Post Headquarters back to his old Artillery outfit. Now he is on his way to the West Coast. Good luck to you Smitty.

McCork is still with Post Headquarters. He has been going around with a forlorn look on his face lately. It is understood he is longing for his sailor friend back in Philadelphia.

Chic Lester is on furlough. Upon his return he is going to sea. Seems like he didn't care for the Q.M.

Last, but not least, there is Jimmy Boyd. Who doesn't remember the guy who was all the time telling teacher how morning reports, pay rolls, and muster

(Continued on page 54)



### By the Kingfish's Henchman

HE Kingfish, being very busy, has ordered us to write the monthly news items for this post. Like our good friend, the late Will Rogers, all we know is what we read in the change sheets and hear at the Post Exchange Coffee Pot. We do not put much faith in the change sheets, but anything that we hear at the Java Joint can be accepted as authentic, so we will pass it along to **THE LEATHERNECK**.

We lost our Commanding General on May 24th. Brig. Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley was detached on that date and ordered to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, for duty. We wish the General a pleasant tour of duty at Headquarters. Col. Jesse F. Dyer is the Post Commander at present.

We couldn't learn what happened to the stars on the General's pennants, but we have seen several new stars over at the Recruit Depot—on the sleeves of our new Platoon Sgts. Frederick V. Osborn, Wilford D. Fields, Cecil H. Clark and Albert Gordon. Congratulations! Your promotions have been well earned.

W. D. Fields must be **The Man On The Flying Trapeze**. He became "Papa" in April and Platoon Sergeant in May. You are going places, Fields, some day you will be an angel—or sumpin'.

Another sergeant who received a promotion during the month is Earnest F. Gore. He was promoted to the rank of Gunnery Sergeant, and transferred to Norfolk for assignment to sea duty. Also, Manasseh H. Shuman, the Post Police Sergeant, and Cylde I. Wheeler, Post Headquarters clerk, became sergeants in May. Our newly made corporals are Joe B. Cody, Millard Bracken, William T. Grimes, Marion H. Stocks and Eugene A. Bush. Harvey Atkins of the Post Quartermaster's office and Wendell Keener of the Commissary office were pro-

moted to privates first class, put it didn't go to their heads. No Sire-e-e, they still associate with the enlisted men.

Maj. John C. Woods was detached and ordered to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, for duty. He was relieved of his duties as Post Inspector by Maj. C. E. Nutting. Maj. Peter Conachy was ordered to recruit duty in the Recruiting District of Dallas, Texas. Capt. John McVey has been appointed Post Exchange Officer. Capt. Claud A. Phillips, who has been our Subsistence and Maintenance Officer was transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., for duty as Post Quartermaster of that post.

First Sgt. J. J. McCullough joined this post from the City of Brotherly Love. He has taken over the duties of Post Sergeant Major.

Supply Sgts. Reuben Collins and Preston B. Robb came in from Guantanamo Bay and San Diego, respectively. They are welcome additions to the Quartermaster gang. Rube has been busy renewing old friendships made way back in the twenties when he was homesteading here.

Another addition to the post is the "Little Corporal" Claud Wilford (Nemo, to you). He has charge of the butts at the Rifle Range, and seems to enjoy his job of growling at the recruits. You have probably heard of the big vegetables that Nemo used to raise at Indian Head—ten-pound tomatoes, two-pound radishes, etc. How come they grow so big, Nemo?—the vegetables we mean.

Shades of Gene Tunney! Our boxing team won from the Savannah Athletic Club without striking a blow. The Marines left the post in cars on May 15th to meet the Southerners at Savannah. When they entered Ridgeland, the Chief of Police of that town hailed the cars and told them that the Savannah team manager had telephoned

for him to stop the Marines and tell them that the fights had been cancelled. That gave the Marines a victory by default. That is my idea of the best way to beat Joe Louis.

Chick Godfrey, the Singing Marine, had better look to his laurels. Danny Mulane who recently completed his recruit training with Platoon No. 8, can certainly bellow a mean ballad.

Danny treated us to a couple of songs at the Lyceum, and we regret that he was discovered only during his last week on the post. He was transferred to Quantico early in June. We hope to hear you again, Danny.

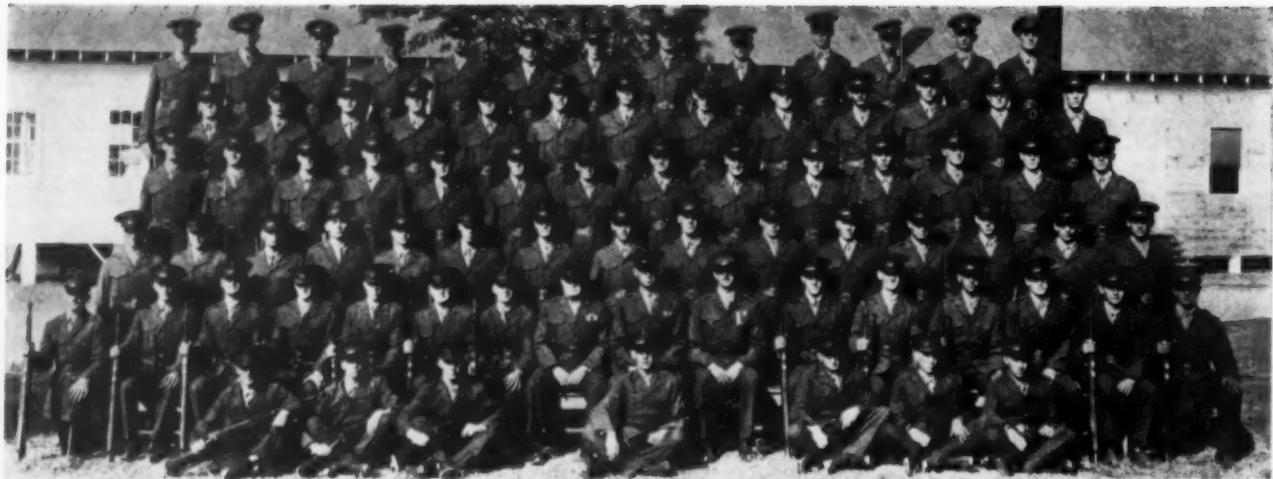
Corporal Peyton, the jack-of-all-trades, has relieved Fields as the ticket auctioneer at the Lyceum. He is also the movie and sound projectionist and Post Morale Office bookkeeper. You had better keep your eye on that fellow, Kingfish. He may be planning to muscle in on you.

Some of the men who left us during May are Sgts. Elmer Goree, J. D. Goff, Albert Maltz, Thomas B. Heavner, Manasseh H. Shuman, Fred Martin, Seneca Swinme, Paul W. Payne and Thomas Pettigrew, Cpl. Millard Nicholson, William Goodrich, William S. Barton and George Raymond. All left for Asiatic Stations. Jimmie Self, our able butcher, has been transferred to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. Cpl. John Nunes, N.C.O. Club tonsorial artist, wanted to learn the Rhumba so he went to Guantanamo Bay. We traded Pfc. Theodore McNeil and Austin Sparks to the First Signal Company at Quantico for Cpl. Angelo B. Cail, Jr., and Pvt. Hugh A. Cole.

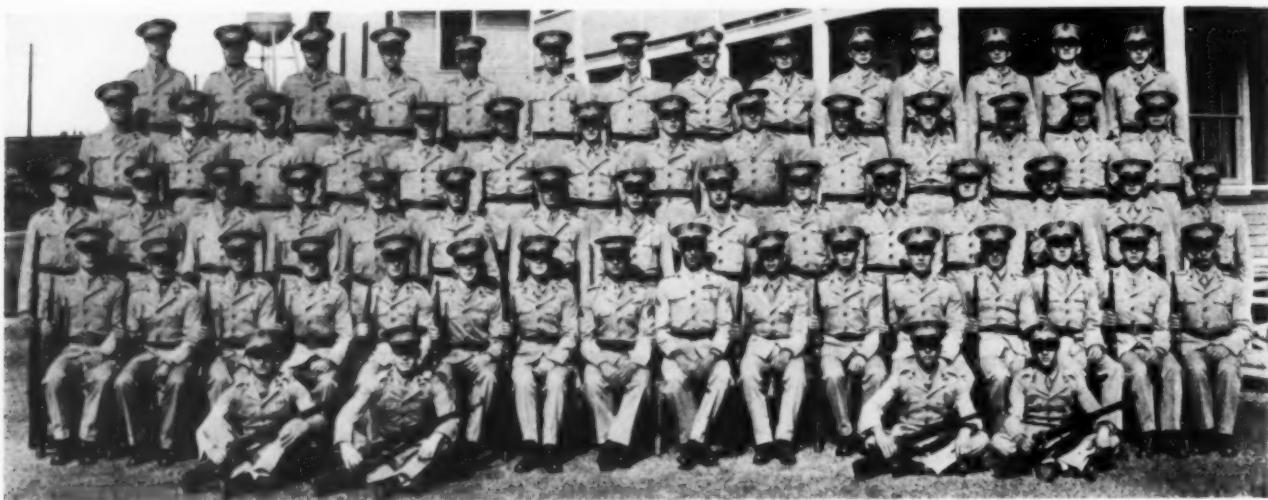
**SEEN AND HEARD:** Sgt. Albert Seudder, Mr. Dillinger's playmate, is having a hard time trying to decide whether to retire from the Marine Corps or to stay with us a few more decades. We hope he stays.



Platoon 6, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Slusser, Corporal Webb, Corporal Raymond



Platoon 7, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Heavener, Sergeant Mason, Corporal Bishop



Platoon 8, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Frucci, Corporal Patrick

He and Tyree bring tears to our eyes when they get together on "Pal O' Mine."

Someone asked Greer, "What's the Name of That Song?" He replied, "Brown Eyes Should Never Be Black." (The song has ended but the melody lingers on.) We hear that Quartermaster-Sergeant Dennison at

Headquarters has purchased a new car. How about driving down to the Island when you learn to drive? The Kingfish is becoming ambitious. He wanted to be the King of Kings. All our arguments against it were in vain, until we showed him a picture of the Queen of Queens.

last October, visiting many different ports. It is a 7,500-ton ship, carries 30 officers, 41 Deck officers, 114 Non-Coms, 120 cadets and 330 crew, a total of 635 men on board. On the 10th of May the Non-Coms of VO-9M invited theirs to the barracks for dinner, thirty-three of them being off duty, accepted the invitation. After dinner they entertained us with German songs for about an hour and a half. At the conclusion of their entertainment we furnished them transportation to the Lindbergh Beach for swimming.

Most of the men spoke and understood the English language so we didn't have much trouble making ourselves understood but when they invited us to a German movie on board the ship I don't believe that very many of those attending quite understood what the picture was all about. After the movies they invited us to have a round of beer with them. It was real German beer. They just wouldn't let our glasses get empty, but there always is an end to all good things. Just about the time everyone was getting started, our motor sailor came after us and so we had to return to the shore or else.

Before the *Karlsruhe* left St. Thomas they invited our non-coms out to the ship for another get-together. On this occa-

## TROPICAL TOPICS

### BOURNE FIELD

Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands

E. R. S.

Thirty enlisted men and all of the squadrons Naval Aviators were on detached duty at San Juan for the first half of the month of May. Owing to the fact that the local conditions and facilities were not adequate to allow the squadron to have their 1935-36 gunnery exercises at St. Thomas. From the reports that came back from there from time to time they were making a good record. The Pan-American Airways came to our assistance by allowing us to use their hangar and landing field during this period.

On one of the return flights to St. Thomas Corporal Hoppis returned to ob-

tain some forgotten articles and upon questioning him as to how Marine Corps Order No. 41 was coming along over there he replied that MCO 41 wasn't getting any extra time but that 44 and 47 were having quite a few extra sessions. It seems that Matthews and Parsons were low men on one of these occasions, maybe you had better get the goods before you put out the money. It is rumored that Lt. Hurst was a little perplexed when he couldn't find the reverse lever on the squadron motorcycle.

The Island of St. Thomas had the pleasure of seeing and entertaining the officers and crew of the German Cruiser *Karlsruhe* which arrived on the 6th of May and departed on the 16th. It stopped here on the last leg of its world cruise which started

sion they served draft beer with all sorts of cold sandwiches. Everyone must have had a good time because on the return to the barracks they were heard singing American and German songs.

The USS *Antares* arrived in St. Thomas on the 14th of May with its last load of material and equipment for the aviation facilities that are under construction. On this trip it had 12 Marines who were the replacements for our short-timers and for the men who had been on duty in Haiti returning to the states and being stationed there only a short period and then assigned to this squadron. Those being relieved were: Quartermaster Sergeant Donnelly; Mt-Sergeant Leeper; Sergeants Brashier, Pollard McHane; Corporals Havasy, Hoppis, Lester, Murphy, Sargent, Witt; Privates First Class King, Pearson, Todovero, and Wright.

Captain Alburger was also a passenger on the return trip to begin a thirty-day leave, also Privates Bera and Martin were authorized thirty-day furloughs. QM-Sgt. Jack Clifford returned to the States on a 90-day furlough transfer to the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve. We were sorry to have Sergeant Clifford leave us. The service lost an excellent man. During his twenty years of service he never lost one day which is an excellent record. We all wish Jack a very pleasant furlough and after his retirement to get the best out of life that is possible.

A few days after the departure of the *Karlsruhe* the USS *Phelps* arrived in St. Thomas for a short stay. This ship is one of the latest types of destroyers that is being built by the Navy Department.

Progress at Bourne Field is coming along as rapidly as can be expected. All the necessary piling has been driven and the concrete bases for the hangar are being completed. Weather permitting, it shouldn't be long before we will be able to see the steel work commence to take shape.

The Coast Guard Cutter *Marion* took a party of men to the island of St. Croix on a sight seeing trip. The party was met at the Dock at Christiansted by the Officer in charge of the CCC camp. He had several trucks for our use and we at once proceeded to the beach. After enjoying a swim we had lunch and then went on to Frederickshted. We took in the town and then returned to Christiansted. The island of St. Croix is a much larger island than St. Thomas and the people are very much more industrious than the natives of this island. Sugar Cane is the large product of the island which is used for the Rum industry that is paramount in the Virgin Islands.



Official Photograph, U.S.N.

It's fair weather when good fellows get together, the occasion being just after Sunday dinner when the Marines of VO Squadron 9M were hosts to a group of petty officers of the German cruiser *Karlsruhe*. The 7500-ton ship during May spent a week at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, before it started for Germany on the last leg of a round the world training cruise for cadets. The building pictured was erected in 1874 when the Islands were under Danish rule and is being used as a barracks by the Marines until their new quarters at the flying field, three miles from the city, are finished

We also had another sight seeing tour of St. John's Island which is only a few hours ride from here. The party left one Sunday morning in our two motor sailers, taking lunch and a few rounds of beer for each man. The island of St. John's is very small with only a very small population, the people are employed in the Bay berry industry.

#### CAVITENOS

Pvt. William Joseph O'Grady is TENNIS CHAMPION OF THE CAVITE MARINES. He won the title from Cpl. Thomas William McNeely our accommodating Navy Mail Clerk. O'Grady is one of the seven Commandant's Orderlies. He arrived here last November so we can expect our tennis firmament to be firmly fixed for a long time. O'Grady beat McNeely on Friday the tenth.

"Air is in the air!" On the tapis, on the unruffled surface of Canacao Bay! And in the azure sky over Cavite! Every officer attached to the Cavite Barracks has made at least one flight while serving in Cavite. Capt. Floyd W. Bennett made his hop some months ago. Frst Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener and Q.M. Clerk John L. McCormack went up on Wednesday morning, the fifteenth. On Tuesday the fourteenth 1st Lt. Paul J. Shovestul, Mar-Gun, Tom Woody and Pay Clerk Lee B. Andrus ascended the heights in a U. S. Navy seaplane. Lt. Col. Edwin N. McClellan made eight flights while on board the *Augusta* on her recent southern cruise and on his return twice flew over the Manila Bay area. So that makes one hundred per cent for the officers. Forty-one enlisted Cavite Marines have made the trip into the air. Every effort was made to make it a hundred per cent but it just couldn't happen that way. The Cavite Marines thank the Fleet Airmen, both officers and men for their fine indoctrinating cooperation. Nowadays a Marine can hardly be said to be a Marine unless he has made one flight.

First Sergeant Snell, Mrs. Snell, Pfc. Earl W. Hansford, Pfc. Alvin S. Tocherman, Pvt. James W. Chadwick, Jr., and Pvt. Francis A. Rawson, returned to Manila by Trytran Bus, leaving Olongapo at 5:30 a.m., arriving in Manila at 10:00 a.m., the twenty-first. The Snells came to Cavite by the Naval Ferry while three of them came to Cavite by bus and Rawson went to his station at Los Banos by railroad train.

Q.M. Sgt. Walter J. Jubbard, Jr., decided to go into the Reserves. He applied for transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve after twenty years service which will be completed on the second of August next. Since we are down to one commissioned



U. S. Marine Guard of Honor, commanded by Lt. Frank M. June, greets Captain Siemens, of the German Cruiser *Karlsruhe*, at St. Thomas, V. I.



#### CAVITE MARINES DISCOVER OLD SPANISH GRAVE

Cavite Marines discovering grave of Gen. Don Javier Corcuera, who died in 1643 while Commandant of the Cavite Arsenal. He was a nephew of Governor-General Sebastian Hurtado de Corcuera. Lieut. Col. Edwin N. McClellan holds the broom that swept the grave-stone clear of debris. It is directly in front of the ancient ruins of Santo Domingo Church

officer for the O. D. Roster the Staff Officers were called up and surely came across one hundred per cent. They were tickled to death to "do duty" once more. Capt. Floyd W. Bennett led off. The reason of it all is the necessity of sending commissioned officers to the Maquinaya Rifle Range "to shoot." Our OD Roster under normality consists of First Lieutenants Bliesener and Shovestul and Marine Gunner Woody. The latter two go to the Range and so Captain Bennett joins up with the "Sopers." Next we have Q.M. Clerk John L. McCormack and Pay Clerk Lee B. Andrus. They claim to have, "enjoyed doing duty." Well, be that as it may, we appreciated their help.

Corporal "Dick" Small, Custodian of the Maquinaya Rifle Range, shot a seven-foot Python in the chicken coop on the evening of the eighteenth. Mr. Python was coiled up on the top of a beam, the chickens made a squawk, First Sergeant "Ev" Snell held the flashlight (So the Cavite Marines were well represented) and "Dick" popped him off. The "Top" and "Dick" took the *culbra* cadaver up to the squadroom and laid it along "Ajax" Robert's bunk. "My God am I seeing snakes!" exclaimed Ajax.

We are pretty hard pushed to get along without the fifty-three men up at the Rifle Range and we could hardly get along if it were not for the fact that we still have the men with us who are to sail homeward-bound on the *Chaumont*. We will get our second batch of fifty Rifle Range men back to Cavite all finished shooting before the *Chaumont* sails. After that we will pinch-and-pull and muddle along somehow to get "all the boys shot."

On the 27th, Sgt. Thomas P. Brennan took over the duties as Warden, Naval Prison, succeeding Gy-Sgt. Emmett P. Hughes who will return to the States on the *Chaumont*.

On the 23rd, Gy-Sgt. James C. "Shorty" Stafford and a detail of seven men joined us from the Olongapo Barracks, for further transfer to the U. S. via the *Chaumont*. "Shorty" is going back to retire after thirty years service which he completes on 3 May this year.

#### NAVAL STATION, GUAM

By John Fields

Climaxing weeks of preparation, the colorful ceremony of the crowning of the queen of the 1936 Guam Agricultural, Industrial, and Educational Fair took place yesterday in the Plaza de Espana in the city of Agana, Guam. The queen-elect won over many other contestants by being the representative of the Guam Militia who put their choice over to victory in a last minute rally against the service choice, Miss Maraguila Ojeda, who came in a close second. The lovely queen-elect, Miss Josefina Sgambellure, was honored by a parade given in her honor by all of Guam, both military and civil.

The parade formed at Bradley Park at 0830. It was lead by the marshal, our Chief of Police, Capt. H. L. Litzenberg, U.S.M.C., mounted on horseback and accompanied by two Marine members of the Insular Patrol. The Naval Station Band furnished the music for the Naval Battalion which, under the command of Capt. J. W. Cunningham, USMC, consisted of a company of Marines from the barracks at Sumay followed by a mixed company of American and native sailors. The regiment of the Guam Militia was next in this impressive line of the might and strength of Guam. Behind this regiment came the Mid Pacific Post of the American Legion, and the Boy Scouts of America, ably assisted by the Girl Scouts. Last but not least were three platoons of native boys, each platoon having its own type of uniform and all of them very proficient in the manual of arms. The first platoon of these boys was dressed to represent our Naval Academy Midshipman, the second the Guam Militia and the third were a combination of green and white never before witnessed by your correspondent.

The parade was scheduled to get underway at 0830 but three heavy rainstorms caused a delay of thirty minutes during which time the Militia obtained much practice in falling in and out. Finally the real start was made and the parade moved into town in a column of squads, up one street and down two more. The column reached the center of the town and upon passing the reviewing stand executed eyes left in honor of the new Governor of Guam, Commander B. V. McCandlish, USN., who was surrounded by members of his staff among whom was our Commanding Officer, Col. A. E. Randall, USMC. After passing in review the troops formed in a square about the band stand in the center of the Plaza. The Marines halted directly in front of the stand where the coronation was to take place. Your correspondent, however, found himself behind a seven-foot lemon bush from which position he had no little difficulty in seeing all that took place.

It was truly a grand sight; all the might and main of Guam gathered there in the Plaza with the flower of youth and beauty looking on from the background. In the distance an old oxcart pulled by a moth-eaten carabao rumbled on. Two naval radiomen made the last minute adjustment to the public address system and left the platform. The Officers of the Guam Militia formed an arch of swords for the queen and the setting was complete.

The signal was given and the band struck up the graduation song of Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles. The first lady in the train of the queen was her defeated rival, Miss Ojeda. She was dressed in a bright orange gown, her hat and slippers of gold and she tread to the

stand with a dignity becoming her position.

Following her came the princesses, one from each municipality of the island. Sumay was represented by Miss Ishizaki whose father, familiarity known as Ben Cook (he "ban cook once") runs the general store. Then came Miss Sgambelluri, the queen herself, in a flowing white dress the train of which was supported by two small girls. Two white boys dressed and equipped as field musics of days gone by completed the procession.

Lieutenant Commander Myers, Managing Director of the Fair, welcomed the queen and introduced the Governor, who in turn bade the Queen kneel while he placed upon her ebony head of hair a crown of silver and pronounced the words which transformed Miss Sgambelluri (more easily pronounced "scrambled eggs") from the simple daughter of a local merchant to Miss Guam of 1936.

Then came the climax of the day, the Queen's speech. Miss Sgambelluri did make a fine speech which she concluded by commanding her loyal subjects to really "whoop it up" during the next three days. Three loud bombs exploded high in the air announced the coronation a success and the fair opened.

"Squads Right" and the Marines were off to carry out the commands of the Queen.

#### PEARL HARBOR

May 23rd, 1934, a detail of more than sixty men arrived at this post via the USS *Chaumont*. Due to transfers to Lualualei and Westloch and other posts, only about half that number were expecting to return to the mainland via the same ship two years later. However, when the ship arrived in port it was learned that there was no space available for more men. Hence the talk of being short-timers quickly died out.

Several men will be transferred on the USAT *Grant* scheduled to arrive and depart on the 26th of May. Among the number are: Sgts. A. L. Mullinix and W. B. Harris, Pfc. H. L. Miller, Pfc. R. Esmont, Cpl. C. O. Ostrom, Pvts A. E. Majors and W. J. Dousa. Private Dousa, who has been acting as Colonel's Orderly for approximately a year and a half, has been granted a furlough transfer to Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

The Post's first review and inspection in White-Blue-White uniforms was held on the 16th of May for the Commandant. A number of Naval Officers and their families were present to witness the ceremony and the Commandant seemed well pleased with the appearance of the Command.

Since Maj. R. W. Peard assumed the role of athletic officer, in addition to his duties as Executive, a real start has been made to build up some post teams in football, baseball, and tennis as well as basketball. For several years this post has not provided serious competition with the other branches of the service in any sport except basketball. There have been two reasons for this fact: first, there has been no special transfer of athletes to this post; second, the other branches of the services (Army and Navy) have outnumbered Marines on the Island nearly one hundred to one. It is hoped by all members of the command that the shortage of athletes may now be remedied.

An improvement has been made in the Post Exchange. The south-east corner of the building has been partitioned to make a new, and more desirable office. The old of-

(Continued on page 56)



#### CO. "F," 2ND BN, 4TH MARINES

By F. R. Hammond

With Capt. Ernest E. Shaughnessy as our Company Commander and 1st Lt. James F. Shaw, Jr., 2nd Lt. Robert E. Cushman, Jr., and Gy-Sgt. John F. Kuhn as Platoon Leaders, we are looking forward to taking high honors again this year in the Inter-Company-Regimental Drill Competition, if it isn't called off. If you readers of this column don't know it, why we are the winners of last year's Drill Competition, and we feel sure that we could repeat again this year.

Quite a few of the fellows went on a Houseboat Trip, which was organized by the Regimental Chaplain, the trip took six days and the places of interest were Hangchow and Wushu.

As the "New Men" arrived, we recognized a few old timers, among them such

know how it is, from the farm to the Marines.

On 10 March, 1936, Pfc. James F. Mitchell, Jr., was handed a Corporal's warrant in behalf of his emerging victorious from an arduous and tedious examination. We all wished Corporal Mitchell all the luck in the world, especially when the free beer was flowing, at the Second Battalion Club.

With Baseball just around the corner we are expecting some big things from "Popeye" Potts and "Iron" Mike Misitis to keep the honor of old "F" Company right on the top in the Battalion and Regimental Activities.

Who is the guy that is called "Alice the Goon"! Could it be Germer?

I wonder if "Caribou" Johnson is going to Peiping with the Rifle Team this year?

"Gopher" Perkins still trying to play Hai Lai.

#### "H" COMPANY, 2D BATTALION

By Adams

Having been selected by the First Sergeant and appointed by the Company Commander to write the monthly news of this organization for THE LEATHERNECK, we will try our utmost to make it interesting enough for the people of this company to want to buy the LEATHERNECK, and also to all the former members of this company, battalion, or regiment who are wondering just what is happening over here in the land of the "Far, Far, East" regardless of where you may be at this time.

As far as this writer can remember, it has been a long, long time since old "H" Co. has been written up in this magazine. Although this company has enjoyed the distinction of being well represented in Regimental news activities of the *Walla Walla*, having had two men write company articles and one man writing a column for Regimental activities, we will now do our best to be represented to the Marine Corps wherever this magazine may be read.

Due to the fact that the good ship *Chaumont* has just dropped us another visit and another new detail for this company, we are now getting back to normal life again, after a couple of weeks of lots of work and worry. So to those new men we extend the usual hearty greetings and cheery hello's to the "old timers" (if any). And to all our old pals and friends who departed from us, with a merry "so long till we meet again." We hope you have a mighty fine trip.

On top of getting in this new detail, this company, as well as the Regiment is experiencing quite a few changes in its personnel. Our greatest loss will be that of Colonel Beaumont, who will pin on the Silver Star of Brigadier General when he leaves the "Fourth Marines." There's no doubt but that he is the finest CO it has ever been our pleasure to serve under; we are sorry to see him go.

To our new Commanding Officer, Colonel Price, we extend our best greetings and



Tiger Hill Pagoda at Soochow

as Corporal Bennett. It was easily to see that Bennett needed a "Lift Up" so he was taken to one of those places where one can get just what one wants. And as he (Corporal Bennett) was sipping (Gulp-Gulp) a drink he proceeded to tell us about the time that he had to wear issued suspenders and also had to draw those confounded Field Scarfs. When was it Bennett, in '22 or '23? Also in the same "Slop-Chute" and the same time Sgt. Daniel Boone Kidd (Skipper, to you) who wouldn't be outdone started the tale of the march on to Gettysburg in the year of '22. His sorrowful tale was that he wasn't used to shoes at that time. You

will endeavor to work and give him our fullest cooperation as we did to Colonel Beaumont.

The third platoon as well as the company is faced with the job of replacing 2nd Lieut. Gerald R. Wright, as fine an officer as has ever represented the Corps. He is due to be retired for Medical survey. We are sorry that he couldn't have continued on with his career in the Marine Corps, for we are sure he would have eventually gotten to the top. But as the time rolls on, who of us wouldn't envy the Lieutenant getting those pay checks on the first of every month, without having to worry about Plan "A's," guards and such. Anyway good luck, Mr. Wright, we hope to see you again somewhere sometime and we'll swap new for old tales.

With all the fleet and the Flagship *Augusta* in Shanghai, practically all the sports except hard baseball are being played now. The Spring and summer season being late getting around this year, result is that basketball is still about the most popular sport outside of handball. Our company clerk Guidetti, along with Wily Steele and several others from the Championship team of this winter are organizing a team to play several of the ships in port now.

"H" Company has done rather well this past season in basketball particularly, winning the battalion series of the 2d Battalion, and then going on to win the Regimental Championship and several outside leagues sponsored by the Navy "Y." In fact the majority of the Regimental Squad was made up of "H" company players.

The rifle team tryouts for the group to represent the "4th Marines" in the annual Asiatic meet at Peking has been started with Atkinson, a member of last year's team that represented Shanghai, and several of the newer lads that have come out here from the States, i.e., Douglas, Riggs and a few others that need a bit more grooming and polishing to make the grade. And speaking of shooting, our "Top"—First Sergeant Cameron, failed to make the grade on the qualification course last year by just a narrow margin, it must have set something afame.

(Continued on page 56)



Lake Tahow, near Wusih, China

Photo by Private Kolb

## Miscellany

### MARINE OFFICER COMMENDED

On 3 February, 1936, while BG dive bombing airplane number 8940 was in a power dive from ten thousand feet altitude, engaged in a regularly scheduled mission over Culebra, the rear half of the engine disintegrated. Capt. William J. Wallace, U. S. Marine Corps, who was pilot of the plane, brought it down to four thousand feet to an even keel and then with a dead engine he set her down on the normally hazardous landing field at Culebra without injury to personnel and with no further injury to material.

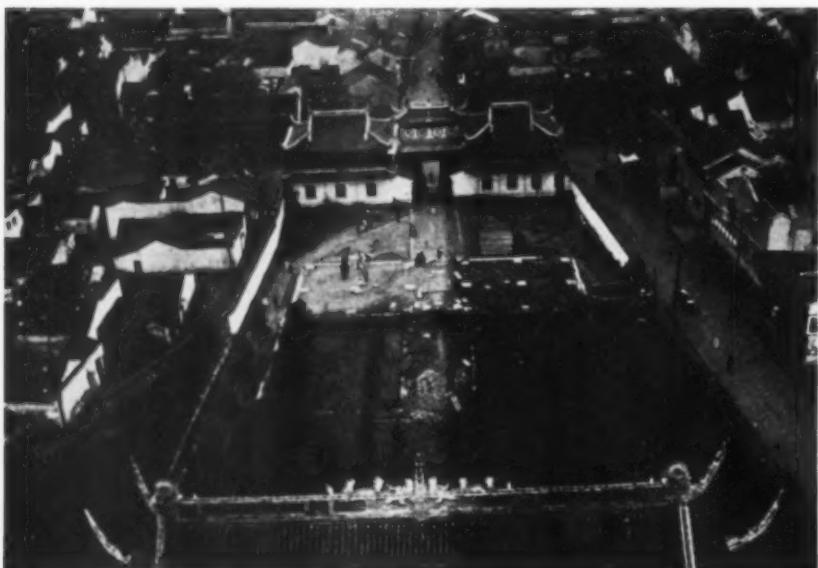
In recognition of his outstanding action in bringing the ship safely to earth in the dead-stick landing, Captain Wallace has been especially commended in a letter from the Secretary of the Navy.

### NO MIRAGE THIS! FINALLY RELIEF

By A. W. Kessler

OME five years ago last March 31st, a great tragedy struck the city of Managua, capital of the republic of Nicaragua, in the center of Central America. One of the greatest tragedies of all times. A terrible earthquake quickly and without warning wiped out the city almost entirely. Some two or three thousand persons, who a few minutes before had been busily happy making preparation for a great Easter celebration, mangled beyond recognition, lay strewn about the streets or buried in the ruins. Thousands more, many mortally, were injured. Reliable estimates placed the casualties at better than ten per cent of the entire population. Almost to the man, the rest fled headlong to security miles away from the scene of the disaster. But not so the Marines and Navy files. Displaying a spirit and courage and utter disregard to personal interests seldom duplicated by any individual, group or organization, these men whom any one can proudly call real Americans, worked frantically, day and night, for days on end, rescuing the injured, the majority of whom were trapped in falling buildings which continued to collapse at short intervals and further endangered the rescuers. There was a detail formed to evacuate the families of these men, but their belongings were left to the fire, and other hazards.

When the state of affairs quickly recuperated and matters assumed a near normal course, some sixty odd members of the naval service submitted claims for reimbursement for the losses sustained in their personal effects. Many were direly distressed by the loss of every earthly possession, plus the necessity of replacing clothing and household effects to relieve their families of further hardship. To some the loss could never be replaced—members of their family succumbed. To state that they were entitled to immediate



Taken from Top of Great Pagoda, Soochow

relief from material losses is putting it lightly.

The Navy Department and Marine Corps Headquarters gave these claims immediate action and promptly secured a sponsor to introduce a bill in Congress. Here it was to run the gauntlet of disinterest, misinformed legislators and many other obstacles. Time and again we read press reports of favorable action. Mirages, nothing more, were these. They added to our (your correspondent was included) suffering; like tantalizing dumb beasts or dangling a bone just out of the dog's reach. On one occasion the bill got so far as to come up for vote in the House of Representatives, after many months' delay on the private calendar, only to be shelved again by the objection committee.

It is not necessary to say that many of us begged, pleaded and demanded of the representatives from our home states that the bill be brought up for a vote, regardless of the action it might receive. However, it seems that something more was needed.

Finally, in desperation, Colonel James J. Meade, then the Officer in Charge of Recruiting, was approached and asked to champion our cause. That was in 1935, about mid-summer. True to his reputation, he promptly demonstrated his tact and that something that few leaders seem to have. Enlisting, or should I say recruiting—for he was then the Chief of all Marine recruiters—the further aid of the late Colonel Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of Navy, and Major John W. Thomason, Aide to the Secretary of Navy, he went to work. It would be a long and dry story to repeat here the fight enacted, the great interest and unfailing initiative of these three real champions of our cause. When a committee was about to hand out an unfavorable report, or more important legislation almost shelved the bill, Colonel Meade knew the right line of attack and lost no time in using it. I would not say easily, nor smoothly, for once the bill almost was to lose the ground gained by its passage in the House. Colonels Meade and Roosevelt, and Major Thomason, knew and did that which was necessary to keep it afloat. However, in many instances it was kept in circulation by a margin so slight as to make me still nervous on reflection.

Several months later the ball game was over. Colonel Meade had knocked another home run, and the Colonel Roosevelt-Major Thomason combination made many assists. Early in the second session of the Seventy-Fourth Congress, our bill was passed, and after the usual routine had been gone through—FINAL SETTLEMENT in the form of Treasury checks was FINALLY ours. What a happy day, or days, for all. In our rejoicing, I am sure many toasts were offered to our three champions. Sad were we to receive the word of Colonel Roosevelt's passing away. Here our Nation, our Navy and our Corps has lost a great friend. To his posterity and to the remaining two officers, Colonel Meade and Major Thomason, not only our deep gratitude but that of our families whose relief was simultaneous. Lasting gratitude, and the eternal desire that some day, in some way, we may demonstrate to them our sincerity in this expression.

Without hope of public recognition or commendation, they demonstrated themselves to be truly great leaders; not only brave in leading us to fight public battles but also leading us in our personal struggles. Au revoir.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

May 9, 1936.

My dear Sergeant Blakley:

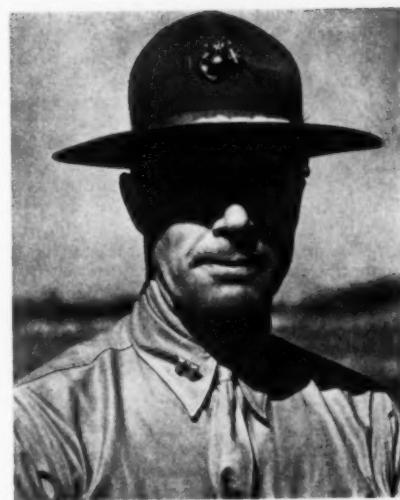
It is indeed a pleasure to congratulate you as the winner of the "President's Match" for 1935, fired during the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.

The winning of this match, in competition with seventeen hundred of the best riflemen in the country, is a splendid achievement and it is with real pleasure that I commend you, not only for your victory in the match, but for the high degree of skill in marksmanship which you have attained.

Very sincerely yours,

/S/ FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Gunner Sergeant John Blakley,  
United States Marine Corps,  
Marine Barracks,  
Quantico, Virginia.



Capt. W. J. Whaling, Winner of the Marine Corps Pistol Match, Quantico

## THE ANNUAL RIFLE AND PISTOL MATCHES OF THE MARINE CORPS AT QUANTICO

DURING the first two weeks of May the high-powered shooters of the Corps poured into Quantico from navy yards and posts all over the United States. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Portsmouth, Virginia, sent their quotas, as did historic Boston Navy Yard, the boot training station at Parris Island, South Carolina, the Naval Air Station at Pensacola and the "Big time" Navy Yard at Brooklyn, New York. From the west coast came the winners of this year's division matches at San Diego, and from China came the winners of last year's matches at Peiping. All participants were keyed up to a high pitch of shooting proficiency for the ten days of individual and team competition which were to begin on May 18th.

These annual competitions, probably more than any other factor in the training of riflemen, have brought rifle and pistol marksmanship in the Marine Corps to an extraordinary peak of efficiency. The young boot first strives valiantly for the seemingly impossible score which will entitle him to be rated as an expert rifleman. As his eye becomes keener, his muscles harder and his nerves calmer, he becomes a rifle enthusiast (or perhaps he leans toward pistol shooting), and he enters his first match of competitive shooting. A divisional medal spurs his interest further and he strives to be included in the quota of men who will represent his Post in the Marine Corps Matches at Quantico, the "big time" match of the Corps. He may be chosen as a member of the Elliott Trophy Team, composed of four shooting members. The Elliott Trophy Match is one of the features of the Quantico fiesta, a team representing each Post which has an authorized strength of fifty men or more. If he wins a medal in the Marine Corps Match he now has two "legs," as he calls each additional medal, on a Distinguished Marksman's Badge, the highest award for rifle marksmanship in the armed services of the United States. As a distinguished marksman the former "boot" is literally a "big shot" in the shooting game.

Now, to get along with our story. The matches started on Monday, May 18, with the preliminary firing for the Eastern Division Rifle Competition. Firing was over the National Match course, as is customary in competitive firing. This consists of slow fire at 200, 600 and 1,000 yards, and rapid fire at 200 and 300 yards. The Divisional Rifle and Pistol Matches continued until May 22, when the Marine Corps Matches were initiated. These continued through Wednesday, the 27th. On the 28th, the Elliott Trophy Team got into action, firing once over the National Match Course.

Lieutenant David S. McDougal, U.S.M.C., son of the Commanding General of the Fleet Marine Force, Brigadier General D. C. McDougal, U.S.M.C., won the Eastern Division match with a score of 568. He led the field throughout the match, and made 98 each day at 1,000 yards.

In the Marine Corps rifle competition, Corporal Robert E. Schneeman, U.S.M.C., won first gold medal with a score of 561. Schneeman, with a score of 532 in the Marine Corps pistol competition, also walked off with the Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded annually to the competitor in the Marine Corps matches who has the highest aggregate score with both the rifle and pistol.

Captain William J. (Bill) Whaling was high in the Division Pistol Match. As he is a distinguished pistol shot, first gold went to Lieutenant McDougal, with a score of 526. In the Marine Corps Pistol Match, Captain Whaling again topped the field, equaling his previous score of 535. Lieutenants McDougal and Shiebler both won gold medals, as well as Corporal A. N. Moore, who comes from the west coast.

Seventeen teams competed for the Elliott Trophy on May 28th. The Fleet Marine Force Team from Quantico walked away with the bacon (a medal for each shooting member) with an aggregate score of 1,067. The team from the Marine Barracks at Quantico was runner-up with a score of 1,052.

The Harold F. Wigman Trophy, awarded annually to the team competing in the Elliott Trophy Match from a Post with an authorized complement of 300 men or less, which has the highest score, went to the team from the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, composed of Lieutenants Stamm and Moss, Sergeant Johnson and Corporal Barrier.

The box scores for all matches follow:

#### EASTERN DIVISION RIFLE MATCHES

Standing	Rank, Name and Location	Aggregate Score	Medal
1-A	2nd Lt. David S. McDougal, FMF, Quantico	568	Dist.—none
1	Pfc. Wilbur B. Slack, Guantanamo Bay	556	Gold
2	Pvt. Mark A. Pope, MB, Quantico	556	Gold
3-A	Sgt. William A. Easterling, MB, Quantico	555	Dist.—none
3-B	Cpl. Emmett W. Orr, MB, Washington, D. C.	554	Dist.—none
3	Cpl. Thurman E. Barrier, Portsmouth, N. H.	553	Gold
4-A	Gy-Sgt. John Blakley, MB, Quantico	552	Dist.—none
4-B	Gy-Sgt. Oliver A. Guilmel, Philadelphia, Pa.	551	Dist.—none
4	Cpl. Alvin E. Johnson, MB, Quantico	550	Silver
5-A	Sgt. Steve Disco, Newport, R. I.	550	Dist.—none
5	Cpl. Edward S. Stallknecht, FMF, Quantico	549	Silver
6-A	Cpl. George T. Philpott, FMF, Quantico	549	Dist.—none
6	Cpl. Norman R. Clark, FMF, Quantico	547	Silver
7	Pvt. Albert A. Romano, New York, N. Y.	547	Silver
8	Sgt. John Pluge, MB, Quantico, Va.	547	Silver
9	Cpl. Robert E. Schneeman, Philadelphia, Pa.	547	Silver
10-A	Sgt. Claud A. Mudd, FMF, Quantico	546	Dist.—none
10	Cpl. Henry B. Einstein, FMF, Quantico	546	Bronze
11-A	Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, FMF, Quantico	545	Dist.—none
11	Pfc. John J. Reese, Portsmouth, Va.	545	Bronze
12	Cpl. John E. Heath, Boston, Mass.	545	Bronze
13-A	Sgt. Richard B. McMahan, MB, Washington, D. C.	544	Dist.—none
13	Sgt. Dorn E. Arnold, FMF, Quantico, Va.	544	Bronze
14-A	Cpl. John L. Richardson, MB, Washington, D. C.	542	Dist.—none
14-B	2nd Lt. Elmer T. Dorsey, FMF, Quantico, Va.	542	Dist.—none
Off.		542	Dist.—none
14-C	Sgt. Hascal Ler. Ewton, MB, Quantico	542	Bronze
14	Pfc. David Crews, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba	541	Bronze
15-A	Pfc. Sofus Pederson, Guantanamo Bay	541	Dist.—none
15	Pfc. Donald R. Rusk, Nyd., Washington, D. C.	541	Bronze
16	Pfc. Martin Morehead, MB, Quantico, Va.	541	Bronze
17	Pvt. Madison E. Humphrey, FMF, Quantico, Va.	541	Bronze
18	Sgt. Marion W. Trees, FMF, Quantico, Va.	540	Bronze

#### EASTERN DIVISION PISTOL MATCHES

Dist.	Capt. Wm. J. Whaling, MB, Quantico	535	None
1-A	2nd Lt. David S. McDougal, FMF, Quantico	526	Gold
Dist.	Cpl. Thurman E. Barrier, Portsmouth, N. H.	523	None
1	Cpl. John E. Heath, Boston, Mass.	522	Gold
Dist.	Pvt. Mark A. Pope, MB, Quantico	518	None
Dist.	Sgt. Richard B. McMahan, MB, Washington, D. C.	510	None
Dist.	Cpl. Norman R. Clark, FMF, Quantico	510	None
2	Cpl. Rovert E. Schneeman, Philadelphia, Pa.	506	Silver
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. John Blakley, MB, Quantico	502	None
3-A	1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, Portsmouth, Va.	502	Silver
3	Gy-Sgt. Oliver A. Guilmel, Philadelphia	502	Silver
4	Cpl. Steven A. Custer, MB, Quantico	501	Bronze
5	Pfc. Wilbur B. Slack, Guantanamo, Cuba	501	Bronze
Dist.	Cpl. Carl Ulrich, MB, Quantico	497	None
Dist.	Sgt. Edward C. Seeser, Portsmouth, N. H.	496	None
6	Cpl. Walter R. Dempsey, FMF, Quantico	495	Bronze
7	Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, FMF, Quantico	495	Bronze
8-A	Mar. Gunr. Wm. A. Lee, FMF, Quantico, Va.	495	Bronze
Dist.	Pvt. John G. Jones, Boston, Mass.	494	None
8-B	Cpl. Victor F. Brown, Asiatic	493	Bronze (extra)
8-C	1st Lt. August Larson, MB, Quantico	492	Bronze
8	Sgt. Lee D. Mathes, FMF, Quantico	490	Bronze

(Continued on page 54)



R. E. Schneeman, High Scorer in the Marine Corps and Lauchheimer Rifle Matches, scoring 561 out of 600



#### Smedley Butler, Jr., Saved from Drowning

Washington, D. C., May 29.—Smedley Butler, Jr., 22-year-old son of the former Marine Corps general, and two companions were rescued yesterday when Butler's 18-foot sailboat overturned in Washington Channel.

#### American Killed in Managua

Managua, Nicaragua, May 29.—A. B. Downing, an officer of the Central American Power Company and U. P. correspondent here, was shot and killed by Adan Talavera, a cattle buyer, allegedly as the result of an argument over an electric light bill. Many Marines who served in Managua will recall Mr. Downing.

#### Antarctic Marines Decorated

A Navy Cross Star, to be worn with the Navy Cross awarded in 1930, was the reward to Marine Gunner Victor H. Czegka, and to Sergeant Alphonse Carbone went a Navy Cross, for distinguished service with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition 11, 1930-35.

#### Band Treks West

Washington, D. C., June 4.—The United States Marine Band, seventy-four strong, today cleared for the Lone Star State to participate in the Texas Centennial.

#### Trophy Announced

Washington, D. C., May 3.—The Rear Admiral William A. Moffett Memorial Trophy will be awarded annually to the battleship or cruiser-based aviation unit which conducts its operations throughout the year with the maximum of safety, the Navy Department announced.

(Continued on page 52)

# SPORTS

## MAJOR MILLER BRINGS TITLE BOUT TO WASHINGTON

By Joe E. Sawyer

**F**Ollowing his sensational win over Freddie Miller, Petey Sarron, wind-milling Syrian punchologist from Birmingham, Alabama, is now featherweight champion of the world.

But for the foresight, ingenuity and tenacity of a Fleet Marine Corps Reserve officer, Petey would not now be champion. Sarron knows that and appreciates it thoroughly.

Mr. Edward C. Foster, Executive head of the National Boxing Association, covering 39 states of the Union and some eight or nine foreign countries, remarked after the Miller-Sarron fight, Washington's first title go, "That was the cleanest and most smoothly conducted major boxing contest I have witnessed in over thirty-five years of contact



Pete Sarron  
But for a Marine Reserve Officer he would not be World's Featherweight Champion.

with the game." That again was, unconsciously, a tribute to the Marine Corps and its training.

Major Harvey L. Miller, commanding the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, is Secretary of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission. He's well fitted for the job. Up from the days when as "Heinie" Miller, he held two fleet titles and one interservice championship, he was kept close to boxing as referee, matchmaker, promoter, sports editor on two large metropolitan dailies and, finally, as Secretary to the District Boxing Commission.

Each year he gets a chance to make one match, that for the Metropolitan Police Boys' Clubs, a most worthy charity in the interests of underprivileged youngsters and sponsoring a series of neighborhood clubs and gyms to keep the kids off the streets and to cause them to consider the policemen as their pals, rather than their enemies.

Boxing in Washington, legalized, is but two years old. Major Miller has harbored

what almost amounted to an obsession toward landing a world's title fight for Washington—to make it a big league fight center.

Pete Sarron was a great local card. He happened to be a featherweight. So the world's featherweight champion was needed. In order to land him, a \$10,000 guarantee was needed. For Washington

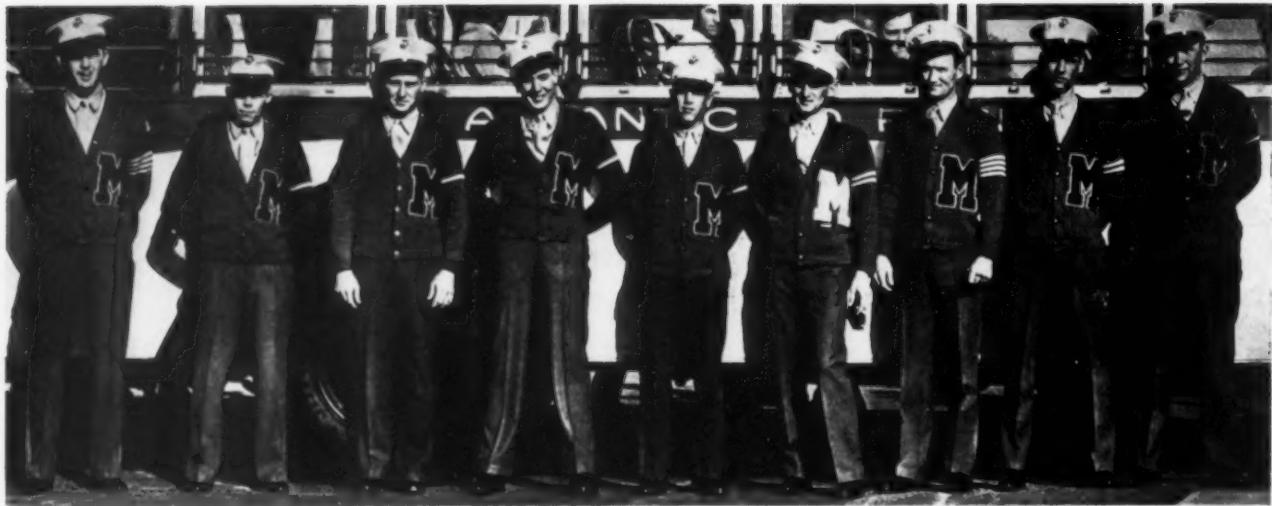
that was big money and Miller was almost alone in arguing that, for a title holder, that was not big money. The committee finally capitulated and the fight was on, but only after eighteen long months of consistent plugging that started with Mgr. Miller's first cable to England to land the champion, Freddie Miller.

Then followed the two months build up of daily newspaper stories covering 175 newspapers and numerous radio stations. The work of matching attractive preliminaries, of arranging to handle a record crowd and seeing to it that the ringside in all its numerous details ran smoothly. Major Miller did these jobs with little help. The ringside ran with but four men handling the job. It went off smoothly

### "MAJOR" ENGAGEMENT

By Jim Berryman  
*Washington Evening Star*





MARINES LEAVING THE MARINE CORPS BASE TO TAKE PART IN THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT DENVER

Reading left to right: Cpl. Jean H. Neil (captain), Cpl. John "W" Kenton, Pvt. Lester Reynolds, Pvt. Hal Lindfelt, 1st Lt. Walfred H. Fromhold (coach), Pfc. Steve Bakalarz, Sgt. Donald M. Beeson, Pfc. William Tabert, Cpl. Aubra Lock.

and without a single interruption or error. The preliminaries were hummers. The main fight was a whang. The title changed hands after a great battle and it suddenly dawned on the Washington sports colony that all this had not "just happened" but, rather, that it took place after the most careful sort of planning and organizing. The hundred and one stooges that fall all over each other at the average big fight were not at hand. "Marines have a way of clicking without stooges."

Once the fight got underway, with no necessity for steaming and fuming around after unforeseen details. Major Miller sat at the mike and broadcast the bout nationally. He never got up from that seat until the show was over. It was not necessary to do so.

The gate drew \$32,000 at prices ranging from a \$5.50 ringside seat to \$1.00 in the cheaper sections. That's bringing a title fight within reach of every fellow's wallet.

Little Pete Sarron appreciates that but for the stick-to-it-iveness of a Marine Reserve officer he'd not be world's champion. Washington is giving credit to the same fellow for bringing the Capital City its first title fight and, as to the smoothness with which this big event ran off, I'm with the ringside roughneck who summed it up with, "Aw the Marines *learn 'em that way!*"

### 1935-1936 BASKETBALL TEAM

Marine Corps Base, San Diego

**H**RECORD of thirty-one wins and three losses for the entire season—the three losses to the U. S. Olympic Champions (Universal All-Stars); the National Y.M.C.A. Champions (Denver Safeways); and the San Diego State College quintet—a team which was defeated by the Marines only the night before this amazing upset.

The team won the Eleventh Naval District Championship for the tenth consecutive year; won a series of games for the mythical All-Navy Challenge Cup from the USS *Tennessee*, U. S. Fleet Champions; placed third in the National Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. free throw contest; defeated all the leading college and inde-

pendent teams in the San Diego Area and won the Southern Pacific A.A.U. playoff by completely outclassing the Joe E. Brown team of Los Angeles—a team composed of ex-University of Southern California and Stanford stars. However, this title was set aside by an A.A.U. ruling on the ineligibility of the Los Angeles team.

As a climax to the season San Diego Marines entered the National A.A.U. Tournament at Denver, Colorado. A smashing first round victory over Oberlin, Kansas (District A.A.U. Champions), brought for the Marines the publicity classification as one of the outstanding teams of first round play. This was shortlived, however, for the Denver Safeways team defeated the Marines in the second round—this aggregation was led by a six-foot-nine-inch center and their height proved to be the deciding factor of the game.

The team average per game for the season was 52 points. Their opponents average was 25 points.

### Volleyball

A team from the Second Battalion, Tenth Marines, Fleet Marine Force, consisting of 1st Sgt. Lee Moherly, Coach and Manager; Sgt. H. M. Ferrell; Cpl. H. M. Barton; Cpl. J. H. Neil; Pfc. J. P. Franklin; Pfc. M. D. Hill; Pvt. J. H. Blacketer; Pvt. R. W. Griffin; and Pvt. L. C. Smith, entered the 11th Naval District Annual Volleyball Tournament and made a clean sweep of all teams entered.

They successfully defeated teams from the Sixth Marines, Aircraft Two, U. S. Naval Hospital, Fort Rosecrans and two Naval Reserve aggregations.

On 29 May they were presented with the team trophy and individual medals, at the weekly sunset parade. Presentation was made by Gen. D. C. McDougal, Commanding the Base and Fleet Marine Force.

### Tennis

During the month of May the Individual Singles Championships, 11th Naval District, with classes for both officers and enlisted men were conducted on the North Park Recreation Courts. Marine players gave a very good account of themselves. First Lt. P. M. Rixey walked away with the officers' singles. At a later date he is to be presented with a trophy.

First Sergeant Moberly and Sergeant Beeson, both of the Second Battalion, Tenth Marines, reached the semi-finals in the enlisted doubles class. Both of them losing after hard-fought matches against two seeded players attached to the Naval Reserve.

### Field Meet

A Field Meet in which teams were entered from every company in the Base was held the latter part of May. Music was furnished by the Base Band and when the Meet ended liberty call sounded for all personnel.

There were some two dozen events and all hands were most enthusiastic. Cash prizes were awarded.

Following is a list of events with winners in each:

Tent Pitching Contest: Privates Decker and Kennedy, 2nd Bn, 10th Marines.

Equipment Race: Private Latzka, 1st Bn, 6th Marines.

Automatic Rifle Race: Private Gore, 2nd Bn, 6th Marines.

Machine Gun Race: 2d Squad, 1st Platoon, Company D, 1st Battalion, 6th Marines.

Howitzer Race: Battery "E," 10th Marines (12-man team, captained by Sergeant Tidymann).

Radio Race: Privates Frederico, Storr and Abernathy, 1st Bn, 6th Marines.

Panel Race: Privates Holland and McCullough, 1st Bn, 6th Marines.

Visual Signal Race: Privates Reed and McDonough, 2nd Bn, 6th Marines.

Grenade Throw: Sergeant Gerard, 2nd Bn, 6th Marines.

Pie Eating Contest: Private Lombardi, Base Service Company.

Rooster Fight: Corporal Kleponis, Base Service Company.

Wall Sealing Contest: 2nd Bn, 6th Marines (8-man team, captained by Corporal Wood).

Bicycle Race: Private First Class Atchley, Base Service Company.

50-Yard Race (with full field equipment): Private First Class Smith, 2nd Bn, 6th Marines.

Three-Legged Race: Privates Spurr and Neher, 2nd Bn, 10th Marines.

Baseball Throw: Corporal Neil, 2nd Bn, 10th Marines.

(Continued on page 52)

# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## THIRD BATTALION IN BROOKLYN ENTERS SECOND YEAR WITH ACTIVE SCHEDULE

### CAMP PERIOD HIGHLY SATISFACTORY TO OFFICERS AND MEN; NATIONAL RIFLE MATCH TEAM PLANNED; BIG ATHLETIC SCHEDULE

RETURNING from its second tour of summer duty, at Sea Girt, N. J., Brooklyn's Third Battalion, commanded by Maj. B. S. Barron, FMCR, enters on a heavy schedule of armory training and extra activities. Principal among the planned work is the development of a crack rifle team to represent the Battalion in national and local competition. With the acquisition of Pfc. Lewis Norman McLeod, former Corps and national team shot, as a member of Headquarters Company, and with several other fine individual shots, the nucleus of a good team has been obtained. The assistance given the Battalion units by Sgt. Maj. Morris Fisher, USMCR, has resulted in improving greatly the general standing of the men of the organization, on the .22 and .30 cal. ranges.

The absence of any rifle range in the Brooklyn Navy Yard necessitated the Battalion commander and other officers making such arrangements as possible with National Guard and private ranges for the purpose of qualifying as many men as possible during the drill year, in preparation for the range at Sea Girt. Despite this handicap the Battalion did well on all ranges. Possibility of a good pistol team also looms high in the Third Battalion's plans.

Discussion as to the nature and possibility of extensive Fall maneuvers for the Battalion—a feature ever since the original Navy Yard Guard Detachment was formed five years ago—will begin shortly. Offers of a larger fleet of private power boats has been made by the South Shore Unit, U. S. Power Squadron, which provided thirty-four fine cabin cruisers for the Battalion's land-sea-air maneuvers last Fall, on Long Island. The Battalion Commander will consult with regular Corps officers in charge of Reserve activities as to permission and planning for such maneuvers. It has been found that these activities, participated in by the officers and men at their own expense every year, have kept a high morale and interest within the organization, as well as serving to stimulate any recruiting found necessary.

The Battalion having been the first in the country to complete its authorized strength, a long waiting list of candidates for enlistment has been compiled, and men are considered only as others are transferred to other parts of the country or discharged and not re-enlisted. The Battalion has had an unusually low turnover in this respect, and the fact that many men are waiting to step into any vacancy keeps the

attendance record of the regular personnel at a high point.

Lt. John V. V. Veeder, FMCR, formerly company officer with A Company (Capt. John J. Dolan commanding) has been transferred from the Battalion due to his being sent to England on business for a three-year period. The vacancy created by Lieutenant Veeder's departure will be filled at a later date. Lt. A. J. Stone, Jr., company officer of D. Company (Capt. M. V. O'Connell commanding) attended his first reserve training camp at Sea Girt this summer. Other officers attending their first camp as members of the Third Battalion included Lts. Monroe Gill, Q Company (Capt. Howard W. Houck commanding) and Lt. Alfred Stewart, who performed the duties of Battalion Mess Officer at the Sea Girt tour of duty.

Presentation of the certificates of award to the non-commissioned officers and men who were selected by their comrades for the David Barron Memorial, and the Rose Barron Memorial plaques was a feature of camp exercises of the Battalion. The plaques, handsome silver and mahogany tablets, were presented to the Battalion by Major Barron in memory of his father and mother, both recently deceased, who were vitally interested in the formation and work of the reserve unit at the Navy Yard. One non-com and one private is selected each drill year by their commanders as being the outstanding men and soldiers in their respective units, and the names inscribed on the plaque. The tablets have spaces for ten years' selections, and each man is given a certificate denoting that he has been chosen.

Those whose names are inscribed on the David Barron Memorial (for non-coms only) were: Sgt. Maj. Wm. T. Smith, Hdqtrs. Co.; Cpl. J. Slattery, A Co.; Sgt. Frederick Renke, B Co.; Gy-Sgt. G. Loiso, C Co.; and Sgt. Edward G. Anderson, D Co. The privates selected for the Rose Barron Memorial were: Pfc. J. Gallagher, Hdqtrs. Co.; Private Kopecky, A Co.; Pfc. Stephen O'Reilly, B Co.; Pvt. Thomas H. Hayes, C Co.; and Pfc. William Brenner of D Co.

(Note: Announcement of the winner of the Daughters of 1812 Honor Medal, the Capt. A. J. Cincotta Medal, and the Col. Gerard M. Kincaide Efficiency Trophy, all decided at Sea Girt, will be given in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK following the final tabulation of points and award, not completed when this was written.)

With the opening of the new fiscal year,

the plans for extra activities also proceeds, with emphasis on the athletic schedule. The basketball team, which has set a splendid record for the past three seasons, will be augmented by several new candidates with college or club experience on the court, and the possibility of an all-military league being formed to include the several National Guard teams that annually play the Reserves, is under consideration. The boxing team and other athletic units also will get under way toward the end of the hot summer months.

The new system of a monthly Battalion Officers' School to take the place of correspondence courses is meeting with high favor among the Battalion officers as it provides an opportunity for class work and discussion with the Battalion Inspector-instructor on many points which might not otherwise be made clear in the correspondence work. Non-commissioned officers' school also proceeds with regularity, and several men in the Battalion are studying with a view toward the possibility of commissioned rank, or appointment to either the Naval Academy or the Platoon Leaders' Class next summer.

A busy social program also is being discussed, with dinner dances and other company and Battalion functions under consideration. The officers and men of the Third have extended an open invitation to officers and men of other Reserve organizations to visit their building during the drill year and to engage in athletic, rifle and other competition with the Battalion or company teams.

#### CAMP SITES

Training sites for Marine Corps Reserve Battalions for annual training this year will be located at the following points: New Jersey State Camp Grounds, Sea Girt, New Jersey; Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Chicago, Illinois; Camp Beauregarde, Alexandria, Louisiana; Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Bremerton, Washington; Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia; Marine Barracks, Mare Island, California; Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, California, and Camp Ritchie, Maryland.

#### NEWS FROM CHICAGO

"B" Co. 9th Bn. FMCR

By The Eye

Well once more the old typewriter is pounding out its message to all Marines. Some of them may recognize names in this item and others may recognize faces on some of the pictures. Don't be afraid to wire, write, or call us at any time. We always are glad to hear from any old buddies and will answer all correspondence received.

When this issue comes off the press the boys of this command will only have a few days left before they shove off for the summer encampment at Great Lakes, Ill. It looks like a banner year at camp this year. Everybody is anxiously awaiting the cruise with the Naval Reserve where Landing Force problems will hold forth. This will be the first time that "B" Company has had that opportunity and it sure will be remembered for a long time. At the present writing the men from this command are going out to Ft. Sheridan on Sundays for their preliminary firing on the Cal. .30 rifle.

A few weeks ago a Company smoker was held in the Armory after drill and was honored by the presence of Major Keller and our new Bn Adjutant, First Lieutenant Krempe. Lieutenant Krempe gave the boys a nice little talk and moving pictures of Camp Ben Fuller taken by Major Keller during the last two summer encampments were shown. Sandwiches were made by Corporal Kipp; beer was furnished by First Sergeant Meitzel; and Private First Class Scheffler was the man who got the cash from the boys by various means and ways (The members all chipped in for this party and our skipper furnished a few reels of comedy films). A grand time was had by all that were present that evening, anyway after the party was all over the sandwiches were all gone, the potato chips were no more and the beer that was left over couldn't drown a fly. We all hope that more of these parties are forthcoming this winter.

At this time the members of this command wish to welcome into the fold our new Company Officer, 1st Lt. Donald Kurz. We know that he will help build our company up to a new high level and all the men are behind him 100 per cent. We hope that he takes to the men of the company as well as they have taken to him.

What has happened lately to the Four Horsemen? Have they forgotten their old haunts? They seem to have been slightly negligent in their Tuesday night rendezvous. What has been the cause of this and why? The Eye would appreciate any light that any one of the members can throw on this subject.

You know, it gets pretty hard trying to think up news every month for this column and the EYE would appreciate the cooperation of the various members of this command to the extent that if they have any choice bit of gossip that they would like to see in print, to turn same over to Corporal Kipp and he will see that it is delivered to the proper hands for publications. With so much happening in a big city like Chicago we should have more news for the next edition (Providing the Editors don't scrap it). Well, so long until next issue.

#### COMPANY "B"—8TH BATTALION Detroit, Michigan

The Federal Inspection held 14 April by Major Walker was very much a success and the attendance for the drill was 100 per cent. Commendation must be handed to the recruits of the outfit, they stood the inspection like veterans of the old school and really looked the part, too. The Company would do any Commander proud and I'm sure ours was.

We are getting a break in firing the service rifle for record this year. Orders have been received to fire for record on our home course, this is to extend the days for training at camp and I'm sure we will all take the advantage of firing on familiar ground.

Familiarity of the course means a great deal in any rifeman's score. Our aim is a 100 per cent qualified Company in camp this year and if aim means anything to this outfit that will be our boast when we hit Great Lakes.

Everyone is looking forward to that week of sea-going. I understand we are to storm the western shores of Michigan. I'm hoping the water isn't as cold as it was last year, if so, I'd advise several pairs of dry socks in that heavy marching order. This is going to be new to most men but at the same time it is different and very educational. Landing force is the detail handed to the Marine serving aboard ship, for this reason, I for one am glad to see this is on our schedule this year.

At times it is difficult to prepare an interesting write up because of the few drills we attend monthly but a very timely suggestion was received recently. Each month in the future we will give the service record of one of our old timers and list the places of interest that he has seen or in



TOP SHOOTERS

Sergeant La Bonte and Sergeant Stone,  
Co. B, 9th Bn, FMCR

which he has served. We'll start the list with Pfc. John Winterhalter, who has been in service since 8 August, 1918, at which time he enlisted in the Navy and sailed the high seas, serving aboard the USS *Maui*, USS *Lake Druaga* and ashore at Bordeaux, France, where he tells me things were very interesting. After four years as a sailor, Jack enlisted in the Marine Corps in August, 1923, and served in the regulars at Parris Island, S. C., Quantico, Va., Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and Port au Prince, Haiti, being discharged at Quantico in August, 1927. Of this cruise he says he remembers Port au Prince, Haiti, the best. I can verify that any man ever serving there will never forget it.

From the regulars John enlisted in the Reserve Company of which he is now an active member. He is very jolly and full of fun and, at present, is the Captain's Orderly at the Armory. Willing to help anyone, at any time, and delights in seeing the new recruit make a showing. I'm sure the entire Company will stand with me in wishing Private First Class Winterhalter many more enjoyable years of service.

The rifle team is doing some very good shooting and I'm told are looking for matches and they bar none. Send your bids to Private Pukalo in care of this Company.

#### ELEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR Seattle, Wash.

From 'way out west where men are Marines and the women know how to press shirts according to regulations, the Eleventh Battalion of Seattle and Aberdeen, Washington, sends greetings.

By the time this appears in print the battalion will be home from camp with a brand new stock of stories which will invariably start with, "—and if I hadn't been gyped on that last shot I'd have made expert."

As it is being written, though, the outfit is busily getting ready for camp. The blank details are getting as much blanko on themselves as they are on the web equipment, the non-coms are thumbing through training regulations and the musicians are perfecting Mess Call.

For the first year in some time, all battalion officers will go to camp and the three rifle companies of the organization will be at full strength.

Being superstitious, we won't predict at this time just what kind of performance the Eleventh will put on at camp, but judging by previous camps, it will be good. We won't predict just how good.

Now for the news of the past month or so:

Lt. John Jarvis of Company C took his life in his hands and got married June 4, and then had nerve enough to decide to go to camp on June 13. The funny thing about it was that his wife thought his going to camp was a fine idea, but having heard about Marines for a long time, she decided to stay somewhere in the vicinity and keep an eye on her lord and master.

Second Lt. Burton Adams, VMCR, has been assigned to the battalion for instruction and training.

Our rifle and pistol coach, Winfree (Lon) Chaney, was a platoon sergeant four days and some hours. Now he's a first sergeant. We're glad he got the promotion and hope that headquarters doesn't decide to move him away from here.

Another reservist comes through and proves that he's a student. Supply Sgt. Clarence F. Heister recently completed the General Radio Course of the Marine Corps Institute.

Howard Atwood of Company A got himself a promotion and a Marine Corps School's diploma at almost the same time. He completed the Basic Course and was shortly promoted to sergeant.

Capt. Frank Armstead, USMC, who came here only a short while ago as inspector-instructor, is now district recruiting officer, but he still drops around to help the troops out of their difficulties.

That's all for this time! We'll be writing—and telling you now we made out at camp.

#### 5TH BATTALION TO TRAIN AT CAMP RITCHIE

For the 1936 field training schedule, 16 to 30 August, 1936, the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, basing in Washington, D. C., will go to Camp Ritchie, Maryland. This marks a departure from precedent, as this battalion usually trains at Quantico. Since 1929 the Districts of Columbia Reservists have trained at Quantico with the exception of 1931 and 1932 when the site at Virginia Beach was used.

The assignment to Camp Ritchie came as a result of an invitation extended by Maj. Gen. Milton A. Reckord, Adjutant General of the State of Maryland.

Camp Ritchie is a National Guard site also used for training rifle teams. The U. S. Coast Guard team trained there prior to firing in the National Matches at Camp Perry.

Camp Ritchie is located at Blue Ridge Summit, high in the mountains on the Pennsylvania-Maryland border.

The various camp buildings are of heavy stone and the tent decks are of poured concrete. The company streets are terraced uphill. There is a massive parade ground flanked on one side by the various administrative buildings and the camp area, and on the other by a large fresh water mountain lake. The lake is part of the military reservation.

The rifle and pistol ranges immediately adjoin the parade ground as does also the combat area for bush, trench and open warfare.

The Fifth Battalion intends to take its full strength to camp consisting of 516 in seven rifle companies and one headquarters company which includes the Battalion Band and a U. S. Marine Corps medical detachment.

Six former members of the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, will enter the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis this year. Four of these, John E. Lacouture, John T. Straker, Charles Abert and Raymond J. Koschlick were among the first twenty-five in competitive examinations held recently in which 215 aspirants participated. Alfred B. Hebeison and John A. Heagy, Jr., will enter through Congressional appointments. The nine members of the Fifth Battalion taking part in the competitive examinations all passed but the four mentioned were in the select twenty-five. 112 passed out of 215.

#### COMPANY "A" First Battalion, Sixth Marines By Two Bits

Hike Notes: How come Corporal Roller absentedmindedly "deposited" his pack by the roadside during the rest period? Hiking without one is such a comfort was his only regret, tsk, tsk, Willie. And Robert N. Smith tried the same thing with his trusty "tummy." Ain't love grand????

When chow time arrived we were amazed at our corner-bunker. Carl H. D., who was able to get his "seconds" into the recesses of his shirt before the rest of us could claim "firsts." Age is no barrier to this youngster and Two Bits shan't advertise your system, Carl.

Then there was Woodfin who demonstrated a new way for the young Marines to wear their leggings. Comfortable perhaps, but so unbecoming. Ever try a mustard jar top sandwich? It's something new our waitresses invented. Very original but hard for the teeth to clamp upon. Overholtzer and his platoon sergeant just couldn't see the joke. Double R. Harris, a very energetic company runner who gained his experience with the Base football team last year, performed his running via motorcycle sidecar during the recent maneuver.

Trumpeter First Class Prouty is our man-about-town, or used to be. He disapproves the theory that flesh is stronger than the mind. Very obligingly he sounds Liberty Call for others only, however, he may condescend to accompany one as far as the gate but no further. And his upper lip shadow is now quite noticeable.

"Bob" Marvin asked for and received some special work about the barracks, so he's been appointed official interior deco-



Annual Dinner Dance, Co. C, 3rd Battalion, FMCR, May 30, 1936

rator, commonly known as painter. He too, has lost all his love for the soft lights of the exposition. Frank Shields drafted himself with suitable rank to a job amongst the wash bowls. Liberty for him exists only as a word in the dictionary.

I smell orange blossoms, the odor is most persistent in the vicinity of the company property room. Here's congratulations if and when the enlistment for life takes place.

It is customary to address Herb as Corporal Sennwald now and Jason Little likewise. Freeman E. Wilkins and "Jimmy" Williams are now rated as one-third sergeants. Like bananas, promotions come in bunches. Congrats.

Sgt. William Wallace requested something very unusual during our close order drill—asked for time out because occupants of his domicile make it a habit of using his drill shoes as a receptacle for old razor blades. Said time out was for the purpose of removing objectionable blades from their 9-EE resting place.

In a recent Field Meet in which the entire Base and Fleet Marine Force took part, this company entered contestants in all of the two dozen events. Official awards were made for first places only. Entries from Company "A" took two prizes—the Equipment Race and the Six-man relay race. The Company placed second in four events and third in four events. Their efforts were rewarded by a company cash purse of fifteen dollars for the following events and places respectively:

Wall Sealing, 2nd Place. Time 20.5 seconds. Corporal Cameron with Privates Black, Smith, Petro, Ball, Dawkins, Ferguson and Zimmerman.

Assembling Auto Rifle, 2nd Place. Private Fineo.

Shoe Race, 2nd Place. Private Woodfin. Shelter Tent Pitching, 3rd Place. Privates Dorgan and Sullivan.

Panel Race, 3rd Place. Privates Wilkins and Longino.

Heavy Marching Order Race, 3rd Place. Corporal Johnston.

And lest I forget, the Base Band furnished music during the Meet. They didn't win anything, and what's more could not see any of the laugh provoking events which no doubt will be enumerated in detail by someone elsewhere in this issue.

#### THIRTEENTH BATTALION, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Los Angeles, California  
By Donald A. Morrison

This Battalion held a field maneuver and problem on Sunday, May 31st, near the Santa Anita race track, which in the eyes of the enlisted men was quite a successful field workout. The aviation, VO Squadron 7 MR, from the Naval Reserve Aviation Base at Long Beach, California, furnished the air forces for the day representing both enemy and friendly planes during the course of the problem.

The most gratifying thing about the field problem was the turnout by the personnel of the battalion. In spite of the fact that turning out for the problem meant spoiling a double holiday week-end as far as social activities were concerned, the commissioned personnel turned out one hundred per cent strong and the enlisted men turned out well above seventy-five per cent, there being over one hundred and ninety men on the field.

Major Stent, the Inspector-Instructor, was there to watch us and told the writer after the problem was completed the battalion did very well during the whole course of the problem. We like compliments from our Inspector-Instructor.

The big social event of the past month was put on by Company "D" of Inglewood, California. A dance was held by that company on Thursday, May 14th, and from all reports that this correspondent has heard it was a highly successful party. The music was good and the crowd was representative of members of the battalion and their friends. The party was held at The Sons of Herman Hall in Los Angeles. Thanks go out to Gunnery Sergeant Stein, Corporals Card and Harrison of Company "D" for running a food show for us all. Stein probably still wants us all to know that there were no movie stars at the party.

Company "A" reports that attendance is now hitting on at least five and a half cylinders if not all six, for percentages went up to over ninety during May drills. The following promotions were recently made in "A" Company: Privates First Class Beach and Merrick were made corporals; Privates Cheshire, Evans, Ira Hodges, Klepl, and Leinow were made pri-

## BILL BOOT

By Patrick



vates, first class. For business reasons we lost two good men from "A" Company in the persons of Pfc. Francis N. Hart and Pvt. Roger H. White, who had to transfer to Class VI due to their inability to attend drills and work at the same time. Company "A" reports the following new enlistments in Privates Baker, Morales, Pleasant, Renteria, Walker, and Williams and welcomes them to the outfit with well wishes for a happy cruise with us.

Company "D" of Inglewood reports that Cpl. Sam Soper has been made sergeant, that John R. Dodge rejoined the company from Class VI and was appointed a corporal. On May 21st Company "D" gathered and surprised Cpl. Edsel Card with a birthday party which included a social get together, ice cream, cake, and presents for Corporal Card.

By the time this is read the 13th Battalion will either be on pins and needles waiting for the 5th of July to go to our annual training camp at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego or we shall have just arrived at San Diego. Our camp dates this year are July 5 to 19, inclusive. If every one brings enough underwear, *SOCKS*, shaving gear, toothpaste, toilet soap, laundry soap, and your khaki uniforms are in good shape (not to mention *SHOES*) you will have a grand time at camp and return a better man. But be sure to avoid blisters and sunburn.

The writer is still looking for help in making up news of the 13th Battalion, snaps of company activities from you snapshot hounds, and what have you from each company.

We shall see you in San Diego.

Tpr. Sgt. Oscar N. Weaver, USMC, has been instructed to report for duty at Sea Girt, N. J., with the 6th Battalion Band. The members of this band are well acquainted with Sergeant Weaver and have great faith in his ability as a drum major. Under his instruction we expect to surpass both the Quantico and San Diego bands and the Washington organization will have to step up to keep ahead of us also (Nothing like spreading it on thick while you are about it).

Those of you who may have been following up the article written about this battalion may have arrived at the conclusion that we are 100 per cent perfect and that we never make any mistakes. Of course it is good policy to put your best foot forward at the start but amusing incidents take place from time to time in this outfit as in any other. For the sake of avoiding embarrassment, names will be omitted but if the perpetrators of the following deeds read this they will readily recognize their own work.

At the recent launching of four Coast Guard cutters at the Navy Yard a certain member of the band showed up for the occasion with his uniform in a suitcase. Everything was O.K. until he went to don the uniform when he discovered the trousers were safely resting in another part of the city. After much chasing around an extra pair was found that would fit the musician.

A certain gunnery sergeant has been bemoaning the loss of a belt and pistol holster. According to his version the equipment was stolen from him, but recently the truth came to light. It seems this sergeant was explaining to his girl what a trick flower-vase holder the holster would make and she fell for the idea so hard that it was either a case of giving up the holster or the girl. Of course he chose the lesser of two evils. He could get another belt and holster but not another girl.

And the funniest part of all is that the above named parties are not "boots" either. We do have the usual thread-bare jokes of having the boys go out for ten yards of skirmish line and the likes but somebody must be tipping off the recruits recently for it is the old-timers that now have the laugh on them.

I suppose this will bring an avalanche of anecdotes about the band leader in your next issue for it is now common news that the band leader is THE LEATHERNECK correspondent for the Sixth Battalion. Yes, I can take it. But I am giving you a word of warning in advance. I have recently purchased a nice big book in which to record the events at Sea Girt and so I say, "Beware!"

## FAMILY AFFAIRS

Nine sets of brothers totalling nineteen men in one sixty-man company is the unique record of Capt. Ralph M. King's Company "F" of the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. Headquarters of the Company is located in Rockville, Maryland. Company "F" is one of eight companies of the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, the headquarters of which is located at 458 Indiana Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. Maj. Harvey L. Miller commands the Battalion.

Seven of the nine families are located in Rockville, one family resides in Forest Glen, Maryland, while the Brigham brothers reside in Bethesda and Derwood.

THE LEATHERNECK

According to Captain King, his company at one time held eleven sets of brothers but removal from the vicinity took two sets away.

Reunions of the nine families were held in the Rockville High School recently when the boys gathered.

The Lockhart brothers claim the most "rank" with James B. holding the rank of Corporal and Clarence P. the grade of a first class private. These boys hail from Forest Glen, Maryland. James B. Lockhart, the older brother, recently returned to Company "F" after serving about three years in the regular Marine Corps.

The odd man in the numerous sets is Douglas L. Cornwell, who followed his brothers, George T. and Norman W. into the ranks of the Marine Corps Reserve this year. The three "fighting" Cornwells live in Rockville and each of them has demonstrated his ability to take care of himself without any help from his brothers. The three of them banded together would constitute a large riot.

Next on the list come the Fisher brothers, James W. and Franklin E. James is a Corporal and has been with the Reserves since 1930. He is the old timer among all the brothers. Franklin enlisted in April, 1934.

We then turn to the Brighams, James W. and Lucian LeR. James is 23 years of age and brother Lucian is three years his junior. Lucian enlisted first and paved the way for his older brother. Both are Rockville residents.

Clifford A. Frank, 21 years of age and his brother Walter W., three years his junior, both also from Rockville enlisted in 1934 and 1936 respectively. When brother Clifford decided to join, Walter was not of age. However, he followed Clifford as soon as his age passed the required 17.

The Jones boys, Alton B. and Douglas T. are also from Rockville. Douglas is the eldest, being now twenty-three. Alton is twenty-one. These boys enlisted on the same day, 14 July, 1933 and this fact is also true in the case of the Sirk boys, Robert L. and Willis C., who raised their hands to the oath of enlistment on June 25, 1934. The Sarks claim Rockville as their home.

Francis J. Sullivan and his brother John A. make up another set of brothers to add to the unique record of this company. Both are from Rockville.

Last but not least we have the Maddox boys, James P. and John H. James entered the Reserves first to feel out the outfit in 1933 and on a favorable report from him John H. enlisted when he became of enlistment age the following year.

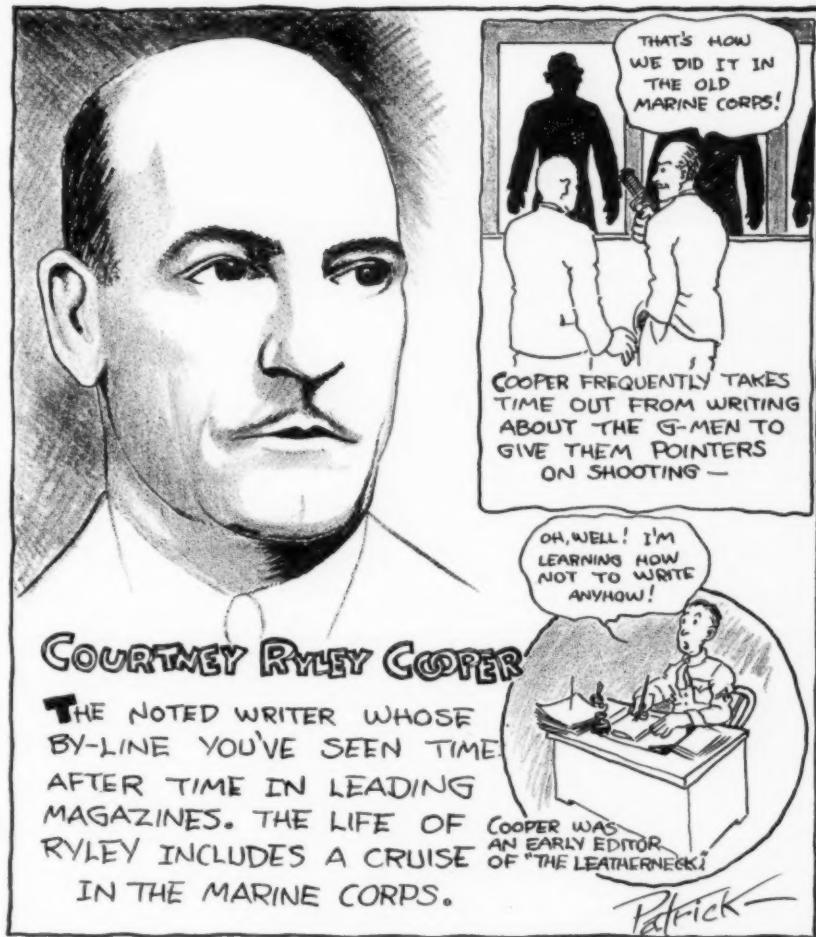
"From all administrative purposes this family idea is quite good," reports Captain King and he goes on to add that when the stationary appropriation is cut he doesn't mind so much since nine letters reach one third of his company so for that matter it's a good thing economically, also.

These nine sets of brothers, totalling 19 men is believed to complete some sort of record, especially when it is considered that the authorized strength of the company is only sixty men. The big feature of the whole thing is that all the boys are active and are regular attenders at the regular weekly drills held Wednesday evenings in the Rockville High School.

From last reports Captain King had

## FAMOUS MARINES No. 4

By Patrick



vacancies for about two more sets of brothers and it looks very much like it will be necessary to name the street occupied by Company "F" during this year's annual training "Brothers Boulevard."

Top sergeant Louis W. Berry, who guides the administrative destinies of the Company "F" family circle, claims that so many brothers in one outfit isn't all what it's cracked up to be. "Every time I call the roll," he says, "I have to call the full name. For instance if I called 'Cornwell' and they all answered together you'd think the building was falling in."

### COMPANY "D," FOURTH BATTALION, FMCR

Newark, New Jersey

At this writing the Company has recovered from its dance, and is shook down for camp. Final arrangements of squads have been made, clothing and equipment checked, lists of articles to be taken to camp made up, and uniforms have been gone over and slicked up.

When this article appears, camp will have been over, and the men will be able to check the reality against their expectations. During the year we had the usual rumors as to where the encampment would

be, stretching all the way from Camp Perry to two weeks aboard a battle wagon; but we wound up at good old Sea Girt.

Sea Girt is a great camp. It has all the necessary conveniences and a wonderful rifle range. It is close to Asbury Park and not far from Atlantic City. But a good Marine is always growling, so the men are claiming that Sea Girt is too easy; they would like a place where they would have to "rough it" more!

They evidently haven't seen the schedule Captain Lessing has laid out for the Battalion. They won't be so keen to rough it by the time they read this article. Every man who went through those two weeks will know he was "trained."

This Company is going to start off right by having guard duty the first night at camp. What with setting up the tents, drawing bedding and supplies, and preparing for guard, we ought to have a hectic start. And we will probably keep up the pace for the two weeks. The fellows in the Company want action and our skipper, Captain Barton, is there to see that they get it.

The usual pre-camp spirit of exuberance is tinged with efforts at mastering manuals, and boning on the basic course as the men buck for the NCO vacancies. There is an excellent crop of prospects to choose from this year. Stiffening the enlistment

requirements has served to bring a superior type of recruit to the Company, and it is going to be difficult to select those to be promoted. Those who do not make it can rest assured that the reason they didn't was only because there were no openings and not for lack of ability.

We have lost another of our men to the regulars—Vincent J. Birne joining them since our last writing. He is now a member of Platoon 13 at Parris Island. We wish him the best of luck and hope he will write occasionally and let his buddies know how he is making out.

The old saying that you can't keep a good Marine down holds true in the case of Corporal Moskowitz. Last year Moskowitz brought a pedigreed Scotty dog to camp, but the animal couldn't take it. It had a nervous breakdown trying to handle the hipbone of a horse that Mosky fed it. So this year the Corporal has switched to a husky English bulldog. We will have a report on the situation in the next issue.

And it gives us great pleasure to announce the reenlistment of the "Personality Kid," Corporal Michael Milo.

#### 4TH BATTALION DOINGS

By Cpl. Thos. A. Giordano

Gathering momentum the S. S. 4th Battalion is sailing full speed ahead through the sea of encampment under the most favorable conditions. Its passengers are enjoying immensely the ideal weather, the wholesome food and the healthful surroundings; they are also strenuously participating in the interesting instructive work. Our good skipper Captain Lessing is steering his course through the present, with his weathered eye to the future, leaving in its wake the past and its camp memories.

For any military organization to function efficiently it must have a most capable group of technically trained men, upon whom the commander can rely. Each man is assigned to duties in which his specific knowledge is of prime importance. This group is known as Headquarters Co., and in my estimation a large measure of the organization's success can be directly attributed to their efforts. The present success of our battalion obviously points in that direction. Allow me to introduce to you the principals of the above mentioned group: Sgt. Major Mattia, directing activities, Sgt. "Doc" Wright, assisting M.D., Sgt. Yalusky, Culinary expert, Quartermaster Sgt. Freeman, supplies dispenser, Cpl. Dalglish, Battalion clerk, Pfc. Rodgers, jack of all trades, and the newly appointed Lt. H. C. Drews in command. To this incomparable clique, we, the men of the 4th Battalion salute you.

Co. "B's" roster has been supplemented by the assignment of 1st Lt. Wm. Charleforet the 3rd, as their Jr. Officer. Another asset to "B's" credits.

To the majority of the men of Co. "B," camp will be a new experience. But there is no doubt that this experience will be not only pleasant in the manner of self-satisfaction, but also the benefits derived in the form of improving their health, instilling the spirit of co-operation and the acquiring of a new love of patriotism will in due time aid materially in cementing the bonds of American democracy.

Co. "D" is at present completing their small bore course. Even though the majority of the personnel are recruits the

percentage of qualifications is indeed satisfying to Captain Barton. Having tasted the thrills of firing the .22s the recruits now eagerly look forward to the day when they will be initiated into the ranks of firing the rifles they shoulder.

Gy. Sgt. Van Natta has been presented with a gift from heaven, a bouncing baby girl.

Due to the anticipated bonus rush which commences at the same time that camp does, the Post Office men at this writing are uncertain about their attending camp. We'll miss them if they fail to go.

At the grand drawing held at the Newark Armory on May 28, the daughter of Sgt. Paolillo fished into the pond of tickets and took the ducat of Lt. Thornton's brother. Just born lucky, that's all.

Due to pressing business obligations Gunnery Sgt. Farro has been compelled to transfer to a status of inactivity. It is with deep regret that we witness the leaving of such an excellent Marine, who al-

ways put forth the best in him. Here's hoping that luck becomes your shadow, Harry.

• Washington's only •  
Completely Air Conditioned Hotel—  
**HOTEL HAMILTON**  
500 Spacious Outside Rooms  
\$3 Single—\$4.50 Double  
—FREE PARKING—  
14th at K Washington, D. C.

ways put forth the best in him. Here's hoping that luck becomes your shadow, Harry.

Anchors aweigh—the S. S. 4th Battalion steams out of the harbor of July destined for the port of August, where for 31 days we will bivouac and liberty will be ours for the asking. In the main section of the port on the corner of Enjoyment Ave. and Comforting St. you will spy yours truly newstand featuring the sale of THE LEATHERNECK. For the trifling sum of \$2.25 you will become the proud owner of a LEATHERNECK, and hours of readable bliss will be yours.

#### SECOND BATTALION

Boston, Mass.

By the time this reaches print, the Second Battalion will have been to camp and back. At this writing, however, all hands are busy blanccoing equipment, etc., before shoving off for the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard on Sunday, 14 June.

1st Lieut. O. Glenn Orr, VMCR, has joined us for the tour of duty as Battalion Adjutant. Lieutenant Orr was formerly Company Officer of "A" Company. He has just returned from duty with the CCC on the West Coast.

Lieutenant Schultz, our Medic, has completed giving a "shot-in-the-arm" to all those men in the Battalion who needed it. There will be no stiff arms at camp this year.

Headquarters Company is very proud of its future admiral, Pvt. John T. Straker. Private Straker took the examination for entrance to the U. S. Naval Academy and with an average of 88% came out seventeenth on the list of twenty-five to be admitted. We understand there were approximately 360 applicants from the Reserve. Straker, who is 18 years old and a graduate of Brighton High School, prepared for the examination at the Cochran-Bryan Prep in Annapolis. During this

period he was transferred to the 5th Battalion in Washington, D. C., so that he could continue his drills. He is now back with us until it is time to enter the Academy. Good luck, Straker, and don't forget the old Second Battalion.

"A" Company has completed firing the small bore qualification course in spite of difficulties and emerged with 72% of the men qualified.

Last week the Non-Com School for the years 1935-1936 wound up with examinations for promotion. Under the direction of 1st Lieut. Joseph T. Crowley, Company Commander, eight men took the examination. We haven't heard the results yet, but we'll bet there are eight other people who are more anxious to hear than we are.

"A" Company is sending two of its men to the Platoon Leaders School at Quantico this summer. They are Privates J. Canney and B. V. Leary, both students at Boston College.

Six new recruits have been enlisted since you last heard from this company. But for a few necessary transfers, E of E's, etc., "A" Company would leave for camp at full strength.

Memorial Day found "A" Company well represented in the various firing squads sent out by the Barracks.

We understand "B" Company, Portland, Maine, has lost its skipper, Lieutenant Kirkpatrick, who left due to pressure of business. This leaves the Company commanded by 1st Egt. Frank Weeman as NCO in Charge. Topkick Weeman shouldn't find the job very difficult, for he held the same position last year while at camp.

"C" Company has a new skipper too. He is Captain Arthur Snyder, who joined us a month ago. After his first inspection Captain Snyder expressed himself as being very pleased with his new company. May we say Sir, that the Company in turn is very pleased with its new captain.

Although it is the baby of the Battalion, "C" Company is a husky infant, for it is the largest company in the Second Battalion. There are still officially two vacancies in its ranks, but there are six applicants to fill them so we can consider "C" Company as up to full strength.

A Company Non-Com School has been instituted and those aspiring to stripes have been putting in some intensive skull practice. "C" Company is well on its way to show the world what good Marines a Reserve outfit can be.

**NERO'S FIDDLINGS**  
Co. C, 4th Bn., FMCR, Newark, New Jersey  
By Nicholas Nero

Zig-Zag Zoom! Listen to the fiddle airing tunes depicting the happenings regarding the reserves of Company C.

Last Year's Reminiscence of Sea Girt taken from the *Quarterly Journal*.

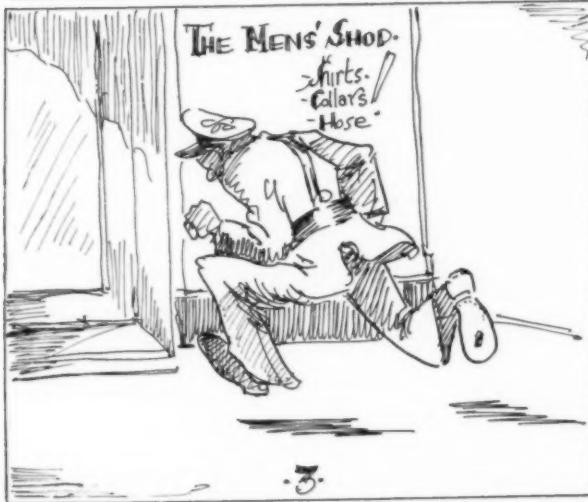
George Elliot once said: "The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another." It certainly was that way with details down at camp, eh, boys? I wonder if George Elliot was an Army man and, was thinking of the details he had had in camp? (Ed's. Note: We don't think SHE was ever in the service).

Check room required:—Next year we must have a check room on the train while we make the trip to Sea Girt. We want our Marines to reach Sea Girt minus nothing. Poor Private "Smiles" De Cristofaro merely paced the length of the train (thinking about what, I don't know), and when he returned to where he had been sitting,

(Continued on page 51)

"EVENING DRESS—BLUE, BAKER"

By Fellowes





## ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT TO STAGE THE NATIONAL CONVENTION IN BOSTON

THE 1936 National Convention of the Marine Corps League has been officially awarded to the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, Mass. The sponsors have selected the Parker House in that city as convention headquarters with August 21, 22 and 23 as the dates when the sessions will be held.

The historic Parker House where the sessions will take place is a nationally known hostelry and has claimed as its guests some of the most prominent national and international figures during the more than fifty years of its existence. It has complete modern equipment and is centrally located, being handy to the business and recreational centers.

Commandant Charles W. Creaser is chairman of the Convention Committee which is now busy completing plans for a program of business and entertainment, details of which will be announced in the next issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*.

So make your plans now. Adjust your vacation and prepare to shove off for what promises to be the greatest convention the Marine Corps League has ever had.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,  
*National Chief of Staff.*

### CONVENTIONS CALLED IN FOUR STATES

Calls have been issued for four state and one divisional conventions to assemble on the East and West coasts during June and July.

On Saturday and Sunday, June 13 and 14, the New York State detachments will assemble at the Hotel Rathbun, Elmira, with the Charles H. Ruddick Detachment acting as host. State Commandant Chris J. Cunningham will preside.

On Friday and Saturday, June 19 and 20, the New Jersey State detachments will assemble at the Hotel Plaza, Jersey City, with the Homer A. Harkness Detachment acting as host. State Commandant Jack Dennis will preside. The Eastern Seaboard Convention will be conducted at noon of the 20th at the Plaza, preceding the closing session of the State Convention, with Divisional Commandant Harold L. Walk presiding.

On Saturday and Sunday, June 20 and 21, The Massachusetts State Detachments will assemble at the Hotel Kendall in Framingham, with the Carl H. Stensson Detachment acting as host. State Commandant Roy S. Keene will preside.

On Saturday and Sunday, July 25 and 26, The California State Detachments will assemble at the Civic Auditorium, San Jose, with the San Jose Detachment acting as host. State Commandant William Parsons will preside.

### THE TEN LEADERS

The ten leading detachments in membership as of June 1, are as follows:

- 1 Theodore Roosevelt
- 2 San Francisco, and
- 2 Hudson-Mohawk, tie
- 3 Oakland
- 4 Troy
- 5 Spokane
- 6 Simpson-Hoggatt
- 7 Homer A. Harkness
- 8 San Jose
- 9 Capt. Burwell H. Clarke
- 10 Essex County.

Since last month, Hudson-Mohawk moves up from third place to tie with San Francisco for second. Troy jumps from sixth to fifth place, changing places with Spokane. Essex County enters the charmed circle in tenth place while the others remain the same.

### STATE DEPARTMENT

#### New Jersey

State Commandant Jack Dennis and his staff, following participation in the dinner and reception to National Commandant John F. Manning and the annual Memorial Day ceremonies, is concentrating on the State Convention to be held at the Hotel Plaza, Jersey City, June 19 and 20, sponsored by the Homer A. Harkness Detachment.

The State Staff with Passaic County Detachment journeyed to Jersey City on Memorial Day to fall in line with the Homer A. Harkness Detachment in the annual parade in that city. As usual, there was a big turnout of Leaguers and the snappy red caps and Marine blues got a big hand all along the line of march. And the reception "with refreshments" at the conclusion of the ceremonies was something else to talk about for a long time to come.

69 East 15th Street,  
Paterson, N. J.

EDWIN LLOYD,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

#### New York City

The May meeting of the detachment was held at the home of Adjutant-Paymaster Harry Burgess, pending the selection of a permanent meeting place. Commandant Harold L. Walk presided and various plans were discussed with the object of increas-

ing the detachment treasury as well as the membership. Outings, bus rides and various kinds of dinners and dances were suggested with Julius Domok leading the discussion. The entertainment committee has the matter under advisement and will reach a decision at a later date.

The detachment will be represented by a large delegation at the Eastern Seaboard Convention at the Hotel Plaza, Jersey City on Saturday, June 20, when Divisional Commandant Harold L. Walk will preside. The members with their ladies will also attend the dance to take place the same evening on the Plaza Roof in conjunction with the New Jersey State Convention. The detachment will also be well represented at the National Convention in Boston, August 21, 22, 23.

Commandant Walk and National Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert represented the detachment at the dinner and reception to National Commandant John F. Manning at the Elks Club in Elizabeth, N. J., on the evening of May 25.

ANGELO J. CINCOTTA,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### JOHN F. MANNING FETED BY JERSEY MARINES

National Commandant John F. Manning was guest of honor at a testimonial dinner given on the evening of May 25 by the Union County Detachment of the League at the Elks Club, Elizabeth, N. J., as he passed through the state on his way to his home at Methuen, Mass., after spending the winter at Daytona Beach, Florida.

Entering a limousine at the Hotel Douglas in Newark with National Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert, Past State Commandant Oliver Kelly and Eastern Seaboard Divisional Commandant Harold L. Walk, Manning was driven to the city line at Elizabeth where a police motorcycle escort and the Newark Detachment's armored car with sirens blasting, led the way to the Elks Club where the reception committee was waiting to usher the honored guest into the banquet hall while Corporal Earl Muren, trumpeter from the Brooklyn Navy Yard sounded "attention," followed by "mess call."

The dinner was opened with a prayer by State Chaplain Fred Scheitlin. Seated on the dias were Mayor Joseph A. Brophy of Elizabeth, who welcomed the National Commandant and visiting guests to the city, Mayor Murray B. Sheldon of Roselle Park, Judge Advocate of Union County Detachment; Mayor Frank Lowden of Roselle, William Gaffney of Roselle, commander of Unity Post, American Legion, National Commandant Manning, National Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert, Divisional Commandant Harold L. Walk, State Commandant Jack Dennis and Charles H. Thorne, commandant of Union County Detachment who was master of ceremonies; John L. Whigam, commandant of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark; Frank L. Serpico, commandant of Essex County Detachment of Glen Ridge; State

Judge Advocate Jack Brennan, of Homer A. Harkness Detachment, Jersey City and Past State Commandant Oliver Kelly.

National Commandant Manning, voicing his appreciation of the hearty welcome accorded him, reviewed his work of League organization while spending the Winter in Florida and outlined the steady growth of the League. Short addresses also were made by the distinguished guests. A telegram of welcome from Governor Harold Hoffman, who was unable to attend because of other pressing business, was read. Trumpeter Muren blew "Taps" at 10 P. M. in memory of all deceased Marines while the assemblage bowed in silence.

The dinner committee included Charles H. Thorne, Ralph Vaccaro, Fred Scheitlan and Mayor Sheldon.

CHARLES H. THORNE,  
*Dinner Chairman.*

### HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

#### Albany-Schenectady, N. Y.

Greetings from the Valley of the Mohawks, at the beginning of the Adirondacks, the summer playground of the North.

Our regular monthly meeting was held as usual at the Albany Garage, with about thirty attending. Some members of that lost battalion I mentioned last month appeared, Chet Bates, Charley Jacobs, Frank Yeager, and some others whose names I cannot recall. Emery Meyers is on deck having been on the sick list for a spell.

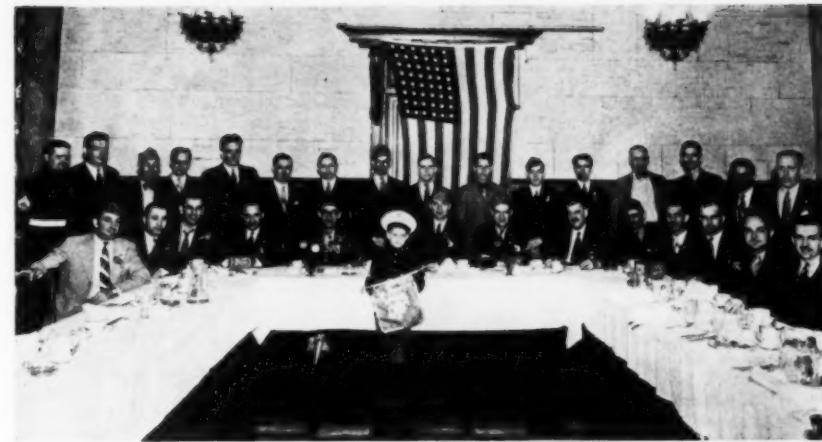
L. Ballard, one of our vice-commandants, is in the Veterans' Base Hospital No. 81 in the Bronx, suffering from an old foot wound he received chasing Sandino in Nicaragua. I'm sure Lou would be glad to see any member of the League who happens to drop in on him.

Two new members were taken in last month along with three renewals by former members. The new members are Reginald Plamer and Wilmont C. Draper. Welcome boys, we hope you'll be with us for a long time to come.

Congratulations are in order for our Commandant, Stephan Brown, who on April 21 received a commission as Captain in the Marine Corps Reserve. At our regular meeting Capt. Brown was presented with a sabre as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow members of the detachment. The presentation speech was made by our Judge Advocate, William D. O'Brien, who also holds a commission as First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve. After the presentation refreshments were served.

The detachment paraded in Albany on Memorial Day. Capt. Brown was detailed as Chief of Staff by the Grand Marshal, and Emery Meyers was an aide to the Grand Marshal. In the absence of our Commandant, who was up at the reviewing stand we were led in the parade by our State Commandant, C. J. Cunningham. Most of the boys turned out in uniform. Those in civies wore the traditional red overseas cap, and as usual the Marines received a big hand all along the line of march.

Boy, these conventions are piling up. We make the first one, the New York State Convention at Elmira on June 13 and 14. Then I believe we go to Jersey City for the Eastern Seaboard, then for the grand finale, the big National Convention to be held in the Bean City (Boston to you furriners). August is a nice time



Dinner of Union County Detachment, Elizabeth, N. J.

and to you boys who were at Charleston, who could forget dear old Revere Beach with the highest scenic railway in the world? We'll be there at all of them; will you?

LEON E. WALKER,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### THE NATIONAL COMMANDANT ON DECK

Since space is limited, we will pass over the pleasures and trials of our long trip north, and confine ourselves to the bare statement that Mrs. Manning and the writer made it safely, without necessity of calling for medical or other stimulation. It is only League matters that count, so leaving the witticisms, etc., to more facetious penmen, we will advise you of interesting affairs that occurred.

Our first stop on official business was at Washington, D. C., where we initiated the new members of the baby detachment, and at this time we extend the greetings of the national staff and all detachments to the "National Capital Detachment," of Washington, D. C. Due to short period allowed for gathering of full charter membership, and in an effort to have all members present when officers were elected, the detachment decided to wait until next meeting to complete officers roster. Edward B. Garrett was elected as Temporary Commandant and at such time as other officers are elected or appointed, notice will be given in these columns.

Incidentally, we wish to mention that it was through the personal contacts made by Ed Garrett (better known as "Red"), and that livewire Marine and commandant of the Union County Detachment, of Elizabeth, N. J. Charlie Thorne, that this new detachment is now active in our fold of Leagedom. Extra liberties for these two good Marines. We might also mention that we DID land the three detachments assigned us by ourself for our winter's vacation in the south—Daytona Beach and Palm Beach, Fla., and Washington, D. C. Portland, Oregon, also came in the past winter, and we hope to send out flashes on another from Florida shortly.

The Union County Detachment, of Elizabeth, N. J., had arranged a dinner in our honor for Monday, May 25th, so we rested from Saturday to Tuesday in that neighborhood. Conferences were held with Frank Lambert, NCOS and Harold Walk, E.S.B. Div. Commd., and many matters of importance to League were gone into, and

we anticipate great results from this conference. The big attendance at the dinner was a fine testimonial to the good feeling now dominant in the League, and we thank all the Marines who attended. By the way, here is something for others to shoot at—there were three city mayors present to pay their respects to the League. We say League, as we are not egotistical enough to imagine they were there to pay us this honor for ourself. We deem it a great honor for the organization we are proud to serve, and in the name of the MCL we thank Mayor Brophy of Elizabeth, N. J.; Mayor Sheldon of Roselle Park, and Mayor Lowden of Roselle. Due to the presence of nonmembers we were restrained from blasting out, and maybe it was as well, as we were tired, nervous and very much upset. There were members from Jersey City, Elizabeth, Newark and Glen Ridge, N. J. Of course, reliable Harold Walk and Frank Lambert, of New York, No. 1 Det., were also present. Thanks to Union County Det., and Charlie Thorne, the commandant, who acted as master of ceremonies.

We wish to apologize to all who have written us if we failed to live up to our record of answering within 24 hours, but we were (and still are) tired as heck, and it is punishment to even indite these lines for this month's issue of THE LEATHER-NECK. Write again and we will try to answer.

Very few replies have come in on our request for vote on next convention city, and since certain over-anxious members have seen fit to announce the time and place, we may as well get into line, and give official notification of the time and place for the holding of the 1935 National Convention, and any who may be displeased will be considerate enough to blame ONLY their detachment officers who failed to send in votes as requested. Several detachments made "suggestions" they "might like to entertain the convention delegates," but only the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, Mass., made any concrete offer, so we officially announce Boston, Mass., as the National Convention City for 1936. The dates will be August 21-23. Note the date is NOT August 7-8-9, or late in September, as some have stated. The three days chosen are definite, but unless much unnecessary haggling develops, it is our intention to complete all business by Saturday, August 22nd, so delegates may return to their homes in time for work Monday.

That Boston rates this convention goes without saying, and with its historical surroundings, and the livewire committee in charge, we anticipate a National Convention that will stand out in League history. Our advise is for all who can arrange to do so to attend, and let us show Boston that the League appreciates the fine work they have done this year by adding over 100% to their membership, and our sympathy goes out to those who may miss it. Any attending state or divisional conventions held under the arrangements of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment know how they entertain, and fireworks are always provided for those who like pyrotechnic displays.

In the envelope with our next bulletin we hope to enclose the credential cards for delegates, alternates and proxies, so please try and attend your meeting of detachment and cast your vote for the best available representatives to attend to the business of the League at Boston, Mass., on August 21-23, 1936. The business sessions will open at 10 A. M., on Friday, August 21st, so be on hand, delegates. As committee members will be picked ONLY from the list of names sent in as delegates, we hope that ALL detachments will send it before July 31st, their accredited delegates, alternates or proxies. Regarding proxies, only TWO detachments have voted against their being allowed, and eleven have voted favorably, so no doubt, proxy votes will be permitted. Send names of your proxies to us before July 31st, also. Last year a few detachments sent in no delegates' names but this year, we trust, every detachment will abide by the rules as prescribed by the National Commandant. We try to cooperate and our only desire is that the properly elected delegates, or proxies, represent the several detachments, so please cooperate with us. Thanking you, and hoping to meet you all (notice our southern accent) until next month, we remain,

Yours Semper Fidelis,  
JOHN F. MANNING,  
National Commandant.

#### CAPE COD DETACHMENT Quincy, Mass.

While Cape Cod Detachment has more than likely been subjected to a heavy attack, verbally at least from the skipper of this sheet, the outfit has finally managed to report the result of the last meeting and promises A.W.O.L. methods will no longer be used in helping to provide fodder for the printing machines.

Right here and now we would like to make it clear that a big part, no less, for the delay has been the acute indigestion attack of the scribbling secretary who was rendered hors de combat after having witnessed a sandwich-eating contest between two gourmands.

The contest was between Morris Kramer, mine host for the occasion and James Thomas. Morris is a good enough loser but when he also had to stand the expense for the amusement of the others, it makes his defeat a little harder to swallow, provided he had any room left for such a thing.

During the meeting at Comrade Kramer's abode, 160 Spring Street, Brockton, Charles Lunetta of the detachment suggested a track meet be conducted in the fall for high school students. More about this later after we consult with proper authorities on the feasibility of such an

idea. The entertainment programme included a violin and piano duet by Messrs. Kramer and Ray Rowlee.

All those in favor of a clam bake take three paces forward.

Eric Hedin and Charlie Buckingham, where were you on the night of May 27?

WILLIAM D. HORTON,  
Chief of Staff.

#### SAN JOSE DETACHMENT

San Jose, Calif.

News dashes from Station MCL, San Jose. May 14th was another red letter day for the San Jose Detachment. It was the day the new Civic Auditorium was dedicated, with a program lasting from 10 A. M. until midnight. A half hour had been set aside for the United Veterans' Council program, which was where the Detachment predominated. We had secured Maj. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge as the speaker on the program; he was accompanied by Col. H. M. Smith and Maj. J. C. Jackson. The General and his Staff arrived at the Hotel De Anza at 6 P. M., being met by Comrades Rogerson and Lake, who had been appointed aides, Commandant Wood and nine other members of the Detachment, also representatives from every other veteran organization, and officers of the National Guard of San Jose.

Following a dinner at the hotel all hands paraded to the Auditorium behind massed Colors and the Red Devil Drum Corps, of the American Legion. Arriving at the Auditorium the general and staff, city officials and commanders of the veterans' organizations were seated on the stage with the Colors parading from the rear down the aisles to places on the stage. After the introductions to the audience General Breckinridge delivered a splendid address on the place of the former service man in civil life. The General had won a warm place in the hearts of the San Jose people on Armistice Day, when he was the principle speaker, and he was again warmly received on this occasion.

Well, to get down to some real Detachment news: we added another new member last month and expect during May to bring in several more. Plans for the State Convention are rapidly rounding into shape and the boys feel positive that this will be the banner affair in the League history in California. Tickets on the Afghan and Pillow to be raffled at the Convention are being disposed of by the members of San Francisco, Oakland, and our own Detachment. The proceeds from that, together with the assistance from the Chamber of Commerce and the city that has been assured, is bound to spell success.

Another one of our successful monthly dances was held on the 25th of April, with a good representation driving down from San Francisco to attend. Several of our members are driving to San Francisco to attend their meeting on May 4th.

During the month of April we were deprived of the active cooperation of two of our old reliables: Commandant Wood was transferred to San Mateo by the P. G. & E., for whom he works, and Standley DeLaughter was transferred to Eureka by the A. T. & T. Commandant Wood is not so far away but that he can attend meetings, but poor Standley is out of the picture by about 300 miles. Well, such is the life of a Marine, in or out of the service.

Plans are gradually being completed for the State Convention, to be held July 25th and 26th, but it is a little too far in advance to give the details in this item, so the Marines of the Coast will have to depend on the letters to be sent out and the Coast papers for information. Briefly though the program is tentatively as follows: A dinner on Saturday evening in honor of the General and his Staff, with their wives, and the State Staff at the De Anza Hotel, to be followed by dancing.

Sunday the convention sessions will be held in the new Civic Auditorium, with luncheon served by the Auxiliary ladies at noon, and closing with a banquet in the evening.

General Chairman, Past Commandant Lynch has appointed the following sub-chairmen: Al. Henderson, correspondence; R. F. Bernheisel, arrangements; Noble Dodge, refreshments; and T. H. Rogerson, publicity. We are receiving splendid co-operation and support from the city officials, the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants Association and the other veteran organizations. All Marines, whether they are members of the League or not, are invited to attend the Convention, where they may possibly meet some of their former comrades of the service, and have an opportunity to join one of our real live Coast detachments.

The writer has been named Chairman of the Recruiting Committee and is starting an intensive campaign with the goal—"Double our membership by Convention time." This is an ambitious program but the San Jose members are real workers and are whole heartedly for the betterment of the League. And here's hoping that two issues from now we announce that our goal was reached, and possibly surpassed.

Last month several of our members attended a meeting of the San Francisco Detachment. It was a real peppy meeting and worth attending. Our primary object was to display the Afghan and Pillow being raffled at the convention and secure the cooperation of the San Francisco boys in disposing of tickets. Oh, what a reception, at the close of the meeting they began buying tickets themselves and taking more to dispose of. The real old Marine Corps spirit was right to the front. In June the Convention Committee is going to attend a meeting of the Oakland Detachment for the same purpose, and we don't hesitate to state before hand that we know we shall be accorded the same kind of a reception, and support.

T. H. ROGERSON,  
Chief of Staff.

#### TOMPKINS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Ithaca, N. Y.

First thing is one of our old members came back into the fold, namely Willard Swayze of Wampsville, who came down for one of those parties we have been holding all winter. The Detachment also wishes to take this opportunity to extend to this Marine its deepest sympathy in the recent loss of his father, who passed away May 14, 1936.

Some of the members of this detachment took part in the Memorial Day exercises held in Ithaca. These exercises consisted of a parade to the cemetery, decoration of the graves and short programs by the different patriotic organizations, concluded with a firing squad and

taps. In the afternoon a special exercise was held at the lake for deceased Marines and Sailors.

A very successful social party was held at the home of Marine and Mrs. Hagerman, May 2nd. It being a very wet night our Commandant decided to go for a swim, and chose the barberry bushes for the place. The outcome of it was that he spent a week picking the briars and thorns out of his hands and face. Now he is through with swimming.

The members are planning to attend the State Convention to be held in Elmera the 13th and 14th of June. The outfit over there are making plans for quite a party, but will leave the details for next time. In the meantime it's press the blues and shine buttons, and shoes. Be ready for the State Convention.

Well, so long till next month and if I survive the Convention I'll be seeing you.

S. R. HAGERMAN,  
Chief of Staff.

## VETERAN FINDS SOLACE IN LEAGUE FRATERNITY

Volcano, California,  
May 30, 1936.

Mr. Bill Sutton,  
1411 Wyandotte St.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR COMRADE:

Your breezy items in THE LEATHERNECK interest me enough to prompt me to write this letter, and your excellent idea of having your address published removes the obstacle that has deprived me of this privilege until now. I hope the other Chiefs of Staff will follow suit, as there is bound to be an occasion when the knowledge of their address would be beneficial to someone, or for some purpose.

As an old-timer discharged thirty years ago next December, I appreciate your kind words about the fraternizing of the younger fellows with those who, like myself, are nearing the Last Post, and I think that the idea is one upon which the League should be maintained in order to prove that each and every one of us are imbued with the significance of Semper Fidelis.

I, too, am anticipating a visit with Comrade John Spellman and the Oakland and San Francisco Detachments, which are about 160 miles from my home in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I joined the now defunct David R. Kilduff Detachment in 1925, and in order to maintain my connections with the League and the Old Corps, I became a member at large and have so remained ever since its demise, and since the San Francisco Detachment was organized they have been my sponsors.

Concerning a different League uniform: In my mind I see the League as a large receptacle into which go officers, non-coms and buck-privates, all on a common plane regardless, as you say, of age, wealth, or social standing, and from it there emerges a fellow dressed in an officer's roll collar blouse, non-com's pants and the red cap of the League. I imagine that to be a uniform more representative of the mixture of all members.

Another idea concerns the name of our organization that claims affiliation with the Old Corps and a true slogan, Once a Marine, Always a Marine. With these facts accepted, I think it more fitting to use the name U. S. Marine Corps League and we are different from any other outfit inasmuch as we use the old ornament, too.



## Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

30¢-60¢

TIME IN BARN DANCE  
NET WORK

Most of my service was in the West Indies, both ashore and afloat. I was one of a detachment of thirty that formed the third relief that were ever stationed on that barren island called Culebra P. R. and which I used to hope would disappear. The April LEATHERNECK informed me that it still existed. I am now proud of that "awful" tour of duty. So, like old wine, I think we improve with age.

Please convey my best wishes to the Simpson-Hoggatt Detachment; and my deepest appreciation for yourself. Until you hear from me again—Au revoir.

C. HUGH TUGWOOD.

## SIMPSON-HOGGATT DETACHMENT

Greater Kansas City

Simpson-Hoggatt Detachment held their annual Sunrise Memorial Services at the Liberty Memorial. Memorial Day is made much of in this district. With services at various places, the official services of the combined organizations are at Elmwood Cemetery, which starts with a parade. League services start the day's program and the newspapers agreed it was the most fitting and dignified of all. The papers printed the program almost verbatim. Our leading paper, the Kansas City Star used several pictures. The credit for this fine ceremony goes to our hard-working, genial Commandant, Jack Mangold. We had about thirty men in dress blues that could have passed any shavetail's inspection. Two of our "larger" members who couldn't be fitted with regulation uniforms (on account of) have vowed they would get a uniform even if they were forced to eschew (at least partly so) the festive board and flowing bowl. Truly, "Providence works in mysterious ways, its wonders to Perform." Good goin', Jack.

Below is a copy of one of several letters received from Leaguers of various detachments. The writer of this letter gives me credit for the idea of attaching addresses to League News articles. That idea originated with Commandant Charles H. Thorne, which in no wise affects its

worthiness. It's still a darn good idea, and the friendliness expressed in this letter is recompense for writing an address, a million times over. Acknowledgment is made of letters received and they will be answered as time (and the steno) dictates. We have with commendable fortitude, restrained ourself from impulsively dashing off answers to correspondents in long hand. We can envisage "Bo" Edwards and various others shuddering violently at the mere suggestion of one of our letters in longhand. The excuse we offer for breakin' down again and writing about local happenings and personalities is—(A) To give credit where credit is due; (B) To acknowledge receipt of letters from other comrades; (C) To try and prove that the addition of address of C. of S. is a good thing; (D) To tell you people that we Marines here in the Heart of America are good, too, and that we do things in the regulation Marine manner, which is always first class.

BILL SUTTON,  
Chief of Staff.

1411 Wyandotte St.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

## OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Calif.

As this item goes to the typewriter members of the Oakland and San Francisco Detachments are just about recovering from the "beer bust" given by the Golden Glow Brewery. The affair was jointly with the Le Societe De Noel, with Raoul Dorsey, Le Commandante putting on one of their degrees which was conferred upon the shoulders of State Commandant Bill Parsons. The degree was called "Dirt Tamper." Well you can imagine Bill, but he took it with a smile. Among the many well-known faces we saw Earl Gilbertson, Sr. Vice National Commandant; Henry Ruskofsky, Jr. National Vice Commandant; Roy Taylor, Commandant of the San Francisco Detachment; Henniger, past Commandant of the San Francisco Detachment; Kohl, past Commandant of the Oakland Detachment, and many others.

Soft baseball is now taking the League

out here by the hand. The first game played between the San Francisco and Oakland Detachments resulted in the final score: Oakland Detachment, 37—San Francisco Detachment, 19. The second game will be played in San Francisco soon, and we hope to repeat the victory. Recently the members of the Oakland Detachment were the guests of Arguella's fashionable place to dine and dance. Arguella's put on some spread, choice steaks and old fashioned baked potatoes, and it was all on "AL."

May the 31st will be another red letter day, when the Oakland Detachment sponsors the 200-mile stock car race at the Oakland Speedway in San Leandro. Members of the 1,010 Drum and Bugle Corps will turn out, with Chas. Meyers, member of the Oakland Detachment, as Drum Major. The Le Societe De Noigel is also putting on a show of "Cars we almost have forgotten." Then, too, the "Whiskerinos" from Contra Costa will be there with a little offering of frolic.

The Oakland Detachment has really gone social and it has done us some good. Got a card from Comrade Mardiros the other day. We understand he has been transferred to Stockton and is now top man of that district for the Department

of Agriculture. He is a graduate of the University of California and a young fellow that's going to go places in life. Good luck "Monty," old boy, we are glad to see you step along. Comrade Schrimp, live-wire member of this detachment, is still back east. We understand that he hopes to be back with us sometime this summer.

State Convention is looming up for us soon, down in San Jose and, believe it or not, there is no sign of any politics yet, unless Joe Granville from San Francisco has something in mind. We have several new prospects lined up for the next meeting. Right now comrade Chapman is head man of the membership results of this Detachment. He has the trophy in mind.

We want to remind the comrades of the east that the Bridge is nearing completion. It's a sight to behold and a real inducement to come and spend your vacation out by the Golden Gate. Maybe a National Convention will do the trick. Best regards to all members of our National Staff, and we hope John the "Old Boot Top" is feeling in the pink.

JOHN E. BROCK,  
Chief of Staff.

## HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT

Jersey City, N. J.

Well, boys, the fighting and shouting of the recent campaign for officers of this detachment is over. Party lines and cliques and clans shall no longer form barriers to our outfit as we resume our journey along the road of good-comradeship. Here's the lineup: Commandant, Thomas J. Kochka; Senior Vice-Commandant, Charles Jaeger; Jr. Vice-Commandant, George O'Brien; Adjutant, Jack Roberts; Paymaster, J. D. Prestia; Chaplain, Charles P. Angelo; Judge-Advocate, Jack Nyire; Sergeant-at-Arms, Pat Coyle; Trustees, Thomas J. Botti for three years, William T. Bush for three years, Jack Brennan for two years.

Just a few words about the Memorial Day Parade. We had a good turn-out of Leaguers including State Commandant Jack Dennis, State Chief of Staff Edward Lloyd, and the Passaic County Detachment. The Harkness Marines were the number one veteran group in line being preceded by the Reserves and Marine Regulars carrying our colors. That is quite a feather in our bonnet, as you'll say when you consider the numerous veteran posts in this city that are much older and stronger and more powerful than ours. So, pardon us.

Here's some receptions and such that'll be doing this month and become past history as you read this. We install officers on June 18th and on June 20th we dance on the Hotel Plaza Roof in Jersey City. The New Jersey State Department Convention, sponsored by the Harkness Detachment, will be held at the Plaza also on the night of 19th and the morning of the 20th.

Jack Brennan is being boomed for State Commandant . . . Past Commandant Ken Collings is writing a book on the late Lord Allenby, for which purpose he is now in Europe . . . Commandant Tom Botti's young son should make a hard-boiled Marine when he grows up, judging by his appearance in a sergeant's uniform at the parade . . . Bill Bush claims there's no tough golf courses in New Jersey, including Saddle River . . . Mickey Payer, local Marine Welterweight boxer, who reached the semi-finals in The News Golden Gloves this season, has won his initial bout as a professional via the K. O. route. Mickey, a protege of Gene Tunney, is now under the wing of Doc Bagley, and will be known now as Gene Mariner, the name he has taken in appreciation of his idol. Past Commandant Charlie Angelo motored to Sayre, Pa., placing a wreath on the grave of the late Homer A. Harkness . . . What we know . . . That Paddy Coyle, our old-timer, can still step out at 136 steps to the minute . . . That Charlie Nouvel now has a chauffeur . . . That Ralph Beller is good-looking as ever in her red cap, even if some one else is wearing it . . . That the Marine Reserves looked very good . . . That Charlie Angelo presented the Detachment with a beautiful bronze plaque bearing the legend: HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT, U. S. MARINE CORPS LEAGUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J. . . That Charlie Gallagher tried hard to hold that line . . . But we don't know what Jack Brennan said to the Naval Officer at the Parade as the Naval Reserves attempted to lead us.

JOSEPH D. PRESTIA,  
Chief of Staff.



The Marines Have Landed

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT AUXILIARY Boston, Mass.

The Theodore Roosevelt Marine Corps League Auxiliary members were the guests of the Detachment at the "Old Timers" night held at Richard's Hall, Boston, April 7. An enjoyable evening was spent by all.

The Auxiliary was well represented, April 11 at Framingham, as guests of the Carl H. Stensson Detachment Marine Corps League Auxiliary. Many thanks to the Auxiliary for the lovely refreshments and the hospitality shown to us. Our Commandant, Mrs. Watts, initiated the game of "Consequences" during the course of the evening, which we found entertaining and enabled us to all get acquainted.

A shower was held for our National Adjutant and Paymaster, John Hinckley, at our hall on Fayette Street, April 28, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Norrish. The hall was decorated by Mrs. Bonaglia. On the table which also was decorated, were little pink baskets with place cards and a large doll made by the wife of the Detachment's Chief of Staff, Louis Bergstrom. Comrade Hinckley and his fiancee were presented with a set of dinner dishes and various small but very necessary articles. After the presentation there was a mock marriage in which detachment and auxiliary participated. Refreshments were served by the auxiliary.

A May Party tendered Mrs. Jim Corbett, on May 16, under the able chairmanship of Marion Harper. The Detachment joined in the festivities and like all our other parties "a grand time was had by all." The Auxiliary presented to Mrs. Corbett a beautiful bathrobe and slippers. The whole affair was a complete surprise to both, which only added pleasure to the event. A May basket carried by all the ladies contained more than enough refreshments. The Marines and their ladies landed that memorable night.

A special meeting of our auxiliary was called May 23. At this meeting we adopted a new uniform as a change from our capes. It is to be: dark blue coat, sea bright blue skirt, with red stripe, and cap, blue shirt, red tie, gun metal stockings and black shoes. This outfit will coincide with the men's regular uniform. We think it will make a very neat and smart ensemble. At this meeting we also formed a drill team, which will be under the direction of our "Jim" Corbett.

Come on, ladies of our Marines, either join an auxiliary or get a group together and start one. Be with your men, lend an assisting hand when they need one, just the same as you do in the confines of your homes. Need any help? Let us know; only too glad to be of assistance of any kind.

HELEN STANLEY.

### TROY DETACHMENT

Troy, N. Y.

Our May meeting was held on Thursday, the 14th. We "corralled" two members this month. They are Vernon Newcomer of Troy, and Bill Jacques of Cohoes. Our membership is increasing slower than we anticipated so we take time out to apologize to the League at large for our vanity in boasting of a fixed place as a first division club. However, we hope that our early boasts of League leadership have been a factor in increasing the strength of your leaders.

At the meeting, we voted to purchase

a set of colors. Every member of the detachment shouldered this responsibility by pledging a slight fraction of his "bonus money" to help pay for our flags. When you read this item we will already have two notches on their staffs. One for their being "swung to the breeze" on Memorial Day and the other for their appearance in the parade held in Troy during the State Convention of the D. A. V. Our own Commandant was marshal of the 2nd Division, whose every unit was composed of service men's organizations.

"Doc" Schwarz was also chairman of the "barbeque committee," and personally supervised the work of emptying 40 halves of beer, and the cutting up of the "ox." Some 1,400 delegates were in town, and the local D. A. V.'s entertained them royally.

Several of our boys are planning to attend the National Convention in Boston. We hope to have a delegation in Elmira when our State Department convenes. O. K., Elmira—don't let the boys get out of control. At the June meeting we will make preliminary plans for the annual clam-steam. The date, we expect, will be set for late in August. As this report is submitted to your N. C. O. S., we have just been informed that Marine Creagan of Troy has been removed to a local hospital with acute appendicitis. Let the whole League pull for his early recovery and thanks a lot.

J. A. ROURKE,  
Chief of Staff.



### THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

"Hear ye—and hear ye well." The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment in Ye Olde City of Boston, has been awarded the privilege of serving as your host detachment at the National Convention of the Marine Corps League next August.

The Parker House, the best known hotel in the United States, has been selected for the scene of activities. Where is the Parker House? It is one minute from Boston Common, and one minute from Scollay Square. If you've ever put some time in at Charlestown Navy Yard, you know where these places are. Starting August 15th, convention headquarters will be at this well-known hostelry.

Listen, you Leathernecks! The best spot in the world for a real enjoyable vacation this summer will be Boston during August 21, 22 and 23. This city, yes the whole city, is pepped up over greeting the world's best fighting men when there is fighting to be done, and gentlemen of the highest type when times are peaceful.

Your quarters are located directly opposite King's Chapel. It is but a few steps from the Old South Church, and the Old State House, where the Boston Massacre occurred. You will glance out of your window and see the old Granary Burying Ground where lie the remains of

Paul Revere, James, Otis, Sam Adams, the parents of Ben Franklin and numerous other patriots of our country's history. You will be in the very center of business and recreation.

The above-mentioned are just a few of our historical spots. If you're not interested in history, just page some of the boys on our entertainment committee, namely, Howard Watts, "Jim" Corbett, and McKenna of C Company, Reserves.

Chairman of the National Convention Committee is none other than our detachment commandant, Lt. Charles W. Creaser, formerly on the staff of General S. D. Butler, in France. The fact that Charlie has been chosen by the Mayor of Boston as chief marshall and chairman of several important parades and celebrations featuring the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and commemorating many historical events, ought to be indication enough that we have the right man at the helm.

It is interesting to note that the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment grew from a medium sized outfit to the largest unit in the League. Every man in the detachment is behind Commandant Creaser, and with this feeling, it is a foregone conclusion that this year's convention will be the best ever held by the League. Creaser will be ably assisted by two worthy and live-wire comrades, John Young and Roy S. Keene.

Welcome home, our National Commandant and comrade. The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment is proud of the service you are rendering the League. Your steady hand and cool counsel will be of much value in the months to come.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,  
Chief of Staff.

### RESERVE NEWS

Nero's Fiddlings

(Continued from page 44)

he discovered his hat gone; it disappeared like snow flakes in water. He merely paced the length of the train and discovered his hat missing. I was just thinking: I wonder what the deuce would have happened if he had slept on the train? Well, let's not do any thinking, but let's remember to bring an anchor along next year if they don't furnish a check room. At least, we can fasten our pants firmly to the seat. We'll have something anyway when we reach our destination.

To a crazy ship all winds are contrary. If this guy they call Cpl. Diedrich W. Schulze doesn't learn to cut down on his strides when we're passing review, or when we're marching, we're going to supply him with a skirt so tight that he'll have to cut down on his strides or break his neck.

A poser:—Everybody was saying that there was something lacking in the atmosphere down in camp this year. I wonder if it was the honk of Sgt. Frank Bartolo's bugle?

Loads of laughter:—Did you say you hadn't one good laugh in Sea Girt? Too bad you weren't with us on the hike to capture, I think they call 'em bandits. I'm sure you would have laughed your head off if you saw Gunnery Sergeant Farro in the lead with his shirt hanging down. He certainly was a sight for sore eyes.

What the h---!—I wonder who the guy was that turned the cold water on Gunnery Sergeant Farro and Private De Cristofaro while they were busy washing their clothes!

Who ever it was certainly learned a few words in profanity.

Here's one for Ripley:—Found at last! A man with two left feet and half of a moustache. The discoverer—Private De Cristofaro. The unique specimen—Private First Class Moscatello. Place of discovery—Sea Girt.

What muscles!—This guy they call Private De Alessio, or just plain Duke, can he lift weights?—and how! Notice to all married men: Beware! do not build your body like Duke's or your wife will sure get a divorce.

Is it ants or worms?—A good way to describe a certain private by the name of Augustine Altieri, is by saying, the guy who has ants in his pants. Well, if it isn't ants, just what is it that causes him to squirm like a worm and convulse into a turmoil of ludicrous spasms? Maybe, he still has some twigs of brier stuck to his pants from going through the brush after bandits. Can you conceive a plausible explanation?

What a break!—Do you remember when we had to remain in line for our chow? Only too well, no doubt, eh? Well, thank God, we didn't remain in line this year, with them hungry non-coms we'd of starved sure. While I'm on the subject of eats, who in your opinion eats the most? Small guys certainly do fool you, eh?

No oculist wanted:—All eyes were on deck the night of the affair given under the auspices of Governor Hoffman in Sea Girt before our departure. Eyes over-exercised in their sockets that night, especially when Miss Ann Bell (Red) sang her tantalizing numbers. Were we all awake?—and how?

Height of indolence:—Somebody short-sheeted Private De Angelis, but it didn't make any difference to him. Ingenuously, he slept the way it was, with his head protruding out of the cot. What's the difference, at least, his feet were covered.

I wonder what this year's encampment holds in store for us? Read the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

What's this I hear? A "joy of living" has engendered for our good friend Corporal Duffy. "Congratulations from us all," Duffy. Yes, sir, nine pounds of sunshine was left by the stork to brighten the faces of Corporal Duffy and his wife. Yes, you guessed it. It is a future Marine!

Private "I-I Sir" Cook is smoking a new brand of cigar made of chicken feathers and rubber bands. It's called "About to Explode."

Private "Boots" Goodsir's new shoes squeak so loud that a person mistook him for a street violinist and threw him a penny. We suggest a little oil, George.

A sight for anyone to behold is Private "Tarzan" Feeney walking down Market Street with a porous umbrella on a rainy day to meet his girl.

Where does Private "Spirit of '76" Morrow get that peaches and cream complexion? Maybe, he sleeps in a beauty mask. Come, let's in on the secret?

Corporal "Lady Killer" Roache has been letting his moustache grow for a good reason. All the girls are calling him "cutie"

now. What a hit this lad is going to make with the girls down in camp. I can hear the old refrain, "We haven't a chance."

Sergeant "Panama" Paoletto said you can tell whether a new-born male will be a future Marine by the size of his feet. I'll bet the first place Nick's eyes will go when the stork pays his wife a visit, if it's a boy, is his feet. And if the soon-to-arrive is a male with "Satchel Feet" watch Nick twinkle like a star. It it's a boy, our chances are most certain that it will be a future Marine by the size of Nick's feet.

I wonder what Private "Cheerful" Bulmer had on his mind the night Lieutenant Thornton stood *vis-a-vis* to him awaiting Robert to come up to inspection arms? Was it due to retrospect of the previous

### AUGUST BROADCAST SHOULD REACH EDITOR BEFORE JULY 8

night's fun or, were you wishing you were sitting near the radio thinking about the one you love? Come, come, now; we want the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Private "Sonny Boy" Forsyth states the only way to be successful is to start from the bottom. . . . But how about swimming?

It is our guess that worrying over a certain "Straw-hat" will eventually cost our good friend "Uncle" D'Amico his very last hair.

We, Company C, express our most sympathetic condolence to the family and close friends of Private Winfield G. Choate who died from injuries received from an automobile accident on May 24, 1936. A military funeral under the direction of Captain Venn and Lieutenant Thornton was held for the deceased on May 29. It was a most distressing shock to hear of his unfortunate and sudden death. We, his buddies, liked him for his pleasing disposition and activeness. The thought of not enjoying the anticipation of seeing Winfield each week at the Armory to drill and laugh with him at his usual merry banter sends an invading pang to swell our breast. We'll certainly miss him.

### SAN DIEGO SPORT NEWS

(Continued from page 38)

Tug of War (no weight limit): 2nd Bn, 6th Marines.

Tug of War (Average 150 lb.): Base Service Company.

Shoe Race: Drummer Traverse, 2nd Bn, 10th Marines.

Potato Race: Private Berg, 2nd Bn, 6th Marines.

Wheelbarrow Race: Private First Class Stewart and Private Hill, 2nd Bn, 10th Marines.

Obstacle Race: Private Allen, Base Service Company.

Relay Race: Six-man team from 1st Bn, 6th Marines.

Sack Race: Private Fletcher, 1st Bn, 6th Marines.



### BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 36)

#### Death Takes A. E. F. Marines

Two former members of the famed 6th Marines died on the same day, April 27, when Leo J. Salmon succumbed at the Veterans' Hospital, Bronx, N. Y., and Clifton H. Marco died in a hospital at Bridgeport, Conn. Both veterans were overseas with the same regiment, Salmon being a member of the 83d Company and Marco of the 84th.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fore!

Washington, D. C., June 10.—In a flash, too late to be detailed in this issue, a report states that in a golf tournament between officers attached to Headquarters Marine Corps and the officers of Quantico, at the Army and Navy Country Club, the former defeated the Quantico officers 12½ to 11½.

### BROWN FIELD BULLETINS

(Continued from page 28)

mixture of water, canned milk and baby food for the little airman.

When they returned to the plane, the baby needed attention, so a day-old weather map was spread across the folded seats of the plane, which served as a bassinet table, the necessary changes made, and the young pilot was ready for travel. Lieutenant Behr mentioned that the youngster has already piled up twenty-two hours of passenger time. Happy landings, baby!

The two reservists who had been with us for about two months, Pfc. Albert F. Peterson and Pvt. Edward M. Jasinskas, from VO Squadron 2MR, Floyd Bennett Field, left us on the 16th after completing their course of instruction.

A story is told about Private First Class Peterson who apparently didn't know the duties of the different ranks of the non-commissioned officers. He wanted a money order cashed and was told to give it to the mail orderly. He saw a first sergeant leaving the Message Center with some correspondence and mistaking him for the man he wanted, ran after him and asked him to cash the money order when he went down town to the post office. The first sergeant looked at the man who so rudely accosted him in this blustering fashion, turned on his heel without a word and left the poor reservist in a bewildered state of perplexity.

"Say," he asked the janitor, returning to the Message Center, "What's da matter wid dat guy," with all the color of a Brooklyn accent.

"Nuttin'" returned the janitor with a quisical smile, "only, dat's the top-kick you were jawing with," and he raised in the heart of New England's cultural center.

"Ain't he da mail orderly?"  
"Naw."

"Well, he could cash my money order if he wanted to? Dat's his job, ain't it?"

Pvt. Leon Cook must be congratulated on the completion of the Sound Motion Picture Projectionist's Course for which he was awarded a diploma from the Marine Corps Institute. Private Cook had his three year extension cancelled which he executed prior to leaving for Pensacola last summer for flight training. He

# Why wasn't Columbus looking for America?

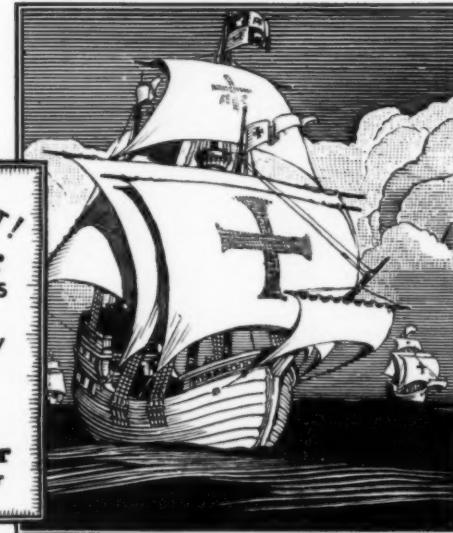
*Fine flavors of India's spices!* Luring Columbus westward... westward...into the unknown. Looking for a new and shorter route...never dreaming there was an America. Today, as in 1492, everybody...everywhere...is looking for a delicious flavor. You get it in Budweiser...distinctive...highlighted with the snap of costly Saazer hops. Look for it in no other beer, because *only Budweiser tastes like Budweiser.*



Order a carton for  
your home — NO  
DEPOSIT REQUIRED  
— Be prepared to en-  
tertain your guests.

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MAKE THIS TEST!  
DRINK  
**Budweiser**  
FOR FIVE DAYS  
★  
On the sixth day  
try to drink a  
sweet beer  
You will want  
the **Budweiser**  
flavor thereafter



# Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

has only a few months more to do on his enlistment and has a good position awaiting him on his discharge.

Sgt. Maj. Arthur J. Lang was seen hobbling around with a bad foot which was caused by a stone bruise.

Some more casualties. Tech. Sgt. Herman A. Pepen, Sgt. "Louie" Bourne and Sgt. C. "Chubby" W. Davis were seen around camp wearing patches over their left eyes.

Sgt. George T. Perschau, who joined us last month from Aircraft Two, extended his current enlistment for two more years in order to attend the Armorer's School at Rantoul, Ill. He will leave in the latter part of August when the classes will begin.

Cpl. Harmen DeHaan was transferred to Aircraft Two on the 17th of May and is motoring across the continent by the northern route. He has a thirtyday furlough, the greater part of which was to be spent in Hinsdale, Ill. He was accompanied by Corporal Zollieoffer who had just shipped over for another four years.

Cpl. George B. Zollieoffer (Sergeant now) did an unusual thing the afternoon of the day he held up his right hand before the Commanding Officer which entitled him to bedding and food for another cruise.

Barney (that's what his middle initial stands for) was paid off with a check amounting well over eight hundred bucks. And in order to have the boys remember him for some time to come and his benevolence, placed thirty-two gallons of beer for the disposal of the boys who enjoy that cooling beverage. This was

really an event and one that will long be etched on our minds, for all the boys present had a fine time, drinking, talking, singing and exchanging confidences as generally happens when good fellows get together.

First Lieutenants Delbert W. Heath and Benjamin B. Southworth, reserve officers, attached here for a year's active duty, were relieved from duty and detached to the Central Reserve Area. Both officers were relieved at their own request in order to accept positions with the Trans-Continental Western Airways. Happy Landings!

Four fine young Marines received their discharges on the 31st of May and decided to try their fortunes in civil life. The men were: Corporal Clarence M. Harper (the fire chief), Pfc. Joe Y. Chenault (we don't know whether we should thank him for his kindly favors or—. Thanks anyway, Joe), Pfc. Rodney Bourque (the b'rrique of Haitian fame) and Pvt. Woodrow T. Cox (coxswain). Private Cox stated that he intends to go to Perkinson Junior College, Mississippi, and then attend an Engineering School. All men received excellent discharges so they must have been good Marines. Best of luck!

The best anecdote is left as a fitting ending for this column. It's about the wiggling little worm. It's a gruesome tale and if you are apt to get scaredy by reading this, do not go on, kind reader.

Once upon a time (not so many weeks ago), the kitchen knave Pfc. Isadore Levin, was watching his underling, Pvt. William L. Gore, peeling the leaves off

the corn for the noon-day meal. The kitchen knave was oddly fascinated by the dexterity and skill displayed by the underling in his work.

As he watched, the underling stopped in his work, looked up at the sorry knave and smiled. In fact, he laughed and laughed for he saw a nice juicy worm wiggling along between the rows of corn.

Picking out the little worm, he saw it squirm and wiggle, trying once again to get a foothold on something and quite mad because it had been disturbed in its meal. An idea, so preposterous and preposterous, suddenly came to the knave. He had a dollar and he needed two and it looked like easy money if the underling would only take up his bet.

"Say, I'll tell you what I'll do." The knave said as he watched his underling hold the wiggling worm aloft. "I'll just make you a nice little bet, just one-dollar, that you are afraid to eat that little worm."

"What do you mean, sirrah, of being afraid of a nice little worm?" questioned the underling with a hearty chuckle. "See how the little worm wiggles and wiggles? Have you got a dollar, sirrah?" he asked with unbelieving eyes.

"Sure I got a dollar that says that you are afraid to eat that little worm."

"Let's see the dollar," the underling demands with mistrust in his voice.

"Okey Dokey. Just wait a minute and I'll be right back," the knave flings over his shoulders as he leaves to go to his quarters.

In two minutes, he is back flashing a nice new green dollar bill that is looked upon with envious eyes by a motley crew

that has gathered around to watch the underling renege on the bet. But the underling only laughed and laughed, for he knew that he would be a dollar richer in a few moments.

"All right, all right, all right," yelled the knave. "Where's your dollar. Put up or shut up."

Nothing daunted, the underling stood up and asked the knave to hold the little wiggling worm while he fished out a dollar from his pocket. But the knave demurred and told one of the onlookers to do the holding.

The bets were placed, the spectators were tensed at the little drama that was being enacted. The knave was almost positive that his underling would demure at the last minute when put to the final test. But the underling only laughed, as he watched the white little worm wiggling in the palm of his hand.

"Well, what are you waiting for. Go ahead and eat it. We haven't got all day. I'll give you two minutes to eat it, otherwise I win the bet."

The underling looked at the knave with reproachful eyes. That hadn't been part of the bet to eat the nice little worm in two minutes. He wanted to have a little fun first. But time was flying and he must win his bet.

Here goes the nice wiggling worm," the underling announced as he raised his hand slowly to his mouth and then the little wiggling worm was no more to be seen.

Proof had to be shown that there was no trickery and after careful examination, the underling received the winner's prize.

"He's sick; he's sick," someone in the crowd yelled.

"I knew he would get sick, when he ate that worm," another knowingly observed.

But the underling was only laughing. He laughed and laughed, for he knew where the little wiggling worm was. Of course, that was his secret. And then he laughed some more, as he looked at the sickly knave and then at the two one-dollar bills which he stuffed in his pocket.

#### CLERICAL SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from page 28)

rolls were made up in Haiti and Quantico. He still insists that the date on the morning report should be dated for the day previous to the morning it was submitted. At least he has the backing of the First Marine Brigade on that. (By the way, Brandon, you can change the spelling of "Porto Rico" in the book, for according to Jimmy, after making out reports of one maneuver, everyone is convinced it is Puerto Rico. Jimmy says it is too bad the girls all quit him because the forty-five dollars derived from Pfc and fourth class specialist will buy a lot of jewelry.

None of the boys seem to regret having gone to the School. We will be looking for about three fourths of the present class down in August. Don't give up hopes up there boys. If you can get the 125 per minute up there, you will have nothing to worry about when the Marine Corps dictators give up their 80 or 85 per. Boyd is taking his shorthand seriously, having been through the manual and Speed Studios several times since coming

to Quantico. He says he is determined to prove that it is worth while for a thirty year man to learn shorthand. However, he says he may quit on 20 if that school teacher back in North Carolina will wait for him. He also says it can't be the uniform 'cause she hasn't seen him with one on yet. (Some of the boys have advanced the theory that he is afraid to go down there with one on, 'cause the people up in them thar mountains might take him for a revernooer). Don't worry, Jimmy, things are bound to change in sixteen more years—even in North Carolina.

We send our greetings to the faculty of the School and to First Sergeant Miller.

Here's also hoping that the Top has his sea legs by this time.

In winding up, we wonder what has become of the rest of the old gang. How are Shawver and Holmes making out on P.I.? There is a report in the last issue of LEATHERNECK that our old friend "Rugged Dimples" Acord is on his way to China (I hope he is there by the time he sees this). Be careful, "Dimples," and keep your secret. We are told them gals over there can make a fella smile!!! So long, gang, and don't forget that no matter where you go in the Corps, "In the final analysis the forms within themselves are self-explanatory."

## Annual Rifle and Pistol Matches

(Continued from page 36)

### MARINE CORPS RIFLE MATCHES

Standing	Rank, Name and Location	Aggregate Score	Medal
1	Cpl. Rovert E. Schneeman, Philadelphia, Pa.	561	Gold
2	Pvt. Wilbur L. Jessup, Parris Island, S. C.	560	Gold
Dist.	Cpl. Remes E. De La Hunt, West Coast	560	None
Dist.	Sgt. Clarence J. Anderson, West Coast	560	None
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. Oliver A. Guilmet, Philadelphia, Pa.	559	None
Dist.	Pvt. John G. Jones, Boston, Mass.	558	None
3-A	1st Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., Parris Island	556	Silver
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. Thomas J. Jones, West Coast	554	None
Dist.	Cpl. Emmett W. Orr, MB, Washington, D. C.	554	None
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. John Blakley, MB, Quantico	553	None
Score only	Sgt. Ola Schoolcraft, FMF, Quantico	552	None
Dist.	Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, FMF, Quantico	552	None
Score only	Cpl. Albert N. Moore, West Coast	552	None
3	Cpl. Claude O. Foster, West Coast	552	Silver
4	Cpl. Edwin T. Hannaford, Asiatic	552	Silver
4	Cpl. John E. Heath, Boston, Mass.	552	None
Score only	Cpl. Carl Ulrich, MB, Quantico	551	None
Dist.	Plat. Sgt. Claude A. Mudd, FMF, Quantico	551	None
Dist.	Pfc. Sofus Pederson, Guantanamo Bay	551	None
5	Cpl. Edward S. Stallknecht, FMF, Quantico	551	Bronze
Dist.	Pvt. M. A. Smith, Philadelphia	551	None
6	Pvt. Harry L. Thomsen, West Coast	551	Bronze
Score only	Cpl. Donald J. Potter, Philadelphia	550	None
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. John Hamas, FMF, Quantico	549	None
Score only	Pvt. Clifford W. Rawlings, Parris Island, S. C.	549	None
7	Pfc. David Crews, Guantanamo, Cuba	548	Bronze
8	Pfc. Arnold W. Sargent, West Coast	548	Bronze
Dist.	Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz, Parris Island	547	None
Dist.	Sgt. George T. Philpott, FMF, Quantico	547	None
Score only	1st Lt. John F. Stamm, Portsmouth, N. H.	546	None
9	Cpl. Gregory U. Weissenberger, Parris Island	546	Bronze
Score only	Pvt. Robert C. Marshall, Pensacola, Fla.	546	None
Dist.	1st Sgt. Melvin T. Huff, West Coast	546	None
Dist.	Cpl. Leonard E. Carlson, Philadelphia	544	None
Score only	2nd Lt. Harry A. Schmitz, Charleston, S. C.	544	None
10-A	2nd Lt. Elmer T. Dorsey, FMF, Quantico, Va.	544	Bronze
10	Cpl. John Jennings, West Coast	543	Bronze

### MARINE CORPS PISTOL MATCHES

Dist.	Capt. W. J. Whaling, MB, Quantico	535	None
Dist.	Cpl. R. E. Schneeman, Philadelphia, Pa.	532	None
Dist.	1st Sgt. M. T. Huff, West Coast	532	None
1-A	1st Lt. August Larson, MB, Quantico	531	None
Dist.	2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal, FMF, Quantico	531	Gold
Dist.	Cpl. J. E. Heath, Boston, Mass.	529	None
Dist.	Cpl. T. E. Barrier, Portsmouth, N. H.	529	None
Dist.	Sgt. B. E. Clements, Parris Island, S. C.	524	None
Dist.	Pvt. John G. Jones, Boston, Mass.	520	None
1-B	1st Lt. P. A. Shiebler, Portsmouth, Va.	516	Gold
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. T. J. Jones, West Coast	512	None
Dist.	Mast. Gy-Sgt. H. M. Bailey, Parris Island	510	None
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. John Blakley, MB, Quantico	509	None
Dist.	Cpl. N. R. Clark, FMF, Quantico	509	None
Dist.	Pfc. A. W. Faby, MB, Quantico	506	None
1	Cpl. A. N. Moore, West Coast	505	Gold
2	Cpl. R. M. Catron, West Coast	504	Silver

Standing	Rank, Name and Location	Aggregate Score	Medal
Dist.	Cpl. L. A. Walker, West Coast	502	None
Dist.	Cpl. E. W. Orr, MB, Washington, D. C.	499	None
Dist.	Gy-Sgt. John Hamas, FMF, Quantico	499	None
3	Cpl. S. A. Custer, MB, Quantico	498	Bronze
Dist.	Sgt. R. B. McMahill, MB, Washington, D. C.	497	None
Dist.	Sgt. O. M. Davis, West Coast	494	None
4	Cpl. E. T. Hannaford, Asiatic	494	Bronze
5	Cpl. R. E. De La Hunt, West Coast	492	Bronze

#### LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY

	Pistol	Rifle	Total	Medal
Cpl. R. E. Schneeman.....	532	561	1,093	Gold
2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal .....	531	554	1,085	Silver
Cpl. J. E. Heath.....	529	552	1,081	Bronze
Total .....			1,067	

Seventeen teams competed for the Elliott Trophy on Thursday, May 28, 1936. The trophy was won by the Fleet Marine Force, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., with a score of 1,067 points. The individual team members' score and the team total were as follows:

2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal, team captain.....	271
Sgt. G. T. Philpott.....	264
Cpl. L. E. Easley.....	254
Plat. Sgt. C. A. Mudd.....	278
Total .....	1,067

Sgt. K. E. Harker, coach; Cpl. E. S. Stallnecht, alternate.

The scores of the competing teams in order of standing for the match were:

Standing	Name of Post	Total Score	Standing	Name of Post	Total Score
1	FMF, Quantico	1,067	Score Only	Asiatic	1,028
2	MB, Quantico	1,052	9	MB, Washington	1,017
3	Parris Island, S.C.	1,048	10	Pensacola, Fla.	1,014
Score Only	Bremerton, Wash.	1,042	11	Newport, R. I.	1,009
4	Philadelphia, Pa.	1,042	12	Nyd., Wash., D. C.	1,003
5	New York, N. Y.	1,039	13	NOB, Norfolk, Va.	989
6	Portsmouth, N. H.	1,031	14	Boston, Mass.	988
Score Only	FMF, West Coast	1,031	15	Charleston, S. C.	985
7	Portsmouth, Va.	1,030	16	Annapolis, Md.	954
8	Guantanamo Bay	1,028	17	Indian Head, Md.	954

The Wrigman Trophy was won by a team from Portsmouth, N. H., from a field of twelve contestants. The composition of winning team and scores are as follows:

1st Lt. J. E. Stamm, team captain.....	256
1st Lt. C. R. Moss.....	258
Sgt. M. H. Johnson.....	254
Cpl. T. E. Barrier.....	263
Total .....	1,031

Sgt. Seeser, Coach; Cpl. M. W. Robinson, alternate.

The scores of the competing teams in order of standing for the match were:

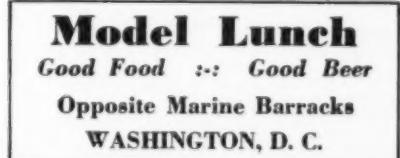
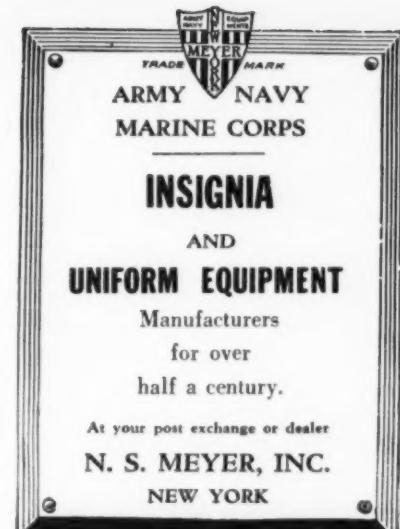
Standing	Name of Post	Total Score	Standing	Name of Post	Total Score
1	Portsmouth, N. H.	1,031	7	Nyd., Wash., D. C.	1,003
2	Portsmouth, Va.	1,030	8	NOB, Norfolk, Va.	989
3	Guantanamo Bay	1,028	9	Boston, Mass.	988
4	MB, Wash., D. C.	1,017	10	Charleston, S. C.	985
5	Pensacola, Fla.	1,014	11	Annapolis, Md.	963
6	Newport, R. I.	1,009	12	Indian Head, Md.	954

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## CHINA STATION

(Continued from page 34)

within him for he purchased himself a pair of "peepers" and proceeded to do some hard snapping in and just lately he copped not only the Battalion prize for offhand but also high score for range. Well that's the ole pepper, top, keep it up, I'll be more than glad to pay you that extra money on the payroll.

Probably the only thing that most of the boys out here whose extensions are taking effect are wishing that the good old 5 for 1 days were back again (with the Mex at 3.34½ now) but outside of that everything else is pretty lively out here in this famous city of the Orient. The Chaplain continues to give bigger and better dances and is putting those famous house boat trips on a pretty good schedule lately, and everybody is certainly enjoying them, too.

Lieutenant Fawcett, our genial Howitzer platoon Commander, recently brought in a book of 5 sweep tickets on the Annual spring house races run here at the Shanghai Race Club. Of course the office force immediately came through 100 per cent and even selling the extra ticket left, which gave the lieutenant a free one for selling the book. Well, the draw was held the other day and upon looking the papers this writer was one number away and the 1st Sergeant was one number on the other side of it. So come to find out, Lieutenant Fawcett had the number all right and that entitled him to some "Cumsha" for drawing a horse that might run in the race. But as it turned out the next day of the race, why his horse was forgotten for some reason or another. I guess the Lieutenant didn't "Chin Chin" hard enough, anyway it was a tough break for being so close to that golden opportunity—and we lost out on a mighty fine beer party as a result.

So now as a final word of parting for this time, we urge and appeal to you old former "H" Company men (Highbinders too) to C'mon back out here, we miss you and need you.



Narrow Canal at Wusih

## PEARL HARBOR

(Continued from page 33)

fee in the north-east corner will be made available for needed storeroom space.

Cpl. Bert S. Linville has relinquished his duties as chief messman to become "beer-baron" and chief clerk in the Post Exchange. Former "beer-baron" Medford De Witt Good may now be seen behind the soda counter in company with W. P. Burger, while W. L. Price plys between Honolulu and Pearl Harbor behind the wheel of

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the P. E. truck. Willie Price's worries seem to be not so much the safe delivery of stores as the thirty-mile speed limit on the new road he travels so much.

Platoon Sgt. Abe L. Skinner, post armorer, and Platoon Sgt. William H. Strong, in charge of the detachment at the Old Naval Station, were promoted from the rank of sergeant on the 12th of May, 1936. Many congratulations were extended for both men have the reputation of being not only very efficient, but also well liked. On Saturday evening of May 16th, a convivial celebration was held on the lawn of the Old Naval Station.

Although it is not a matter of record that Cpl. John L. "Airmail" McRill attended the above mentioned party, it was late the same evening that he was seen sitting (scantly attired on the barracks' steps, but in a most jubilant mood) passing out dollar bills to passers-by.

First Lt. W. A. Reaves, who has been acting as Post Adjutant, will soon resume his duties as Officer in Charge of the Rifle Range. Second Lieutenant Lasiter will remain at the range as assistant range officer.

Bandsmen have drawn rifles from the armory which they have cleaned in their spare moments preparatory to their annual sojourn to Puuloa Point for record firing. The three weeks are expected to be busy ones this year because rumors of plenty police work persist and members are required to take their band instruments with them for daily practice. It is hoped that by the time the band returns, the daily argument between "Joe" Parenti and "Tom" Richards as to which has the right of way on the ether waves, a radio or an electric razor, will be settled.

Cpl. J. B. Mathis, who has had charge of the butts at the rifle range for several months, has returned to straight duty with "B" Company. Sgt. J. C. Whittle has been transferred to the range to take the place of Corporal Mathis. Cpl. H. W. Fee is taking over the job of checker in the post laundry. Cpl. D. C. Howell has been transferred to the Marine detachment at Fleet Air Base, vice Corporal Ostrom who is returning to the States.

Pvt. Carl J. Giles has been detailed as motorcycle orderly to the Commandant of the 14th Naval District vice Corporal Oseit, who has become Corporal Patchison's assistant in the Yard's post-office. Oseit will be married on the 6th of June to Miss Othelia M. Jacobson of Honolulu.

## SEA-GOING LOG

**The Quincy Lancers**

(Continued from page 22)

our assistance because they found that a running guard of 4 on and 16 off and police work did not permit them much time for liberty, and liberty in Boston is something to really look forward to.

To start at the beginning, we cleared the Norfolk Navy Yard at 2:30 p.m. on the 23rd of May, a most memorable date, because a few of us had resigned ourselves to the fate of setting the date of departure ahead each time we would approach a date that was given, and for that occasion we really saw the outcome of official orders. We boarded the SS *Fairfax* of the well known Merchants and Miners Transportation Co., a vessel that had already gained significance in the Marines in connection with the men under the charge of 1st Sgt. Arthur E. Abbott (now Sergeant Major), during the first part of 1930 when it collided with the oil tanker *Pintosa* off Scituate, Mass., causing it to sink slowly and also starting a fire from the leaking tanks of oil which enveloped

both ships. The Marines contributed considerably toward the preservation of order and discipline and prevented the loss of life becoming greater than it was.

Our coastal trip was about as perfect a one as could have been expected with sunny weather and calm seas to go with the spaciousness of the ship's decks and forms of amusement to while one's hours away. The cuisine was nonpareil and only Kleiderer missed a couple of meals, but he finally acquired his sea-legs and partook of the comfort and pleasure that the rest of us were enjoying. The passengers were of the most congenial type, some of whom were from the South visiting the North and the others from the North returning to their homes after a sojourn to other parts of this country. Of course there were the opposite sex who were at liberty to enjoy the company of the Lancers and I failed to notice one who did not. As a matter of fact a couple of our gallants are still attending the presence of some of the fair ones they met on the ship and by all indications they will continue to pay their respects until we absent ourselves from these parts.

During the course of our full day and night at sea the Captain of the ship offered a program of entertainment composed of a couple of the ship's personnel and the remainder passengers. Needless to remark the Marines were well represented in the persons of Anderson, Bartuck and Heim who were part of a cast of a pantomime Cowboy and Indian playlet which was mirth provoking in its nature and was added to by Bartuck's headgear which was constantly sliding down in his eyes. Then our two musics, Lawton and Roberts, acquainted the civilian gentry with some of our bugle calls and their rendition of "Echo Taps" was greatly appreciated and was worthy of the commendation that the passengers displayed in their applause.

Of course we had an All-Marine presentation, too, which was composed of Fratus, Roberts, Heim, and Chihia who was offering accompaniment with drum sticks and was drumming on every piece of furniture that was within his reach, which was comprised of songs of the barracks and hill-billy type, and without fail the "Marine's Hymn" which was joined in by all the members present and enjoyed by the rest of the passengers too. The solo act was one by Russo, whose linguistic ability was disclosed by his baritone renditions of songs of France, Italy and Haiti, the latter country's song was "Janicoe" and it was really appreciated by only a few of us, although it was enjoyed by everyone in general.

Setting another precedent in the manner of transportation of troops, we came to these barracks from the ship's dock in a column of taxi-cabs and unloaded ourselves in front of the astonished eyes of the Boston Marines. Here in the "Cuidad de Frijoles" the footsteps of our men took them to all the places of historical significance and quite a few explored places which are plentiful, that they recalled from our Revolutionary history. As a matter of fact one casts its shadow on our very barracks, which are historically significant in themselves, and that is the Bunker Hill Monument, which is erroneously the site of the battle of Bunker Hill, which was fought on Breed's Hill a couple of blocks distant. These barracks, local history has it, were once the location of the cavalry stables of the British before the Revolution, and the presence of dun-

geons in the basement here discloses the fact that there once reposed occupants in them who were being punished for committing breaches of military or naval regulations. Also the word is prevalent that the first Marine Detachment to be instituted in these grounds was in 1809: 127 years ago Marines walked past here. Those of us who knew of the history surrounding the "City of Cow-paths" were not long repairing to "Jakey" Wirth's on Stuart Street and discussing matters of other nature with one another or with anyone who was inclined to take part in an intelligent discussion. Many of the members of this detachment took the opportunity of visiting the Quincy down at Fore River in the city of Quincy for the purpose of seeing if there actually was such a ship, and familiarizing themselves with the location of their compartment and other parts of the ship in general. We board our fair cruiser on the 9th of June and etch our names in her bulkheads and make preparations for our European cruise. I wonder just how many envious Marines there are in other parts of the Corps. I know there are quite a few here in Boston that would give or do anything to make the trip, but try and find one of us that is willing to stay behind.

#### REFLECTIONS

Just imagine, there are three members of this detachment who went for an automobile ride to Lawrence, 28 miles distant, with some girls and halfway there they were put out and had to walk back, 14 miles. Note: Names withheld by request. Corporal Johnson informs me that he found three skating rinks here; leave it to him to do that. Picture Russo in a bathing suit in the company of a fair one on a beach in South Boston. Sgt. Wood discovered an old running mate in the person of Cpl. "Joe" Trotter, here, and there was quite a reunion. First Sergeant Curey is taking every opportunity to visit his daughter in Arlington Heights as he won't be around these parts for a spell once we leave here. Gunnery Sergeant Anderson went to a ball game here with Sgt. "Horsecollar" Pierce and the day certainly turned out to be a sweet one as he found out the next morning. It is disconcerting to be ashore with a person such as Herbert and after a while whose languages become entangled into a jargon of Spanish, Gaelic and very little English, to try to understand what he is endeavoring to disclose.

#### CHANGES

During May we transferred Pvts. Ralph E. Miller and Joseph H. Alix to the Barracks Detachment, Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. We joined Cpl. Morton J. Silverman from the Provost Detachment, Post Service Battalion, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

#### USS MISSISSIPPI

By C. M. Kolbert

It is not very often that news of this detachment appears in these columns. We take this occasion to acquaint the Corps at large with our recent, current, and tentative activities. Capt. M. J. Batchelder commands the detachment and 1st Lt. J. O. Brauer and 2nd Lt. L. B. Clark are our junior officers. We regret that in the year's initial appearance here we must say farewell to the two latter. We wish them a pleasant tour in their new post of duty and look forward to the privilege of

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serving under them again. 1st Sgt. H. O. Rasmussen guides the detachment as "Top Kick" and Gy. Sgt. Charlie James supervises the line and ordinance routine.

Short timers are having sea bag drill. New men have joined us from San Diego: Wells, Barham, Melton, Glaze, Long, Carmichael. In the short time that they have been aboard we have already learned to like their caliber. Hardly had they unpacked their sea bags when they were already active in the boxing and wrestling contingent. They have the spirit that spells an interesting and successful term of sea duty.

As this goes to press we are preparing to bring up that mud hook and give three cheers for the Great Northwest and—Kitsap. Sergeant Jefferies has grown years younger since the glad news was announced that we are to sojourn there for the next few weeks.

Our kaleidoscopic recollections of Panama include the variety of entertainment offered. We took in the swimming beaches and pools, dickered and matched wits with the Hindu merchants, explored their labyrinth of merchandise, and went sightseeing. Sir Henry Morgan once visited Panama and burned up the place. This is the way Hank generally left places and since then the natives are suspicious of all sea going men. We took our burning in the sun and are now skeptical concerning the legend about the building of the church that Sir Henry overlooked as he shoved off. It was said that the mortar was mixed with whites of eggs to make it hold. Even the most gullible "Boat" can hardly be blamed if he doubts that the old church is held together by "fried" eggs, and in that sun—no egg could be anything but fried. We also noted the absence of the proverbial story: "He's alright Patrol, I'll take care of him." The fellows are wiser now and get something for their money, instead of the bottled dynamite with which some of the more enterprising dealers were even giving away whisk-

brooms. (To brush yourself off after each fall.)

We regret that we had to forego all the fun of crossing the equator. It is still an unsettled dispute as to who would have had the most fun—Shellbacks or Pollywogs. As we got underway from Panama that debonair gent Spahr broke into song, "Never again I'll come no more!" from Barnacle Bill, while Gales and Parham chimed in with their "Moose Callers." Sun tan was the uniform of the day. Steaming homeward leisurely over the long obliterated tracks of the ships of Lafitte, Drake, Balboa, Kidd, Morgan and others, we found ideal opportunity for athletics.

The boxing squad under the coaching of yo scribe, slugged and smashed their way to the semi finals in the interdivisional Iron Man bouts and was nosed out only by a small margin by a seasoned team for the finals. Hardly enough can be said to do justice to the spirit and sportsmanship of the young team in their debut season. The team consisted of the following men: Gettel, Wells, Lippert, Attebery, Visser, Kershules and Barham.

The wrestling team, coached by Benny Cain, buncerusher extraordinary, was even more successful. Vanquishing a rugged C Division team in the quarter finals, they upset the 1st Division in the semi-finals clearing the slate for the finals, where the 2nd Division was barely able to squeeze out a win. The team: Wells, Collins, Klucker, Melton, Keirstead, and Perkins.

We can not take time and space to introduce to you all the amiable (cut throat) shipmates in the detachment. Just a few samples and honorable mention to: "Snake" Parham whom you'll probably owe two bits for this copy, "Hit and Run" Spahr (he hits no more), "Major" Bowles, the Great Jefferies, "Daddy" Via, "Patent Leather Kid" Reid, Bruce Ferguson, "Gas House" Corbett, "Palooka" Keirstead, "Champ" Gettel (retired undefeated), Congenial Lovett, "Preacher" Parsons (company clown),

"Mato" Kershules, "Seabeast" Johnson, "Mrs. Joe Bailey" Lewis, etc. We hope these unsung heroes will not take offense at us for having discovered their secret monicker. We publish them here neither in reprisal nor offense.

"Professor Schultzenheimer" Morgan is still busy in the bowels of the ship making notes on his experiments. While swatting flies and expounding to you that the theory of Somnambulism and Torpidity is the bunk, he will build you a steam shovel or make you a wrist watch with the other hand.

And so while we practice shuddering in contemplation of the "unusual" weather in Washington, we say "So long" to you and California until a later day.

### MANLEY MANNER

Fellows, here and there, all over the Marine Corps world, the Marine Detachment of the USS *Manley*, down here in tropical Central America, wishes to extend greetings and salutations to the far reaches of "Semper Fidelis." We are continually on the go, seeing new and unusual things, making delightful acquaintances that become more and more interesting as we find it impossible to express ourselves, to some extent, in their beautiful language and in the meantime finding time to demonstrate that we are not so totally engrossed in pleasure that we have no time for living up to Marine Corps traditions.

During the first week in March, our 1st Lt., J. J. Tavern, directed the erection of Camp Speron on the Army rifle range at Fort Clayton, Canal Zone, and for the ensuing four weeks, practically the entire Special Service Squadron, including Marines and Bluejackets, came through the camp, at the rate of 165 men a week, firing the Navy marksman and sharpshooter courses. Marines were used as coaches during the entire period in addition to firing the courses themselves, and incidentally, every Leatherneck in the squadron qualified over the Navy course.

By the fifth week a keen interest had been aroused by some of the officers from each of the three ships in the squadron, as to which ship would put out the best rifle team, and as a result, teams consisting of one officer and seven enlisted men were selected from each ship for camp Speron competition. On the day of the match the weather was exceptionally fine for firing and the teams were so evenly matched that up until the last two ranges, it was not possible to say which of the three teams had an appreciable lead over the other. When the final scores were checked it would be found that the *Manley*'s score was fifty points over the *Fairfax*, whose score was twenty-three points over the *Memphis*, and that out of the ten highest individual scores of all three teams, the *Manley* had placed five men. And on the following day, sixty-two of the Marines making the highest scores over the Navy course, fired the Army course for record and Sergeant Brumfield of this detachment piled up the highest individual score in the squadron.

We returned to the ship during the afternoon of the fourth of April having broken camp that morning and had just about finished putting our equipment away when word was passed that liberty had stopped and that we were to get underway as soon as we could fuel ship.

No one seemed to have any idea as to where we were going nor why. But immediately after midnight we were underway on our record breaking transit of the Big Ditch and the next morning, as we were making knots up the east coast of Central America, most of the crew learned by piecing together available and logical scuttlebutt, that our mission was to chase down a couple of boats suspected of smuggling guns and ammunition into Honduras. We cruised up and down the coast from Nicaragua to the Yucatan Peninsula for a week, making two short stops, one at Tela, Honduras, and the other at Puerto Cortez. While off the coast of Yucatan we cruised in close enough to see the hoary old Mayan ruins of the Aztec Indians that have contributed such an interesting phase to the history of the Western hemisphere.

On Friday 10th a message was received that the *Manley* was to abandon her search and return to her former port and duties, and as the spirit of the chase had become somewhat dulled, the news that we were to return to our home port at Balboa, C. Z., was more than welcome. After docking at Coco Solo, Sunday night and taking a load of torpedoes for our flagship, the USS *Memphis* we went back through the canal arriving at Balboa in the afternoon.

On the 24th of April, two days after coming out of drydock, we were called on to make an emergency trip to Cape Malia, up the coast of Panama to bring a sick man from the radio station there to the hospital at Balboa. We were in a hurry of course, and when these Destroyers get in a hurry one can stand on the fan tail and reach out and put his hand in the seething, foaming wake, if one so desires. The trip was uneventful and we were back in Balboa within nine hours after leaving.

Well, we have a two month Caribbean Cruise to commence the first week in May and to end the latter part of June, so will suspend firing until we can let you hear some of the highlights of the cruise.

#### "FRISCO FLASHES"

USS San Francisco

By R. H. Wampler

Don't be surprised, fellows, as we are merely upholding our columns' title. We're liable to flash in and out at anytime.

There have been some recent advancements in our little family. Cpl. P. V. Sturdivant to sergeant, Pfc. P. H. Bond to corporal, Pvt. J. C. Banks, who recently entered our fold, has been made private first class. Good work, Banks; we're all for you. Not to forget our youngest, Pvt. J. L. Sullivan, who not long ago signed on the dotted line for four years. We sincerely hope you remember your first cruise with us, "Sully."

Our whaleboat crew has sort of lost out since the manuevers have started, but will soon be back to standard when we arrive at our old "stomping grounds."

We regret to say, that upon our return to San Pedro, we will lose our two officers, who have tried and succeeded in making this an outstanding detachment. First Lt. Alan Shapley (or should we say Captain Shapley, since he pins on the bars the first of July) who formed the Marine Detachment of the USS *San Francisco* at the Marine Base, San Diego, January, 1934, is leaving for Quantico Virginia. We take this opportunity to wish

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you the best of luck, skipper. Last but not least, a bouquet to 2nd Lt. R. E. Hommell, whose short stay with us will long be remembered. "Happy Landings," at Pensacola, Lieutenant.

In case, there is a question as to the whereabouts of the Wharton Trophy, we can assure you that it is in worthy hands. The Trophy being won at the "Wesley Harris Rifle Range," Bremerton, Washington, for the year 1935, while our ship was in drydock. We'll give everyone fair warning, that we will do our utmost to keep the said Trophy for the year 1936, when we fire the range at the Mare Island Navy Yard the latter part of October, this year.

Pvt. Carl T. Hickman, who was transferred to Mare Island, after having completed his tour of sea duty, was married the same day he was transferred. Nothing backward about that boy. Well good luck there, "Stooge."

As everyone knows, the Fleet is crossing the Equator on this cruise. All NCO's were asked to submit charges against every man in his squad, so "King Neptune" can award punishment. Could that be the reason for the extra courtesy shown them? Nevertheless, as the old saying goes, "What's good for the Goose is good for the Gander," so all hands are getting together and are entering charges against the NCO's. All in all, we should have an enjoyable day. At least, we'll all be "Salty" when we return.

Why do you suppose that everyone is calling, Acting Gy-Sgt. L. V. Raynes, "Chief?" Is it because he's the Police Sergeant? We wonder!!!

#### WEST COAST NEWS

Goat Island

(Continued from page 17)

30 months out there that he would rather spend the rest of this cruise in the States.

Private Colbert is thinking strongly of taking a furlough transfer to the East Coast, hates to ride the transports, and being due for discharge over there, will have to make up his mind at an early date.

**B**REAK THE SEAL on a vacuum tin of Sir Walter Raleigh and you hear a "swish" as the first air gets in since the tobacco was packed. You can't see the air enter. You CAN see, feel, and taste that your Sir Walter is fresh and moist and inviting.

Doesn't cost Marines a penny more to get their Sir Walter this scientifically-kept-fresh-way. Try it. You'll like this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys and you'll like the way it's packed.

Private First Class Rollins, requested to remain over here, but nothing has been heard from that as yet, maybe he will keep you company going over, Colbert.

In the event the writer's request for extension is not approved, he might also make that undesirable trip around.

Private First Class Page is now Captain's orderly, and Corporal Steeples is the Commandant's orderly. Corporal Steeples and Corporal Brown have decided to make a try at living ashore, having secured an apartment and are now looking for a cook.

The writer apologizes for mentioning that Brown was called STADE, Brown is doing great work as Inside Overseer at the GCM Brig. Keep it up, Brown, someone might look around and decide to pin another one below the ones you have. One never knows, does one?

On Sunday, 17 May, 1936, a christening was held at the Chapel on the Island, Miss Elizabeth Shell, the daughter of First Lieutenant and Mrs. Shell, being among the numerous babies of the Island that were christened. Miss Elizabeth is growing fast and we expect most any time to have her hold inspection some fine morning.

We had several guests from MB Hawthorne, Nev. They seem to like our place and were heard to remark that they would not mind remaining here for duty. Well, we would like to have them, more men less watches, but as the old saying goes, they are also needed at their regular stations.

Private Hanson, was restored to duty on 6 June, 1936, and placed on the switchboard as telephone operator, and from reports likes the job.

Since LeSueur was discharged there have been very few passes issued for more than one person as visitor to the Island, LeSueur recently invited a friend over, who in return invited a host of friends to come with her, so one pass wasn't enough, had to get two made out in order to list all the names.

Recent reports are that Smith would rather stay here now instead of going to China, the return of his girl being the reason.

"That Dean likes the Island rather well,



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AT NORTH STATION—BOSTON

having been aboard for five or six weeks now."

"That Gersich is improving, makes up his bunk without anyone telling him to."

"That Waage will buy no more cigarettes for the fellows."

"That Caspari is a fingerprint man, he said so himself."

"That Undeen is a capable Admiral's driver, so we heard."

"That Molshead is bound to make high Expert, with all that practice."

"That Lawless will make gunnery sergeant if everyone makes Expert after his coaching."

"That Schlentz was hit with a forty-ton truck or something from the looks of his leg."

"That Martin is receiving numerous phone calls."

"That Savitski is going in for raising rabbits."

"That Beheydt will start a chicken ranch in San Jose."

"That Taylor is thinking of attending school. At his age too."

"That the writer better close or get shot for saying too much, so until a later issue, I'll bid you a fond farewewell."

**MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE**

**NEWS**

(Continued from page 12)

I. C. S. Each school has a Director, Assistant Director, and instructors. In addition to being the oldest home study school, the I. C. S. also has the largest enrollment of any school and its students skirt the globe. They can be served wherever the mail reaches. At present there are more than three hundred standard courses available as well as many special courses. In addition to the individuals who contact the I. C. S. direct for their training there are also cooperative agreements for group training with hundreds of industrial concerns, railroads, schools and other agencies.

It seems to be a tradition with the I. C. S. that people who join the staff usually become well adjusted to the work and remain there indefinitely. Recent figures show that the directors and instructors who are now engaged in the work of the schools have been employed on this work an average of more than eighteen years. The Presidents of the I. C. S. have made even a higher average for their terms of service. In the forty-five years that the I. C. S. has been in existence, the Institution has had only two presidents.

Mr. Weeks was elected President in 1915, having come into the institution directly from other business activities in northeastern Pennsylvania. Although he had not been in intimate touch with the I. C. S. before 1915, still he was looked upon by the directors as a very worthy administrative officer because of his very fine integrity and business ability.

In 1926 a group of the private home study schools banded together to draw up a code of ethics which it was intended that all of the schools should follow in order to up-grade the standard of the correspondence schools. The association is known as the National Home Study Council, and Mr. Weeks has served as its president ever since its organization ten years ago. In an address delivered to the National Home Study Council some time ago he said:

"Modern business has a right to expect from a privately-owned or publicly-supported correspondence school certain definite things, among which are these:

"First, a sound educational objective.

"Second, good texts and competent instructors.

"Third, the ability to fulfil its obligations.

"Fourth, a sincere effort to encourage its students to study and complete the courses for which they are enrolled, it being recognized, however, that many students reach their educational objective long before graduation."

One of the cardinal points that Mr. Weeks has often mentioned as a policy of the I. C. S. was its determination to render more service for each dollar received than any other educational institution in the world. He was in personal charge of the negotiations for the I. C. S. when Major General Lejeune and associates for the Marine Corps outlined the plan for the establishment of the Marine Corps Institute and that Mr. Weeks stood by loyally in the beginning when the M. C. I. needed all the help it could get.

**THE INDELIBLE LINE**

(Continued from page 7)

I asked, and I was surprised at the strange inflection of my voice.

"He permitted his teeth to show momentarily from behind his thin lips. His uncanny eyes began to burn toward mine. Quickly I glanced down at his well-shod feet.

"Some people call it hypnotism, Meester Slattery—Some call it electro-biology, or animal magnetism—Some," he shrugged his shoulders enigmatically, "call it sheer nonsense. A weaker mind has succumbed to the will of a stronger one. That is an accomplishment few physicians can boast."

"I heard the chair crash over as Bert leaped to his feet. Never have I seen a man so agitated as he was.

"For God's sake what are you—a doctor or a witch?" he cried.

"Von Sirus continued methodically to bandage Lucille's ankle as he replied:

"Meester Hamilton, my father was a German scientist. He traveled much in Thibet. My mother was the daughter of a priest-doctor—a native. What I am besides a physician—it is hardly possible to say."

"With adhesive tape he fastened the loose ends of his gauze bandage and continued on in his impassive way:

"It is imperative, Meester Hamilton, that I be here when the Madame awakens. May I sit down?"

"Bert slid a chair over to his guest and said, "Certainly. Will you have a drink, Doctor?"

"Thank you, Meester Hamilton, but Bacchus is a dangerous god to worship. He is a god that demands the sacrifice of steady nerves. Upon his altar you must lay your mind. I can afford to do neither. You have doubtless heard reports to the contrary, but never do I drink spirituous liquors."

"For perhaps an hour no one spoke. I was ill at ease and constantly alert. Every minute I expected suddenly to find myself under the doctor's weird control and obeying some outlandish command. The silence was maddening. When one is used to the thunder of the trams and all the minute sounds that are incorporated into the roar of a city, tropical silence is terrifying. I remember sitting there, wishing someone would begin a conversation, when I discovered myself talking.

"Doctor," I was saying, "you have unusual abilities. I can't understand why you are content to practice in this God-forsaken place. Why don't you go to some country like, say, France? I should

imagine the profession would be more remunerative there."

"He struggled bravely against the hideous expression that fought to sweep over his face. I knew at once my bungling fingers had plucked the wrong chord.

"Eurasians, Meester Slattery, are not welcome in Caucasian countries. Once, when I was young, before that fact had been burned into my heart, I had hopes. I was educated in the country of which you just spoke, also Germany. At school I was constantly subjected to the taunts that civilization flings to the savage. Even here and now, Meester Slattery, if another physician were available, never would I have had the privilege of attending Madame."

"Don't say that, Doctor," Bert protested. "I have great faith in you. I have heard of wonders performed by you."

"The uplifted hand of von Sirus stopped him.

"As Balzac says, gentlemen, the fame of a surgeon exists only so long as he lives; and even while he lives his talents are appreciable only in the sphere in which he moves. I move in a sphere that is divided from yours by the indelible line of color. It is only by chance that I have penetrated past that boundary. It is as I say, if another physician existed and moved in your sphere, it is of him you would have heard—not me. Therefore, the faith you now profess to have in me would repose in him—am I not right?"

"He was, undeniably, and I told him so.

"You are handicapped," I admitted; "but can't you overcome that by some unusual achievement? Can't you drive yourself to the front by accomplishing something no one else has ever done?"

"Once more his beady eyes held mine; for a moment only, but I was left weak-ended and helpless.

"I am aware of my abilities, Meester Slattery, also of my limitations. Some years ago, while I was yet a student, I performed an unheard of operation. I removed a tumor from the brain of a man who was in prison. As far as I know—he lives today. Not long ago a colleague of mine performed a similar operation. The patient did not survive. But the public proclaimed it a great step in surgical science. The press said it opened the door of possibility. He was invited to lecture. He prepared articles for journals. But the answer, gentlemen, is plain—he was white—I am not."

"His green eyes were dilated and burning wildly, but his face was imperturbable as carved marble.

"I am not invidious, Meester Slattery, but I will one day demand recognition. At present I am experimenting upon a theory of mine which should revolutionize science. An operation, gentlemen, that if successful will startle the world. The one who performs it, be he white, black—or yellow, will be elevated to the dizzy heights of fame. It is inevitable."

"He was interrupted by a knock on the door. Startled as we were, we could not reply, and before we could collect our thoughts, a man, huge of figure and clad in a dirty suit of white linen, entered. He tossed his battered helmet upon the table and looked about with an expression of great self-esteem.

"Hello, Ham. Hello, Doc," he said brusquely.

"It was evident that Bert was not pleased with his visitor. As for myself, I had formed as violent a dislike for the man as was possible in that short time.

He was positively filthy. He sauntered around with an important air, looking about as if trying to photograph every detail of the room in his mind. Once he asked about the 'mis's,' and Bert reminded him that she was sleeping. He slouched toward me with an outstretched hand. "Timberlake's my name. I live across the road, down a piece."

"I could do nothing but introduce myself and he crushed my hand in his.

"Glad to know you, Slattery. I knew a fellow by that name once. He was engineer on a river boat. Any relation?"

"I assured him that to my knowledge there was none.

"Leaving me, he continued to pace the floor. He finally walked to the far corner of the room and motioned von Sirus.

"Say, Doc, come here a minute, will you? I got somethin' I want to ask you."

"Von Sirus arose and bowing to us in a majestic manner, said: "Excuse me, please, but evidently Meester Timberlake desires professional advice."

"Professional—humpf," he sneered. Then he lowered his voice so only the doctor could hear his words. Von Sirus shook his head.

"I am sorry, sir, but what you ask is impossible. It is against my ethics as a physician."

"Again Timberlake spoke in a low, pleading voice. The thin lips of von Sirus curled into a smile of contempt.

"No!" he said emphatically, "decidedly not for the purpose you suggest, Meester Timberlake. When nature is ready, summon me and I will do all within my power to consummate her efforts. Let me add, a man with the slightest honor would seek the aid of a clergyman, not a physician."

"You dirty, yellow half-breed!" Timberlake exploded.

"I looked up sharply. At last there was expression on the doctor's face; a cruel, sinister smile.

"I am as you say, Meester Timberlake," he replied through his clenched teeth. "I am the product of a marriage between the East and the West. That difference between us is furthered by the fact which you so often state—and jest about. Transcribing it into words more euphonious than you employ, I will say you are the accidental result of a temporary indiscretion."

"Before either Bert or I could interfere, Timberlake had knocked the little doctor down and was standing over him, red faced and infuriated. Somehow it was repulsive to me to see that big brute strike a man who was fifty pounds lighter and a head shorter. Perhaps you will say he deserved it, but remember, in Africa white men can't adhere too tenaciously to the twisted codes sanctioned by civilized countries. And under the yellow veneer, von Sirus was white.

"Bert assisted the doctor to his feet and apologized profusely because the unfortunate affair occurred in his house.

"Von Sirus hunched his shoulders in an expression of bitter sadness.

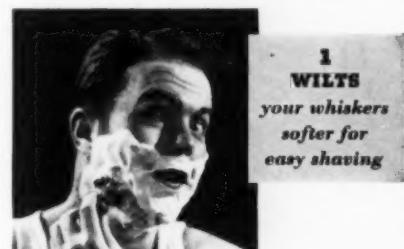
"It is nothing, Meester Hamilton—nothing. The Cross and the Crescent have thus met for two thousand years. But as for Meester Timberlake, one day I shall have the pleasure of cutting out his heart as payment for that blow."

"Blustering bully that he was, Timberlake paled at the calm, deadly promise. Stammering a weak reply about filling the doctor's yellow hide full of lead, he slammed the door behind him.

"Von Sirus slipped softly to the side

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of his patient. 'Her temperature is now normal,' he said.

"With the tips of his long, yellow fingers he gently massaged the closed lids of her eyes. They quivered slightly and opened.

"'Oh!' gasped Lucille, stifling a scream of fear, 'you frightened me so. Have I been sleeping?'

"'Soundly, Madame, soundly. Your recovery is now assured. I shall call again next Wednesday to dress the wound once more. In the meantime—rest.'

"He paused with his hand on the knob of the half-opened door and turned to face us.

"'You gentlemen are the first who have ever treated Doctor von Sirius with human consideration. I hope to one day repay your kindness. I bid you good night.' The door closed with a scarcely audible click and he was gone.

"Lucille's recovery during the next two days was very rapid indeed. She hustled about with only a slight limp. She didn't want the doctor any more, she said. We should tell him not to come. He scared her half to death.

"Bert and I laughed at her fears. I was eager to meet him again. I was curious to know by what means he hoped to ascend fame's ladder to such dizzy heights.

"It was late in the afternoon when his measured, mystic knock again sounded on the door. The same sensation of horror and revulsion overcame me. As he entered, I tried to greet him with a cordial smile, but I know it was poorly affected.

"We all knew the changing of the bandage was a subterfuge. What was more, everyone realized the others knew it too. It was hunger for companionship that drove him to us that day. Perhaps he was ignorant of that fact, but it was true. We all played the game, however. Lucille submitted to the unnecessary dressing of the wound, which he examined with exaggerated carefulness.

"A remarkably rapid recovery, gentlemen," he said as he rose to depart.

"If you have no other calls to make, won't you sit down and rest, Doctor?" Bert replied, motioning to a chair.

"Von Sirius smiled slightly through his half shut eyes.

"I shall be delighted," said he, seating himself.

"Never have I heard a man talk as he did. His knowledge was limitless. Astronomy, history, mathematics, literature, all were malleable subjects for his conversation. But I vainly waited for him to tell of his cherished hope, the operation which would force his recognition. I baited traps with subtle questions, but with tantalizing cunning he eluded them all.

"He was explaining the hypothesis of evolution when a salvo of pistol shots shattered his theory. A chorus of savage cries was heard, and Timberlake, with bleeding flesh showing beneath his tattered and red stained garments, burst into the room.

"'My God, fellows,' he panted, 'they're after me. Don't let them get me. They'll burn me alive.'

"'Who?' I inquired.

"'Natives,' he screamed. 'On account of that girl. They chased me right to the door. Hide me, quick!'

"'Meester Hamilton,' said von Sirius deliberately. 'It may be serious to oppose them.'

"Bert had already bolted the door and was pushing the table against it. 'They'll

take no white man from here,' he cried. 'There's rifles on the rack!'

"Turning to me, he said: 'You stand by the window in the back room. Take the shotgun, you'll get better results.'

"I took the post directed and stood waiting. I could hear the strident hiss of the doctor's tongue. He had assumed leadership of the defense, and in a voice unlike his usual calm, issued orders as terse and military as a general might.

"The attack was desultory and half hearted. Except for the revolver one of them had taken from Timberlake, they were armed only with blow-guns and bows. They circled us once or twice, letting fly a torrent of feathered missiles, and suddenly withdrew."

**S**LATTERY for the first time seemed reluctant to continue his tale. His eyes avoided mine, as if the whole thing were repulsive to him. He hung his head like a child who had been trapped in a falsehood. "The natives," he began, then faltered. He started again, as if feeling his way through uncharted seas. Once more he floundered on invisible rocks.

I pieced from the broken fabric of his story that the natives discharged a parting volley toward the house as they withdrew. Slattery heard a dull thud, like the impact of a body falling from a great height. His sister screamed. He abandoned his post and rushed to the other room.

It was as he expected. The first thing he saw was Bert lying prone and motionless. Lucille was kneeling by his side, weeping.

"I was dazed, of course," Slattery said. "It was so sudden. There was Lucille weeping her heart out over Bert's body. The doctor stood looking down as if unwilling to believe his eyes. But that pig-like Timberlake folded his greasy arms nonchalantly and assumed that expression of insolent superiority."

Slattery was leaning forward again in his wheel chair, talking with his accustomed ease and confidence.

"Timberlake looked up as I came in," he said. "There was a sickening smile on his ugly face. He swept his hand out toward Bert's body. 'He got plugged right through the heart,' he informed me.

"Von Sirius looked at him disgustedly and moved toward Lucille. His long, slender hand slid forward to pat her shoulder.

"'Doctor,' she sobbed, 'can't you do something?'

"Madame must compose herself—I will investigate," he replied, sliding down beside her.

"Slowly he slit open the shirt and exposed a ragged tear in the left breast.

"Lucille was struck suddenly with the cold realization.

"'He isn't dead,' she screamed. 'Tell me he isn't dead!'

"'Killed instantly,' Timberlake interposed. 'He never knew what hit him.'

"I told him to shut up.

"Von Sirius was rapidly examining the body.

"The heart action has apparently stopped, Madame. But modern medical science makes many things possible."

"'Doctor,' I interposed, 'don't raise false hopes in Mrs. Hamilton's heart.'

"He turned to face me.

"'If I raise hope in the breast of Madame, I also raise it in my own; time alone can tell if it is false. It is ridiculous to speak of death as instantaneous. Death is the ultimate result of a series

of progressive proceedings; it is comparatively a slow process. The human body is composed of a legion of tiny cells. Each cell is independent life. Animation continues until every cell is destroyed. Until then, never do I cease to hope."

"Lucille clutched his coat imploringly. "If you can do anything, hurry!"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I must hurry. As Omar say, the bird of time has but little way to flutter." He swayed slightly, then continued, "And the bird is on the wing."

"Gliding to his ease of instruments he began calmly to unpack it. 'I must ask you all to leave the room,' he said, as he arranged the shining implements upon the table. He studied our faces briefly, then as an afterthought, added: 'I shall need one assistant.'

"Lucille tottered forward.

"No, Madame! You above all others, no! The task will require a steady nerve and a strong heart." His roving eyes rested upon Timberlake. "You are a bit clumsy, Meester Timberlake; but I think you can greatly aid me. Meester Slaterry will you assist Madame from the room? I shall inform you as to the result as soon as it is apparent."

"His eyes were burning with a wilder light than ever. I could not help but think he had gone mad.

"Lucille leaned against me weakly as I led her from the room.

"Can I—can I—hope?" she whispered.

"I couldn't trust myself to answer her; it was all so impossible. As I closed the door behind us she dropped heavily into a chair.

The monotonous drone of the doctor's voice sounded far away. It was more like the weird chant of a ritual, or the incantations of some tribal medicine man. Lucille was moving her head slowly from side to side in cadence with the song. I could see her eyelids growing heavier and heavier. Mine, too, were like lead. It was impossible to keep them open. I fought against sleep as no man ever did; but that uncanny chant from the other room was like a lullaby. A feeling of profound restfulness came over me. It was pleasant to relax and think that in a moment I would arise and shake myself from drowsiness. But I never did.

I dreamed scores of fantastic and hideous nightmares. My wildest fancy, while awake, could never produce the absurd visions that danced through my sleeping brain. One dream only, however, had any relevancy to fact. I could see the tub-like figure of Timberlake. He was lying flat on his back, chained to rings in the floor. There was inexpressible terror in his eyes. His mute lips moved as he watched a serpent writhing its way toward his breast. It coiled itself directly over the man's heart. As it raised its head to strike, the slanted, almond eyes, under the yellow sloping head, glittered with a green fire. It hissed and struck.

"Mortal man could never utter the scream of agony that sounded in my ears. It was like a hideous screech of lost souls. I struggled to arouse myself, but it was useless.

"Other dreams, less vivid and not so terrible, danced before me. I appeared to be awake. I could hear the voice of Doctor von Sirus.

"I have restored respiration," he was saying. "The patient is sleeping naturally."

"Lucille leaped from her chair and ran to the door.

"Will he live, Doctor?" she cried wildly. "Will he live?"

"With proper care he should recover—fully."

"He was speaking only with great effort. I could see his yellow complexion had changed to a sickly, livid hue.

"Lucille stood by the couch and gazed inerudivously at Bert. His breast rose and fell with each even breath.

"Doctor," I asked in bewilderment, "how in the world did you extract the bullet from his heart?"

"His ghastly green eyes fastened themselves upon me as he staggered forward.

"That was impossible to do—so I replaced it with a more serviceable, if less noble, organ."

"The whole truth came to me in a flash. 'Where is Timberlake?' I cried.

"He pointed slowly toward the corner of the room where a huddled object lay under a sheet.

"Lucille screamed.

"Meester Timberlake was kind enough to assist me in the very experiment of which I spoke the other day. The operation by which I had hoped to—" he faltered. His jaw dropped weakly. His knees buckled under him and he slumped to the floor.

"Instantly I was by his side. 'What's the matter, Doctor?' I asked. 'You seem ill. Can't I do something?'

"His features twisted into a horrible grimace.

"I am afraid it is too late," he said painfully. "Too late for any human aid. A poisoned dart pierced my shoulder—it burns a little—but it will soon be over."

"It can't be too late. Isn't there something I can do?"

"One hour ago, perhaps yes; but now—no. It is only a matter of minutes. I regret that I cannot remain to observe the ultimate result of my experiment. It will cause a revolt in the medical world."

"Lucille moved with a faint rustling.

"Madame," he called softly. "Doctor von Sirus is going away. He would like to bid farewell to the only white woman who did not treat him as if he were a loathsome reptile."

"She came and knelt by his side. Bending down, she kissed his forehead. A tear fell and dropped upon his cheek.

"Madame has no cause to weep. As for Doctor von Sirus, his fee has been amply paid by that tear, it transcends professional triumph."

"Suddenly his expression changed and laughter issued from his pain-racked lips—incongruous and startling. Lucille and I recoiled.

"No!" he laughed, "I can read your minds. I am still sane; but I was thinking. Meester Timberlake had the honor of being the first patient Doctor von Sirus ever lost."

Slattery choked a little and glanced expectantly toward me. There was enough moonlight coming through the window for him to observe the incredulity on my face. He leaned forward in his chair.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked in a pleading voice.

"Well," I stammered.

"Maybe I did fabricate a part," he said faintly. "But on the whole it is true as heaven. Only it was not Bert, it was—was—Good God, man," he screamed suddenly, "Look!" He tore open the shirt of his pajamas, and there, livid in the moonlight, on his left breast was a hideous scar.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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The Leather-Necks, the Leather-Necks  
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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on April 30	17,344
<b>COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT</b> —April 30	1,221
Separations during May	1
	1,220
Appointments during May	0
	1,220
Total Strength on May 31	16,123
<b>ENLISTED</b> —Total Strength on April 30	296
Separations during May	
	15,827
Joinings during May	336
	16,163
Total Strength on May 31	17,383
Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	



## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.  
 Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.  
 Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.  
 Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.  
 Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

### Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
 Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont.  
 Col. Albert E. Randall.  
 Lt. Col. Fred G. Patchen.  
 Maj. Curtis W. Lettete.  
 Capt. John N. Hart.  
 1st Lt. Eustace R. Smoak.

### Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
 Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont.  
 Col. David M. Randall.  
 Lt. Col. William W. Ashurst.  
 Maj. George W. Shearer.  
 Capt. Leslie F. Narum.  
 1st Lt. Gerald R. Wright.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MAY 11, 1936.

Brig. Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley, on or about 23 May, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty as President, Naval Examining Board.

Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick, on or about 22 May, 1936, detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to MB, Parris Island, S. C., for duty as Commanding General.

Col. Walter N. Hill, about 10 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Chamont," sailing San Francisco, 15 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. Roswell Winans, on 21 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Lt. Col. Earl C. Long, about 1 June, 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Col. Louis W. Whaley, on or about 29 May, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval Examining Board, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Calhoun Ancrum, retired as of 1 July, 1936.

Major Alton A. Giddens, on or about 29 May, 1936, relieved from Marine Corps Schools and assigned to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Ery M. Spencer, AQM, about 30 June, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Peter Conachy, about 20 May, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Headquarters Recruiting District of Dallas, Texas.

Major Prentiss S. Geer, on or about 29 May, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., for duty CO, Sea School.

Major Frank D. Strong, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to duty MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Major Omar T. Pfeiffer, about 1 June, 1936, detached Naval Examining Board.

(Continued on page 65)

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

KILLEEN, Dewey, 4-23-36, USS "Tennessee" for USS "Tennessee".  
 DAVIS, Everett W., 4-28-36, San Francisco for DQM, San Francisco.  
 LAEMMERT, Oscar, 4-28-36, San Francisco for APMO, San Francisco.  
 HALL, Clyde L., 5-22-36, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.  
 ROSSICH, Louis, 5-1-36, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.  
 ADAMS, William O., 5-1-36, San Francisco for San Francisco.  
 KLEIN, Charles, 5-5-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 FOUTZ, Charles W., 5-5-36, Portsmouth, N. H., for Norfolk, Va.  
 JACOBS, Clarence E., 5-6-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 KENNEDY, John E., 5-6-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.  
 LaRUE, James S., 4-12-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 THOMAS, Robert P., 4-30-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 KNOWLES, Robert W., 5-7-36, St. Juliens Creek for St. Juliens Creek.  
 MARTIN, Frank, 5-5-36, Pensacola for Pensacola.  
 KETCHINS, Robert H., 5-6-36, New Orleans for Pensacola.  
 ROBERTS, Stephen W., 5-9-36, Baltimore for Quantico.  
 BALLEW, Robert H., 5-8-36, Kansas City, Mo., for Mare Island.  
 BJORK, Clarence L., 5-9-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 COX, Max, 5-2-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 FISCHER, Arthur L., 5-4-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 GARDNER, George E., 5-8-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 KANE, Henry, 5-2-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 RILEY, Elmer E., 5-2-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 SHARP, John W., 5-9-36, Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.  
 COLLINS, James E., 5-6-36, San Francisco for Mare Island.  
 LaPOINTE, Adrian J., 5-11-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, N. H.  
 POSIK, John, 5-11-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 HULET, Ethel W., 5-8-36, San Francisco for San Francisco.  
 LOFTON, Douglas D., 5-11-36, New Orleans for Pensacola.  
 JACKSON, Carl M., 5-12-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 CARLEY, Thomas F., 5-14-36, Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs., USMC, Washington, D. C.  
 COMPTON, George W., 5-13-36, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.  
 WISNIEWSKI, Anthony J., 5-13-36, Washington, D. C., for Charleston, S. C.  
 JENKINS, Clarence L., 5-12-36, Parris Island for Parris Island.  
 STROM, Henry A., 5-9-36, Mare Island for Mare Island.  
 FOY, James A., 5-15-36, Yorktown for Yorktown.  
 SMITH, Erval J., 5-15-36, So. Charleston, W. Va., for So. Charleston.  
 LATIMER, Byron, 5-14-36, New Orleans for Pensacola.  
 WATSON, Lester A., 5-15-36, Macon for Parris Island.

(Continued on page 69)

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MAY 1, 1936.  
 Tech. Sgt. Leonard Lutke—WC to Peiping.  
 Tech. Sgt. Walter E. Anderson—Peiping to San Diego.  
 MT-Sgt. Robert W. Powers—Philadelphia to Peiping.  
 MT-Sgt. Abner E. Foster—Peiping to Philadelphia.  
 Cpl. Adrian J. LaPointe—Norfolk to Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Cpl. George Raymond—PI to Asiatic.  
 Cpl. Morton J. Silverman—Quantico to Norfolk for "Quincy."  
 MAY 2, 1936.  
 Stf. Sgt. George W. Henderson—Pensacola to Aviation, Quantico.  
 Stf. Sgt. Herman L. Williams—Pensacola to Aviation, Quantico.  
 Cpl. Thomas C. Clemons—FMF to Quantico TCE.  
 MAY 4, 1936.  
 Cpl. Stephen McClosky—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic.  
 Cpl. Victor E. Troutman—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic.  
 Cpl. Edward Koehler—Indian Head to Quantico.  
 Cpl. James J. Fogarty—MB, Washington, D. C., to Quantico TCE.  
 Cpl. Henry B. Stowers—Cuba to Pensacola.  
 Cpl. Carl F. Johnson—PI to Quantico.  
 Cpl. Louis Tager—MB, Washington, D. C., to Navy Building Guard.  
 MAY 5, 1936.  
 Cpl. Hyman M. Bizzell—USS "Memphis" to Boston.  
 Cpl. Jack L. Crawford, Jr.—USS "Memphis" to Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Cpl. James Milner—Quantico to Charleston, S. C.  
 Cpl. Wilfred E. Reeves—San Diego to Quantico.  
 Cpl. Louis M. Holley—Norfolk to Pensacola.  
 Sgt. Harold A. Rubertus—Charleston, S. C., to Asiatic.  
 Cpl. James A. Gallagher—New London to Asiatic.  
 Sgt. Melvin C. Olson—Pensacola to Asiatic.  
 Sgt. Wallace K. Stainbrook—Pensacola to Asiatic.  
 Cpl. Gerald D. Pierce—Pensacola to Asiatic.  
 MAY 6, 1936.  
 Cpl. Stephen A. Jacobs—New York to Asiatic.  
 Gy-Sgt. John A. Gustafson—SC to Quantico.  
 Cpl. Jack Well—Newport to Pearl Harbor.  
 Cpl. William J. Kelley—Newport to Boston.  
 MAY 7, 1936.  
 Sgt. Arthur L. Kent—Norfolk to Guam.  
 Sgt. William C. Jones—Aviation, Quantico, to Aviation, San Diego.  
 1st Sgt. Frank M. Hanrahan—USS "Chamont" to Norfolk.  
 1st Sgt. Alme P. Athenour—WC to USS "Chamont".  
 Sgt. Patrick H. Thompson—Raritan to Wakefield for MCR&PTD.  
 Cpl. George H. Bergstrom—Norfolk to Quantico.  
 Gy-Sgt. Ernest F. Gore—PI to USS "Arkansas".

(Continued on page 68)

**U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES**

(Continued from page 64)

Washington, D. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Capt. Earl C. Nicholas, retired as of 1 June, 1936.

Capt. Leo F. S. Horan, retired as of 1 June, 1936.

Capt. William W. Scott, Jr., retired as of 1 June, 1936.

Capt. Edward F. O'Day, retired as of 1 June, 1936.

Capt. James E. Jones, about 18 June, 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Diego, 22 June.

Capt. Ralph W. Luce, on or about 29 May, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. William S. Fellers, on or about 29 May, 1936, relieved from Marine Corps Schools and assigned to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Charles F. Cresswell, on or about 1 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. John D. Muncie, on or about 1 June, 1936, detached Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Howard R. Huff, on or about 29 May, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Capt. Lenard B. Cresswell about 1 July, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. Thomas M. Ryan, on or about 29 May, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Harry B. Liversedge about 30 June, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. Carl W. Meigs, about 18 June, 1936, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Diego, 23 June.

Capt. Gordon Hall, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified, on detachment MD, USS "Nevada," about 15 June, 1936, ordered to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Richard M. Cutts, Jr., on or about 29 May, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing from San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. George F. Good, Jr., on 20 May, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. John P. McCann, on 1 June, 1936, detached Rgt. Dist. of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md., and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

Capt. Howard N. Kenyon, on or about 5 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. Lucian C. Whitaker, effective 27 April, 1936, detached MD, USS "New Orleans," to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Frank D. Weir, on or about 15 May, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Archibald D. Abel, on or about 15 May, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Glen G. Herndon, on or about 15 May, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Raymond E. Hopper, on or about 15 May, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Edward A. Montgomery, on or about 15 May, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Frank H. Schwable, about 5 June, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. David M. Shoup, about 20 May, 1936, detached MD, American Embassy, Peiping, China, to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., via SS "President Jackson," due to arrive at Seattle 10 June.

1st Lt. Arthur H. Butler, on or about 29 May, 1936, relieved from Marine Corps Schools and assigned to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Paul Drake, orders to MB, Quan-

tico, Va., modified; on detachment USS "Maryland" about 1 June, 1936, ordered duty Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Wallace O. Thompson, about 30 June, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md.

1st Lt. Kenneth H. Cornell, about 25 June, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, American Embassy, Peiping, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Calif.

2nd Lt. Bruno A. Hochmuth, effective 6 May, 1936, relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Richard H. Crockett, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Charles T. Tingle, orders to FMF, MCB, San Diego, modified—on detachment, MD, USS "West Virginia," about 16 June, 1936, ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Pedro, Calif., 19 June.

1st Lt. Lionel C. Goudeau, detached Rectg. Dist. of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. James L. Beam, about 8 May, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Ch.Mr.Gnr. William A. Buckley, retired as of 1 July, 1936.

Ch.Mr.Gnr. Henry Boschen, about 20 May, 1936, detached MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing from Norfolk, Va.

Mar.Gnr. Victor H. Czegka, on 26 May, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Q.M.Ck. Carl M. McPherson, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Or about 29 May, 1936, the following-named officers relieved from duty with the Marine Corps Schools and assigned to duty with the First Marine Brigade, FMF, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.:

Col. Charles J. Miller.

Maj. Richard Livingston.

Maj. Donald Curtis.

Capt. James M. McHugh.

Capt. Charles W. Pohl.

Capt. Philip L. Thwing.

Capt. Robert J. Straub.

Capt. Wilbur S. Brown.

Capt. Raymond A. Anderson.

1st Lt. Thomas G. McFarland.

1st Lt. John H. Griebel.

1st Lt. Francis B. Loomis.

1st Lt. Jaime Sabater.

1st Lt. Con D. Sillard.

1st Lt. Francis M. McAlister.

1st Lt. Archie E. O'Neil.

1st Lt. William W. Benson.

Or about 30 May, 1936, the following-named second lieutenants detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered to duty at the stations indicated:

Charles W. Harrison—MD, USS "Arizona."

William G. Robb—MD, USS "Chester."

Charles S. Todd—MD, USS "Chicago."

Norman VanDam—MD, USS "Colorado."

Herbert H. Williamson—MD, USS "Houston."

James M. Clark—MD, USS "Idaho."

John A. Anderson—MD, USS "Louisville."

Alexander A. Vandegrift, Jr.—MD, USS "Minneapolis."

Louie C. Reinberg—MD, USS "Mississippi."

Clyde R. Huddleson—MD, USS "Nevada."

John C. Miller, Jr.—MD, USS "New Mexico."

Gordon A. Bell—MD, USS "Pennsylvania."

Dwight M. Guillotte—MD, USS "Salt Lake City."

Roy L. Kline—MD, USS "Saratoga."

Joseph R. Little, Jr.—MD, USS "San Francisco."

Frederick E. Leek—MD, USS "Tennessee."

Joseph L. Winecoff—MD, USS "Texas."

John J. Nilan, Jr.—MD, USS "Tuscaloosa."

Benjamin L. McMakin—MD, USS "West Virginia."

William W. Buchanan—MD, USS "California."

Joseph N. Renner—MD, USS "Lexington."

John W. Easley—MD, USS "Maryland."

Wendell H. Duplantis—MD, USS "Northampton."

Harry O. Smith, Jr.—MD, USS "Ranger."

Odell M. Conoley—FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego.

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Loren S. Fraser—FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego.

Jack Tabor—FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego.

Lawrence M. McCulley—MCB, NOB, San Diego.

Robert D. Moser—MCB, NOB, San Diego.

Thomas S. Ivey—MD, USS "Indianapolis."

Eschol M. Mallory—MD, USS "Pensacola."

Leo R. Smith—MD, USS "New York."

Robert A. McGill—MD, USS "Portland."

Peter J. Speckman—MD, USS "Astoria."

Edwin A. Law—MD, USS "New Orleans."

William E. Boles—MD, USS "Oklahoma."

William R. Collins—MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.

Frederick P. Henderson—1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Arthur A. Chidester—MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

Michael Sampas—Aircraft 1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, Quantico, Va.

James S. O'Halloran—MD, USS "Arkansas."

Ferdinand Bishop—MD, USS "Wyoming."

Donald J. Decker—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Frank L. Kilmartin—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

William R. Wendt—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mar.Gnr. Walter M. Henderson, about 15 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

May 14, 1936.

Col. Robert L. Denig, on or about 25

May, 1936, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Naval Prison, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Lt. Col. Tom D. Barber, on 1 June, 1936, detached Naval Prison, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H. and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

Lt. Col. Louis W. Whaley, orders 9 May,

1936, detaching this officer from MB, Quantico, to Naval Examining Board, Washington, D. C., revoked. On or about 29 May, 1936, relieved from Marine Corps Schools Det., and assigned MB, Quantico, Va., to NYd.

Maj. William N. Best, on or about 8 June, 1936, detached Naval Examining

Board, MB, Washington, to Staff of Army Industrial College, Washington, D. C.

Maj. Joseph T. Smith, on or about 29 May, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Hartin S. Rahiser, on or about 15 July, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

Capt. Lewis B. Puller, about 14 June, 1936, detached Dept. of Pacific, to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via USS "Chamont," sailing San Francisco, 15 June.

Capt. James S. Monahan, about 14 June, 1936, detached Dept. of Pacific, to MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Chamont," sailing San Francisco, 15 June.

1st Lt. Matthew C. Horner, about 14 June, 1936, detached Dept. of Pacific, to MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Chamont," sailing San Francisco, 15 June.

1st Lt. James C. Bigler, about 2 July, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, 6 July.

1st Lt. Charles R. Jones, orders to FMF, MCB, San Diego, modified; on completion of temporary duty Hdqrs., Marine Corps, about 15 July, 1936, ordered duty MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. John B. Hendry, on or about 10 July, 1936, detached 1st Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

1st Lt. Alfred R. Peely, on or about 1 July, 1936, detached 1st Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va.

1st Lt. Miles S. Newton, about 29 May, 1936, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Russell Lloyd, on or about 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington.

2nd Lt. Herbert R. Amey, Jr., on or about 21 May, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Harold G. Walker about 30 May, 1936, detached MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Ch.PayClk. Guy B. Smith, about 14 June, 1936, detached Dept. of Pacific, to Office of

Asst. Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa., via USS "Chamont," sailing San Francisco, 15 June.

Ch.Mar.Gnr. Paul H. Benz, about 20 May, 1936, detached 1st Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk 25 May.

Ch.Mar.Gnr. Henry Boschen, orders detaching this officer MB, NAS, Dover, N. J., to 4th Marines, revoked.

Col. Calvin B. Matthews, on 1 June, 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Edwin N. McClellan, on 29 May, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. Ross S. Kingsbury, on 1 June, 1936, detached Rectg. Dist. of Seattle, and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. Russell H. Davis, AQM, on 1 June, 1936, detached Dept. Pacific and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. William C. Powers, Jr., on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. Harold H. Utley, on 1 June, 1936, detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. Howard W. Stone, on 1 June, 1936, detached Rectg. Dist. of Macon, Macon, Ga., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. Samuel A. Woods, Jr., about 12 May, 1936, reported aboard the "Houston," upon transfer of Flag of Comdr. Scouting Force from the "Indianapolis."

Maj. James W. Webb, Orders to duty as Insp-Instr. 12th Bn., FMCR, San Francisco, modified; about 15 June, 1936, detached Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Maj. Herbert Hardy, on 1 June, 1936, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

Maj. Archibald Young, on discharge from treatment at Naval Hosp., Mare Island, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Arthur Kingston, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Egbert T. Lloyd, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Wilbur Thing, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Fred S. N. Erskine, on 1 June, 1936, detached Rectg. Dist. of New York, N. Y., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Arthur J. White, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. John Q. Adams, on 1 June, 1936, detached MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Louis E. Fagan, Jr., on 1 June, 1936, detached Rectg. Dist. of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Robert W. Voeth, AQM, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. John M. Tildsley, on or about 25 May, 1936, detached MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., to Rectg. Dist. of Macon, Macon, Ga.

Maj. Allen E. Simon, on reporting of relief, about 15 June, 1936, detached MB, NAD, Ft. Mifflin, Pa., to Rectg. Dist. of New York, New York, N. Y.

Maj. Maurice S. Berry, on 1 June, 1936, detached MCB, NOE, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Maj. Cecil S. Baker, on 1 June, 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Capt. James D. Colomy, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

Capt. Claude A. Phillips, AQM, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to report 25 May, 1936.

Capt. James B. Hardie, on 1 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Rectg. Dist. of Portland, Portland, Ore.

Capt. Gale T. Cummings, orders detaching him MD, USS "Oklahoma," to Instr. Instr., 4th Bn., FMCR, modified, detached hereby to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Donald Spicer, on or about 5 June, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Capt. Oliver T. Francis, on or about 10 June, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAD, Ft. Mifflin, Pa.

Capt. Reginald H. Ridgley, Jr., on 29 May, 1936, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Charles W. Pohl, on completion of present school year, about 29 May, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Instr. Instr., 4th Bn., FMCR, Newark, N. J.

Lt. Col. Randolph Coyle, on 1 June, 1936, detached Rectg. Dist. of Portland, Portland, Ore., to Asiatic Station via "Pres. Jefferson," sailing Seattle 6 June, 1936.

1st Lt. Edson L. Lyman, on or about 1 July, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., with delay in reporting until 26 August, 1936.

Ch.Q.M.C. Norman T. Johnston, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

Mar.Gnr. Harry E. Raley, on 1 June, 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire 1 July, 1936.

Following-named officers were promoted to grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 18 May, 1936, with rank from dates shown opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Roger W. Peard—1 Sept., 1935, No. 2.

Capt. John N. Hart—1 May, 1936.

JUNE 1, 1936.

Col. Charles J. Miller, modification—on 30 June, 1936, to be relieved from duty with Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, and 1 July, 1936, assigned duty with First Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Col. Calvin B. Matthews, Modification—on 20 June, 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs.

Col. Percy F. Archer, AQM, on 29 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Col. Bennet Puryear, Jr., AQM, on 29 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Col. Edward W. Bunker, AQM, on 31 July, 1936, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Alley D. Rortex on 1 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Detail as AA&I revoked.

Lt. Col. Joseph A. Rossell, on or about 10 June, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island,

S. C., to Central Rectg. Div., Chicago, Ill., duty Officer in Charge.

Lt. Col. Sydney S. Lee, on 10 June, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Major Woolman G. Emory, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to retire on 1 July, 1936.

Maj. Henry M. Butler, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., and ordered home to retire on 1 August, 1936.

Maj. Frederick R. Hoyt, on or about 8 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Maj. George A. Stowell, on reporting of relief, detached Central Rectg. Div., Chicago, Ill., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Capt. John M. Greer, orders detaching him 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Astoria," revoked.

Capt. Robert W. Winters, on 1 June, 1936, relieved from duty with FMF, San Diego, and assigned to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Detailed AQM.

Capt. Walter Sweet, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

Capt. Stephen F. Drew, on reporting of relief, detached MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Ralph G. Anderson, on or about 16 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Rectg. Dist. of Boston, Boston, Mass.

Capt. Rupert R. Deese, on 1 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Robert S. Viall, on 6 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. William W. Benson, on 6 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Stewart B. O'Neill, on 6 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Robert E. Fojt, on 6 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Robert A. Olson, on 15 June, 1936, detached MD, USS "Sacramento," to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Howard J. Turton, on 15 June, 1936, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS "Sacramento."

1st Lt. George E. Williams, on 1 June, 1936, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

1st Lt. William F. Coleman, orders 12 March, 1936, modified; completion course at Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., about 24 June, 1936, detached to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. William F. Enright, on or about 10 June, 1936, detached MB, NDS, Newport, R. I., to MD, USS "Saratoga."

1st Lt. Jack P. Juhan, on completion examination for promotion, about 20 June, 1936, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to USS "Tuscaloosa" to report not later than 29 June, 1936.

1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, on or about 10 June, 1936, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. John F. Stamm, on or about 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass., to report not later than 6 June, 1936.

1st Lt. Richard W. Hayward, on reporting of 1st Lt. P. A. Shiebler, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, Parris Island.

2nd Lt. James G. Frazer, on or about 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Leonard K. Davis, orders dated 13 April, 1936, detaching this officer 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., revoked. On or about 2 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island S. C.

2nd Lt. Robert A. Black, orders dated 13 April, 1936, detaching this officer 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., revoked. On or about 2 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island S. C.

2nd Lt. Elmer T. Dorsey, orders dated 13 April, 1936, detaching this officer 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., revoked. On or about 2 June, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island S. C.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. William S. Robinson, detached on 1 June, 1936, AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Fred Lueders, detached on 1 June, 1936, AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego,

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Calif., and ordered home to retire 1 August, 1936.

Mar.Gnr. S. J. Zsiga, on or about 1 June, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass., to report not later than 6 June, 1936.

JUNE 8, 1936.

Lt. Col. David L. S. Brewster, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Western Rec'tg. Div., San Francisco, to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maj. William P. Richards, about 6 June, 1936, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Maj. Joseph I. Nettekoven, detailed AQM, effective 2 June, 1936.

Maj. Thomas R. Shearer, orders dated 11 March and 25 March, 1936, detaching this officer about 25 June, 1936, from Command and General Staff School, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, to Hdqrs., revoked. About 25 June, 1936, detached Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. Daniel E. Campbell, on or about 12 July, 1936, detached MB, SB, Coco Solo, C. Z., via SS "Ancon," sailing that date from Cristobal, to the MB, Quantico, Va., duty with 1st Marine Brigade, FMF.

Capt. Clayton C. Jerome, orders dated 13 April, 1936, to AC2, NAS, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

Capt. George H. Bellinger, on 6 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., about 1 June, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Harry A. Schmitz, about 1 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Ethridge C. Best, on completion course in flight training, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC1, 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Designated Naval aviator as of 10 July, 1936.

2nd Lt. Guy M. Morrow, on completion course in flight training, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC1, 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Designated Naval aviator as of 10 July, 1936.

2nd Lt. George C. Ruffin, Jr., orders dated 19 March, 1936, modified; on or about 15 June, 1936, detached MD, USS "New Orleans," to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. Wallace M. Nelson, orders dated 13 April, 1936, modified; when directed by CG, FMF, San Diego, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Edward P. Pennebaker, Jr., orders dated 13 April, 1936, modified; when directed by CG, FMF, San Diego, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Richard D. Hughes, orders dated 12 April, 1936, modified; when directed by CG, FMF, San Diego, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Carl A. Laster, on or about 16 July, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing 17 July, 1936, from Honolulu.

2nd Lt. Charles O. Bierman, on or about 16 July, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing 17 July, 1936, from Honolulu.

2nd Lt. Gerald R. Wright, on 3 June, 1936, ordered to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for duty, and Nav. Hosp., Mare Island, for treatment.

2nd Lt. Paul E. Wallace, on or about 8 May, 1936, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS "Augusta."

Following officers were promoted to the grades indicated on 1 June, 1936, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, with rank from the dates set opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Charles I. Murray—1 October, 1935.

1st Lt. Eustace R. Smoak—9 February, 1936.

Following-named midshipmen appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and ordered to duty at MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa. (Basic School):

Paul R. Tyler.  
Jean W. Moreau.  
George B. Bell.  
Andrew B. Galatian, Jr.  
Elby D. Martin, Jr.  
Frederick R. Dowsett.  
William K. Davenport, Jr.  
John H. Masters.  
Wilfrid H. Stiles.  
Richard W. Wallace.  
Randolph S. D. Lockwood.  
John H. Spencer.  
Donald C. Merker.

Robert B. Moore.

William D. Roberson.

Louis Bentham Robertshaw.

James W. Ferguson.

Harrison Brent, Jr.

William F. Kramer.

Ralph Haas.

Maynard M. Nohrden.

Ben F. Prewitt.

John W. Graham.

Richard Rothwell.

Ted E. Pulos.

Ch.Mar.Gnr. Charles A. Johnson, on 14 June, 1936, detached Dept. Pacific, to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., via "Chaumont" from San Francisco, 15 June, 1936.

Ch.QM.Ck. James M. Fountain, on 14 June, 1936, detached Dept. Pacific, to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., via "Chaumont" from San Francisco, 15 June, 1936.

## U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 64)

MAY 8, 1936.

Cpl. Warren V. Harris—MB, Washington, D. C., to Cuba.

Cpl. Lawton H. Smith—MB, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic.

Sgt. Michael Peskin—New York to Ft. Lafayette.

Sgt. Bernard Marcus—Boston to Quantico.

MAY 9, 1936.

Cpl. James Galloway—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic.

Tech. Sgt. Rex R. Stillwell—Quantico to Headquarters.

MAY 11, 1936.

Cpl. Frederick C. Sanders—MB, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic.

Sp. Sgt. Orval B. Lasater—Shanghai to San Diego.

Sgt. Alton R. Nash—Guam to Shanghai.

Sgt. George M. Nolan—San Diego to Philadelphia, AS.

Cpl. William A. Reno—Dover to Asiatic.

St. Sgt. John S. Reamy—PI to San Diego.

Sgt. William R. Stuart—PI to San Diego.

Cpl. George C. Egbert—WC to New York.

Cpl. Alfred V. Halpin—WC to New York.

Cpl. Samuel Solomon—Norfolk to San Diego.

PM-Sgt. George C. Richardson—WC to APM, NOB, Norfolk.

St. Sgt. Leonard T. Hughes—WC to Quantico.

MAY 12, 1936.

Sgt. Earl P. Wiseman—Coco Solo to Portsmouth, N. H.

Sgt. Thomas E. Dryden—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic.

Sgt. William A. Easterling—Reserves, Boston to Quantico.

MAY 13, 1936.

Sgt. Richard Duncan—Annapolis to Yorktown.

1st Sgt. Harry McC. Henderson—Quantico to San Diego.

Cpl. Wilhelm Luckhardt—Iona Island to PM, Headquarters.

Cpl. Harman DeHaan—Quantico to San Diego.

MAY 14, 1936.

Cpl. William C. Kepple—New York to Norfolk.

Sgt. John R. Lindsey—Ft. Mifflin to Yorktown.

Sgt. Cecil A. Hansen—Yorktown to Ft. Mifflin.

Mess. Sgt. Oberl. Fowler—FMF, Quantico, to MB, Quantico.

MAY 15, 1936.

1st Sgt. Earl O. Carlson—Quantico to Portsmouth, N. H.

Sgt. Harold A. Rubertus—Quantico to FMF, Quantico.

MAY 16, 1936.

Cpl. Joe D. Gordon—San Diego to Sea Duty.

MAY 18, 1936.

Sgt. William H. D. Hedgecock—Quantico to Asiatic.

Cpl. Roy P. Triplett—FMF to Asiatic.

MAY 19, 1936.

Cpl. William E. Schudlich—WC to EC.

Cpl. George W. Kingery—Quantico to San Diego.

Cpl. Robert D. Henderson—WC to Asiatic.

1st Sgt. Leo T. Woltring—WC to Great Lakes.

Cpl. William A. Dudley—Quantico to Asiatic.

Cpl. Hubert F. Billingsley—WC to Philadelphia, AS.

MAY 20, 1936.

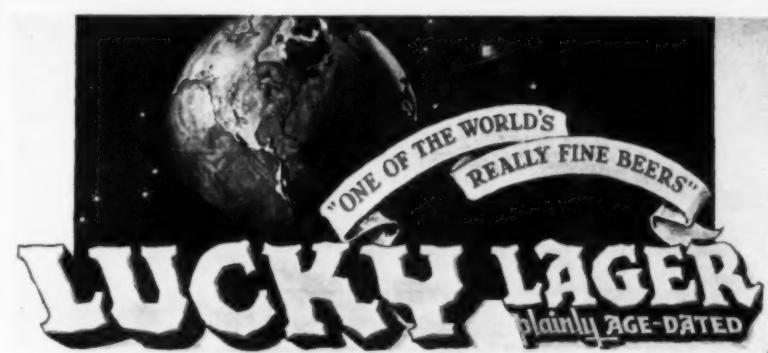
1st Sgt. Walter R. Hooper—Quantico to FMF, Quantico.

1st Sgt. Melvin Mosier—FMF, Quantico, to MCRPTD, MAY 22, 1936.  
 Tech. Sgt. William C. Wester—Quantico to San Diego, MAY 23, 1936.  
 Cpl. Robert L. Clothier—Quantico to Great Lakes.  
 QM-Sgt. James D. Connolly—Dover to Quantico, MAY 25, 1936.  
 Cpl. Elmer Olson—Norfolk to San Diego.  
 Sgt. Melvin C. Olson—Quantico to Pensacola.  
 Cpl. Eugene A. Kight—Charleston, S. C., to FMF.  
 Cpl. Joseph H. Pace—San Diego to PI, MAY 26, 1936.  
 Cpl. Arthur S. Stephens—San Diego to NYD, Washington, D. C.  
 Sgt. Charles S. Adams—Recruiting, Philadelphia to New York.  
 Sgt. William G. Higginson—Quantico to Asiatic, MAY 27, 1936.  
 Cpl. John J. Phillips—Quantico to Charleston, S. C.  
 Sft. Sgt. Alvan C. Willingham—Quantico to St. Thomas.  
 Sgt. Hascal L. Ewton—Quantico to TCE.  
 Sgt. Henry E. Bucci—Quantico to USS "Erie," MAY 28, 1936.  
 Sgt. Robert English—PI to Cape May, MAY 29, 1936.  
 Sgt. Otis M. Davis—Quantico to Reserve, Boston.

**RECENT REENLISTMENTS**

(Continued from page 64)

LIVINGSTON, William M., 5-18-36, Washington, D. C., for Navy Bldg. Guard, Washington, D. C.  
 PAYTON, Leonard C., 5-12-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 MINAHAN, Patrick, 5-18-36, Portsmouth, Va., for New York.  
 RINDFLEISCH, Walter F., 5-17-36, Norfolk for Norfolk.  
 RUDDER, Harry E., 5-17-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 TREES, Marion W., 5-18-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 ZOLLICOFFER, George B., 5-17-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 UR, Dazder E., 5-19-36, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.  
 BRADLEY, Willie R., 5-16-36, Savannah for Asiatic.  
 ADAMS, Jewett F., 5-19-36, Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.  
 FOLTZ, Paul J., 5-19-36, Kansas City, Mo., for Mare Island.  
 SELDEN, Samuel McC., 5-18-36, New Orleans for Pensacola.  
 BITTER, George A., 5-20-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 LEWIS, Frederick G., 5-20-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 BROWNSCOMBE, Clement D., 5-21-36, Baltimore for Quantico.  
 BLANKENSHIP, Franklyn H., 5-19-36, Parris Island for Quantico.  
 DEMANCHE, Lawrence S., 5-20-36, So. Charleston for So. Charleston.  
 TYSON, Reuben L., 5-12-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 McGARY, John J., 5-22-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Quantico.  
 HAMMOND, Boyd J., 5-20-36, San Francisco for San Francisco.  
 WILHELM, Vincent L., 5-18-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 ALLEN, Tommie H., 5-18-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
 BARNEES, Hanley F., 5-23-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 HUEY, James W., 5-18-36, USS "New York" for USS "New York."  
 JONES, Eugene C., 5-23-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 JONES, William C., 5-23-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 TEOREY, Robert W., 5-11-36, USS "Chester" for USS "Chester."  
 GODWIN, John C., 5-24-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 LAFFERTY, George C., 2-23-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Quantico.  
 MURICK, Gerald Dew., 5-24-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 TRAPP, John L., 5-25-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.  
 ASHLEY, George C., 5-26-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 PATKE, Stanley G., 5-26-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
 FLATT, James W., 5-26-36, New London for New London.



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## EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN

June 1, 1936

### Graduates for Month of May

Maj. William M. Marshall—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.  
1st Lt. James B. Lake, Jr.—Spanish.  
2nd Lt. Lawrence B. Clark—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.  
2nd Lt. Marvin H. Floom—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.  
2nd Lt. Frank P. Hager—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.  
2nd Lt. George A. Roll—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

Sgt. Harold LaF. Walsh—Selected Subjects.  
Sgt. John C. Westernberg—Good English.

Cpl. George J. Batson—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.  
Cpl. Oliver Carlson—Civil Service Combination.

Cpl. William E. Goodrich—Good English.

Cpl. Arnold A. Marquardt—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Cpl. Arthur H. Molle—Reading Shop Blueprints.

Cpl. Nicholas R. Nero—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Cpl. Roy Robinton—College Algebra.  
Tprfc. William A. Gaston—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pfc. Ernest A. Carvin—Civil Service Combination.

Pfc. Costanzo Cellucci—Aviation Mechanics.

Pfc. Julian M. Didlake—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pfc. George R. Fackler—Immigration Inspector.

Pfc. George R. Foote—Special Poultry.

Pfc. John Frisone—Reading Shop Blueprints.

Pfc. George E. Klimas—Automobile Mechanics.

Pfc. James E. McDonald—Diesel Engines.

Pfc. James E. McDonald—Aviators.

Pfc. James E. McDonald—Air Pilots.

Pfc. Ernest W. Parkman—Aviation Mechanics.

Pfc. Harold A. Parks—Automobile Mechanics.

Pfc. Harold A. Parks—Service Station Salesmanship.

Pfc. William M. Richardson—Selected Subjects.

Pfc. Walter Lee Simpson—First Lessons in English.

Pfc. Philip P. Warwick—Ocean Navigation.

Pfc. Winston W. Watts—Bookkeeping and Business Forms.

Pfc. Winston W. Watts—Business Correspondence.

Pvt. James A. Apffel—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Lawrence E. Benton—Automobile Mechanics.

Pvt. Robert J. Brown—Diesel Engines.

Pvt. Harold W. Burt—Practical Telephony.

Pvt. Gus C. Daskalakis—Airplane Maintenance.

Pvt. Claude Dockstrader—Airplane Maintenance.

Pvt. Fritz L. Erlandson—First Lessons in English.

Pvt. Francis H. Essex—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pvt. William C. Flanik—General Radio.

Pvt. William C. Flanik—Sound Technicians.

Pvt. William C. Flanik—Sound Picture Projectionist.

Pvt. William J. Gill—Civil Service Stenographer Typist.

Pvt. Ralph LeR. Goggin—Civil Service Combination.

Pvt. Howard F. Hawkins—Complete Automobile.

Pvt. Howard F. Hawkins—Automobile Mechanics.

Pvt. Raymond J. Jarosz—Inspector of Customs.

Pvt. Charles W. Kelly—First Lessons in English.

Pvt. Howard C. King—Poultry Breeding.

Pvt. Drew D. Lary—Service Station Salesmanship.

Pvt. Rex R. Leonard—Aviators.

Pvt. Lloyd F. Metz—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pvt. Lloyd F. Metz—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. Raleigh B. Perry—Automobile Mechanics.

Pvt. Michael P. Radza—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Roy F. Reichardt—Ocean Navigation.

Pvt. John A. Shreibak—Civil Service Combination.

Pvt. Walter M. Slusser—Civil Service Combination.

Pvt. Bernard J. Stamm—Pharmacy.

Pvt. Roy R. Tubb—College Algebra.  
Pvt. Kenneth A. Walsh—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Joseph C. Watts—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pvt. Joseph C. Watts—Service Station Salesmanship.

Pvt. Lovett R. Wilkerson—General Radio.

Ph.M.2cl. George W. Spotts—Civil Service Combination.

Mus.2cl. Theodore A. Sevenhuijsen—Selected Subjects.

### U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE ACTIVITY

Total number students enrolled

May, 1936 4,901

Students enrolled during May, 1936 505

Students enrolled during April, 1936 382

Students disenrolled during May, 1936 456

Lesson papers received during March, 1936 5,879

Lesson papers received during April, 1936 4,737

Lesson papers received during May, 1936 4,586

Total lesson papers received since establishment 646,037

Graduates during month of May, 1936 69

Graduates since establishment 7,257

L. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment 6,935

Graduates Post Exchange Bookkeeping and Accounting 322

Commissioned U. S. Marine Corps 143

Enlisted U. S. Marine Corps 3,850

Navy Commissioned 5

Navy Enlisted 50

Commissioned Fleet Marine Corps

Reserve 9

Enlisted Fleet Marine Corps Reserve 840

Dependents 2

Miscellaneous 2

TOTAL 4,901

### MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

The following is information concerning the activities of the Correspondence School, Quantico:

Total enrollments 1935-1936—

June 1, 1935, to 31 May, 1936 2,542

Lesson papers submitted 17,978

Graduates 63

Distribution of enrollments is as follows:

Basic Course 1,812

Special Courses 709

Junior Course 20

Senior Course 1

### TENTATIVE SAILINGS

#### Vessels of the Naval Transportation Service

CHAUMONT—Leave San Francisco 15 June; arrive San Pedro 17 June, leave 19 June; arrive San Diego 20 June, leave 23 June; arrive Canal Zone 3 July, leave 6 July; arrive Guantanamo 9 July, leave 9 July; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 14 July.

Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Norfolk, 23 July-22 September.

HENDERSON—Leave Canal Zone 4 June; arrive San Diego 15 June, leave 17 June; arrive San Pedro 17 June, leave 19 June; arrive San Francisco Area 21 June, leave 6 July; arrive Honolulu 14 July, leave 17 July; arrive Guam 30 July, leave 31 July; arrive Manila 6 August, leave 8 September; arrive Guam 14 September, leave 15 September; arrive Honolulu 28 September, leave 1 October; arrive San Francisco Area 9 October, leave 23 October for East Coast.

NITRO—Leave Newport 1 June; arrive Boston 2 June, leave 5 June; arrive Iona Island 6 June, leave 12 June; arrive Norfolk 13 June, leave 26 June; arrive Guantanamo 30 June, leave 30 June; arrive Canal Zone 3 July, leave 6 July; arrive San Diego 16 July, leave 22 July; arrive San Pedro 23 July, leave 29 July; arrive Mare Island 31 July, leave 10 August; arrive Puget Sound 13 August, leave 24 August; arrive Mare Island 27 August, leave 5 September; arrive San Pedro 7 September, leave 8 September; arrive San Diego September, leave 9 September; arrive Canal Zone 19 September, leave 21 September; arrive Guantanamo 24 September, leave 24 September; arrive Norfolk (overhaul), 28 September.

RAMAPO—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force. Will sail from San Pedro about 5 July for the Asiatic Station and return to San Pedro about 1 October. Detailed schedule will be published later.

SALINAS—Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Norfolk, until 14 July.

SIRIUS—Leave NOB, Norfolk, 8 July; arrive Philadelphia 9 July, leave 15 July; arrive New York 16 July, leave 22 July; arrive Boston 24 July, leave 29 July; arrive Newport 30 July, leave 31 July; arrive New York 1 August, leave 6 August; arrive Philadelphia 7 August, leave 12 August; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 13 August, leave 27 August for the West Coast.

VEGA—Leave Canal Zone 6 June; arrive San Diego 18 June, leave 23 June; arrive San Pedro 23 June, leave 25 June; arrive Mare Island 27 June, leave 8 July; arrive Puget Sound 11 July.

Sails for Alaskan ports about 25 July.

### PROMOTIONS

TO MASTER GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Lewis Miller

Michael T. Finn

Henry M. Bailey

Leo Peters

James H. Satterfield

Gordon Hopp

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

Harry P. Crouch

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Ernest F. Gore

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Edwin O. Billings

Joe F. Edwards

Wilbur Mannan

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

Stephen Vick

George Hayes

Alvan C. Willingham

Ferdinand G. Salcedo

Leonard C. Shanklin

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

Harmon LeF. Knight

George Mace

John J. Bukowy

Frank Gray

Wilbur R. Barnes

Edward F. Mayer

Charles E. James

Alfred L. St. John

Benedict P. Corbin

Ovid Butler

Zack T. Handley

Lucien N. Hudson

Charles Sorenson

Claude A. Mudd

James H. Webber

George L. Nash

Lincoln Smith

Wilford D. Fields

Frederick V. Osborn

Albert Gordon

Cecil H. Clark

Lester M. Smith

Huzo A. Makus

Burk A. Hogan

George B. Case

William V. Neville

Clifford C. Cheshire

James G. Petrie

Nick James

John F. Fessino

Joseph C. Mattie

Walter A. Flippo

Frank Neider

Charles L. Wilkinson

James H. Greer

Austin J. V. Roberts

Joseph A. Burch

Abe L. Skinner

William H. Strong

Samuel Clayton

Frank Karpinski

Ernest D. Villegas

John A. Burns

Sidney H. Barnhill

Gustav Nitschke

Milton C. Marvin

William F. Codner

Clifford R. Hackman

Harry T. Lucke

Winfred Chaney

Philip R. Hade

John Duveene

Joseph E. Roberge

Julius N. Hansen, Jr.

Earl M. McWilliams

Ward A. Rolfe

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Edward P. Faulkner

William S. Rice

William Ruona

Carl A. Nielson

Albert H. Wunderly

Otto B. Wells

Thomas G. Fields

John S. Snider

Harry A. Skaggs

Brice Maddox

Leslie Desadier

Harry R. Flutharty

Clyde L. Wheeler

Manasseh H. Shuman, Jr.

Russell Brooks

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

Belden Lidyard

Charles U. Green

Max Berueffy, Jr.  
Jerome Hieronymus  
Rumbly G. Tanner  
Job C. Cook  
Charles A. Funk  
William R. Astleford  
Innocent M. Piscacek  
Samuel S. Goodspeed  
Francis P. Thompson  
Albert N. Bailey  
Louis Buccini  
Steven W. McLeod  
Harry S. Buchanan  
Norman O. Rollins  
Joseph A. Pawloski  
Claude W. Lumley  
Vernon Alvestad  
Harold M. Smith

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Paul W. Walker  
Robert L. Clothier  
Lawrence Betts  
Eugene A. McDowell  
Ernst H. Winter  
Joseph Andrews  
Sidney A. Upchurch  
Edward C. Salkauskas  
Harry E. Kipp  
Trueman Meek  
Jesse J. Eskew  
Jason Little  
Gordon W. Pratt  
Oran L. Shadoan  
Clarence H. Smith, Jr.  
William E. Decker  
Howard R. McIntosh  
Floyd M. Thomason  
Herbert Sennwald  
Charles P. Stulb  
Millard Bracken  
Louie E. Painter  
William L. White  
Kenneth W. Altfather  
Ruben Dailey  
William H. Hopkins  
George W. Hesert  
Paul C. Greenly  
Otto Kemp, Jr.  
Calvert L. Newton  
Leonard C. Price  
Leo W. Rich  
William H. Barber  
Eugene A. Bushe  
Marion H. Sticks  
William T. Grimes

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

Lewis E. Berry  
John W. Chapman  
Albert B. Forrester  
William J. Gill  
Arthur LeR. Jackson  
Edward D. King  
Clayton H. Kniley  
Russell L. Massena  
Andy M. Middleton  
Arthur H. Molle  
Jacob W. Nigg  
Mervin F. Smith  
Curtis O. Land  
Merrill E. Carlsen  
Harold J. Hubbard  
George T. Lemmon  
Homer P. Jones  
Howard E. Warren  
Robert C. Erler  
Joe B. Coody  
Albert G. McGuire  
Homer S. Schultz  
John Lottman  
Frank E. Stumm  
Carl C. Ware  
Paul H. Bond  
Edward St. C. Hanlon  
William E. Burton  
Wilburn K. Rogers  
Leonard A. Frey  
Adrien N. Prescott  
Edwin W. Romick  
Isaac R. Lewis  
Walter L. Smelgen  
Harold M. Smith  
Raymond S. Laszewski

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sgt. Albert Scudder, Class II(b), May 15, 1936. Future address: General Delivery, Lacon, Illinois.  
Sgt. Grover C. Crump, Class II(b), May 15, 1936. Future address 1330 4th Street, Portsmouth, Virginia.  
1st Sgt. Ivy G. Gandy, Class II(b), May 20, 1936. Future address: 401 South Brighton Street, Dallas, Texas.  
Cpl. Robert D. Henderson, Class II(b), May 29, 1936. Future address: c/o John Inghram, Route No. 3, Pilot Point, Texas.  
PM-Sgt. Edward A. Richardson, Class II(d), June 1, 1936. Future address: 6 Eaton Street, Reading, Massachusetts.  
Sgt. Harlan A. Davis, Class II(b), June 25, 1936. Future address: c/o Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., Honolulu, T. H.  
Sgt. Herman A. Dishman, Class II(b), June 5, 1936. Future address: Navy Y. M. C. A., 167 Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1st Sgt. John DeW. Straw, Class II(d), June 1, 1936. Future address: 705 West 28th Street, Norfolk, Virginia.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:  
1st Sgt. Joseph H. Davis, FMCR, June 1, 1936.  
Gy-Sgt. Augustus Heininger, FMCR, June 1, 1936.  
QM-Sgt. Charles H. Knight, USMC, June 1, 1936.  
Principal Musician Domenico R. Stanisci, USMC, June 1, 1936.  
Sgt. Maj. Lee L. Saxton, USMC, June 1, 1936.  
Sgt. Maj. John P. Hickey, USMC, June 1, 1936.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve, with rank from dates noted:

Capt. Edmund S. Lowe, VMCR, Beverly Hills, California, 22 April, 1936.  
1st Lt. Hubert C. White, FMCR, Springfield, Pa., 9 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. George J. Clark, FMCR, Toledo, Ohio, 9 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. George P. Chapman, VMCR, Berkeley, Calif., 9 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. William R. Cary, VMCR, Owensboro, Ky., 9 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. Corey C. Brayton, Jr., FMCR, San Leandro, Calif., 15 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. Neal L. Walker, FMCR, Toledo, Ohio, 22 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. James W. Simmons, Jr., VMCR, Atlanta, Ga., 23 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. William D. Whigham, VMCR, Atlanta, Ga., 23 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. Rodney M. Handley, VMCR, Seattle, Wash., 22 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. Gene S. Neely, VMCR, Seattle, Wash., 23 May, 1936.

Promotions

1st Lt. Eugene K. Schultz, FMCR, with rank from 9 May, 1936.  
Maj. Edward P. Simmonds, FMCR, with rank from 22 May, 1936.  
Maj. Clarence H. Baldwin, FMCR, with rank from 22 May, 1936.  
Maj. Harold M. Keller, FMCR, with rank from 22 May, 1936.  
Maj. Otto Lessing, FMCR, with rank from 22 May, 1936.  
Major Joseph R. Knowlan, FMCR, with rank from 22 May, 1936.

Separations

2nd Lt. Walter F. Dearmin, VMCR, resigned, 11 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. Paul Pigott, VMCR, resigned, 9 May, 1936.  
2nd Lt. Ivan R. Edwards, VMCR, died, 4 May, 1936.  
1st Lt. Charles F. Crisp, VMCR, resigned, 11 June, 1936.

DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the months of April and May, 1936:

Officers

EDWARDS, Ivan R., 2d Lieut., VMCR, inactive, died 4 May, 1936, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Ivan R. Edwards, wife, 1900 Lamont St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Enlisted Men

GALLE, Hans J., Pvt., USMC, died May 2, 1936, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California, as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mary Galle mother, 2148 Canton Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

HOLMES, James, Pfc., USMC, died May 28, 1936, of disease at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Next of kin: Edith Mathews, sister, Seneca, Mo.

THRASHER, Clifton A., Pvt. CLIII, FMCR, inactive, died November 26, 1935, at Stafford, Kansas. Next of kin: Mrs. C. A. Thrasher, wife, Route No. 1, Box 248, Henryetta, Oklahoma.

BOONE, Wilbur D., Pvt., USMC, died April 7, 1936, at Dumfries, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Nora E. Boone, mother, Kahoka, Mo.

SIMPSON, Robert C., Pfc., USMC, died April 6, 1936, of disease at San Francisco, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Marjorie Simpson, wife, 340 South Fremont Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

MOONEY, Walter L., Pvt. CLIV, FMCR, inactive, died April 19, 1936, of fractured skull at Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C., the result of an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mr. Laurence P. Mooney, father, 85 Adam St., Garden City, N. Y.

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IT HAS FINALLY BEEN ESTABLISHED THAT THE FAMOUS EXPRESSION CONCERNING A DESIRE TO LIVE FOREVER, WAS YELLED BY A U.S. MARINE SERGEANT TO HIS MEN UPON STARTING AN ATTACK. HOWEVER THE SAME FEELING WAS FIRST EXPRESSED CENTURIES EARLIER BY EITHNE TO HER TIMID SON, EARL SIGURD WHEN SHE SAID TO HIM BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF (IRELAND) IN 1014, "I HAD REARED THEE UP LONG IN MY WOOL-BAG, HAD I KNOWN THAT THOU WOULDST LIKE TO LIVE FOREVER!"

MAJOR C.F. BRADLEY, USMCR, HOLDS THE RECORD OF FLYING THE FIRST AIRPLANE AND MAKING THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN THE SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BAY REGION

YOU'RE JUST ONE OF THOSE DINE-A-DOZEN 1935 RECRUITS. NOW WHEN I ENLISTED IN '29, IT COST THE GOVERNMENT PLENTY!

YEAH! WELL UNCLE SAM GOT CYPPED.



IN 1929 IT COST \$91.03 TO ENLIST A MAN IN THE MARINES. DURING THE FISCAL YEAR OF 1935 THE TOTAL COST OF ENLISTING A MAN WAS REDUCED TO \$24.18, A DIFFERENCE OF \$66.94 PER RECRUIT. A TOTAL OF 4,289 MEN WERE ENLISTED IN 1935 WHICH UNDER THE MODERNIZED METHODS OF THE MARINE CORPS RECRUITING SERVICE SAVED THE GOVERNMENT # 287,105.66. COLONEL JAMES J. MEADE, USMC, WAS IN CHARGE OF THE RECRUITING SERVICE DURING THIS PERIOD.



Jackson

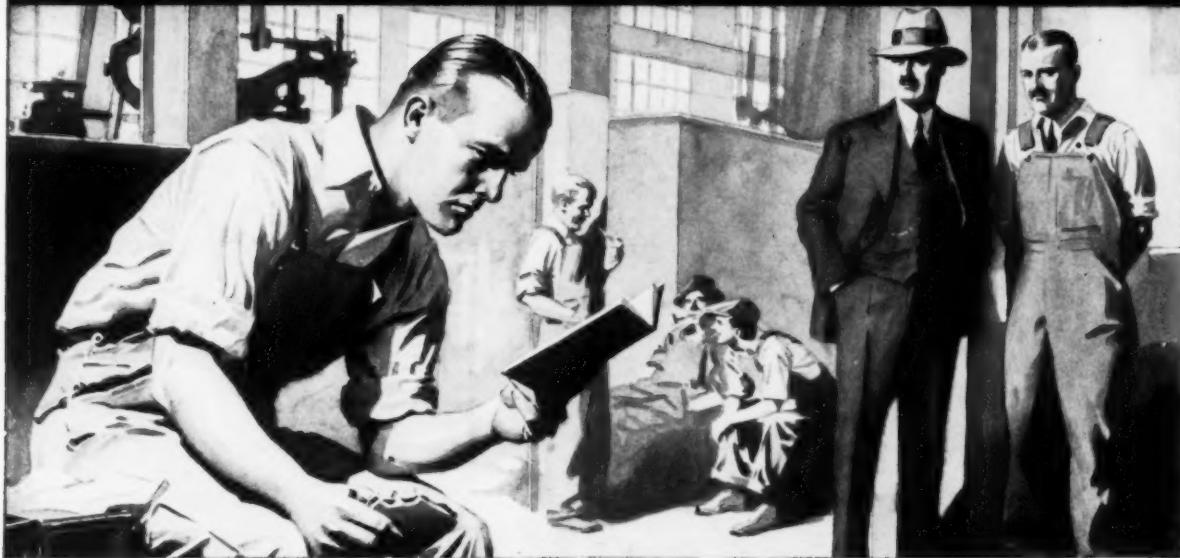


CHIEF BARNEY J. HOUSTON OF THE CINCINNATI, OHIO, FIRE DEPARTMENT STARTED LEARNING THE FIRE FIGHTING BUSINESS AS A TOP KICK IN THE U.S. MARINES. HE ENLISTED IN MAY, 1898 AND WAS HONORABLY DISCHARGED IN SEPTEMBER 1903



ON NOV. 10, 1923, MARINE CORPS BIRTHDAY, THE FAMOUS ALL-MARINE FOOTBALL TEAM, PLAYED THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN AT ANN ARBOR. MICHIGAN HAD BEEN UNDEFEATED AND UNSCORED UPON FOR SEVERAL YEARS. WITHIN THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES OF PLAY, GOETTGE OF THE MARINES, RACED ACROSS THE GOAL LINE FOR A TOUCHDOWN. ALTHOUGH THE FINAL SCORE WAS 26-6 AGAINST THEM THE MARINES WERE CREDITED WITH A MORAL VICTORY.

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 Personnel Management  
 Traffic Management

Welding, Electric and Gas  
 Reading Shop Blueprints  
 Telegraph Engineer  
 Telephone Work  
 Mechanical Engineer  
 Mechanical Draftsman  
 Machinist  
 Pattermaker  
 Pipefitter  
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 Train Operation

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 Agriculture  
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 Radio  
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City.....

State.....

Occupation.....

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